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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

POSTHUMOUS MEMOIR OF MYSELF.

By HORACE SMITH, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "BRAMBLETYE HOUSE," &c. &c.

[Accidental circumstances prevented the appearance of this Tale during the life-time of its gifted and lamented Author, but the proofs were corrected by him. Taken in connexion with the melancholy event which so speedily and unexpectedly followed its composition, the article presents a singular coincidence of title, and becomes invested with deep and peculiar interest.—
ED. N. M. MAG.]

CHAPTER I.

"*You here !*" I exclaimed, in no very courteous tone, as I turned round, and saw my old friend Dr. Linnel quietly seating himself by my bedside. "*Who sent for you ?*"

"No one ; I was brought hither by one of the best and prettiest young ladies in all Warwickshire—your daughter."

"Then Sarah has not only taken a very great liberty, but has disobeyed my positive orders, as she has done more than once lately. For some time past has she been pestering me to send for you, which I have constantly refused to do. I have told her, at least a hundred times, that I don't like physic, and hate doctors."

"I am glad to see that your malady has not injured your talent for paying compliments."

"Nay, I meant not to say anything rude or personal. As a visitant or a friend I am always glad to see you. Even when you are sarcastic and say sharp things, as you do sometimes, one cannot be offended with a man who wears such a bland, imperturbable smile, and speaks in so soft a voice ; but as a writer of prescriptions, I confess frankly—you know I hate flummery—that I had rather have your room than your company. When my time's come, I can die without the assistance of a doctor."

"Very likely ; but the question is, can you live without it ?"

"Why not ? I am sixty-three, and never consulted a physician in all my life."

"Perhaps you were never ill before ?"

"Never ! and I'm not exactly ill now, only completely out of sorts, as most men are at this precise time of life—weak and languid, and all that sort of thing—*seedy*, as my son George calls it ; and so I promised Sarah that I would lie abed to-day, just to see whether it would recruit me a bit."

"Your daughter gave you very good advice; and perhaps I may be able to do the same, if you will tell me the exact nature of your ailment, which you can hardly refuse, now that you have confessed yourself to be completely out of sorts, and that I have come so far on purpose to see you."

"I have already told you my complaint; I am sixty-three—my grand climacteric, you know: nine times seven; both of them unlucky numbers. No one escapes altogether at this confounded period. George wrote me on my last birthday that a most dangerous time was coming, and that I must expect to be confoundedly seedy for some months; but that there was no kind of use in seeing a doctor, as the indisposition was natural and inevitable."

"I thought all belief in the 'critical year' had been long since abandoned, except by the old women who disguise themselves as old men. Your son is young enough to know better. Be assured, my good friend, that your sickness has no reference whatever to this peculiar year of your life. Cannot you assign any other cause for this sudden change in a constitution which has hitherto been so healthy?"

"Well, I don't know. I have certainly had a good deal of worry and anxiety lately."

"Yet few men have been so prosperous. The world gives you credit for having made an immense fortune by your contracts with government."

"The world says true; but wealth, I find, cannot always buy health, and still less happiness. I tell you what, Doctor,—when a fellow has everything to fear and nothing to hope, he will sometimes look back with regret to the careless days when he had everything to hope and nothing to fear."

"Thank Heaven, I am in the former predicament, and trust always to remain so."

"Nay, Doctor, you may get rich when you get old, as I have done."

"In other words, I may scrape up money when I am too old to enjoy it, and cannot long retain it. I hope the blind goddess will spare me all such cruel kindness."

"Fate has spared you one calamity—you have no children. I have only two; but, oh! my dear Linnel! words cannot tell you how much disappointment, misery, and vexation, they have latterly occasioned me. If there is one man I hate more than another, it is Godfrey Thorpe, of Oakfield Hall, and not without many and good reasons, exclusively of his being a pompous, supercilious blockhead, as proud as Lucifer and as poor as Job. First, he procured me to be blackballed at the County Club, insolently declaring that he could not associate with a *ci-devant* maltster. Secondly, his interest with the commissary-general, and certain charges of malpractices on my part—for I'm sure the slanders came from him—prevented my getting the great contract for supplying the cavalry with provender. Thirdly, he ousted me from the borough which I had represented for five years, actually beating me with my own money, for I had just lent him an additional eight thousand pounds on the Oakfield estate, which is now mortgaged to its full value. However, there is one comfort; if he goes on much longer with his hounds and horses, and his grand establishment, I hope, one of these fine days, to

foreclose, and oust him from his boasted old Hall, just as he turned me out of my borough."

"Provoking enough, I confess; but what has all this to do with the annoyance you have suffered from your children?"

"Listen, and you shall hear. Thorpe has an only daughter, not unattractive in person, but an artful, sly minx, who, being probably well aware of her father's desperate circumstances, and knowing that my son was likely to be one of the richest fellows in the county, set her cap at him so successfully, that the silly gull became perfectly infatuated with her, and actually made her an offer of his hand, which was, of course, instantly accepted. That George should be easily ensnared, and be ready to throw himself away for a pretty plaything, does not surprise me, for he has ever been a spoilt child, accustomed from boyhood to have his own way, and confirmed by long indulgence in waywardness and obstinacy; but guess my shame and wrath when he told me, with an air of satisfaction, that the proud old insolvent had given his consent to the marriage solely on condition that his daughter's husband should take the name of Thorpe! What unparalleled insolence! How could he—how could my son—how could any man dream that, after toiling and moiling for years to build up a fortune, and found a family that might perpetuate my name, I should consent to see that name swamped, and my hard-earned wealth sacrificed, to continue the race, and clear the encumbered estates of a man whom I hated? I dismissed my mean-spirited son with an indignant prohibition of the marriage; and I have since added a codicil to my will, bequeathing my property to the County Hospital, should he ever espouse Julia Thorpe. There is some little comfort in that reflection; but I leave you to imagine how deeply, how cruelly my heart has been lacerated, by this disappointment of all my fondest and most cherished hopes."

CHAPTER II.

"It must be confessed that your son, knowing your antipathy to Mr. Thorpe, did not make a very discreet selection; but Wordsworth tells us that

The child's the father of the man,

and you ought not, therefore, to expect that spoilt boys should grow up to be dutiful sons."

"Ay, there you go, Doctor, girding at me with your stereotyped smile and soft voice, as if you were flattering instead of condemning me. At all events, I never spoiled Sarah; indeed, people used to say that, in my blind partiality for George, I neglected his sister, and yet, by a singular coincidence, as if I were doomed to be equally tormented by both my children, she has committed a not less egregious act of folly, and has thwarted my wishes in a still more offensive and more unfilial manner. Not only has she refused an offer from Frank Rashleigh, the man upon whom I had set my heart as a son-in-law, because he is sure of being Earl of Downport, but she has confessed her attachment to Mr. Mason, the curate, a poor creature with a miserable 100*l.* a-year."

"But having so rich a father, she does not, I presume, think it necessary that her husband should be rich."

"But I do; or that he should have rank to make atonement for his poverty."

"What are her objections to the man you had chosen?"

"She says he is a fool and a profligate, with which I have nothing to do. I don't require my son-in-law to be a wise man or a moral one, but I want to see my daughter a countess. As to the curate, she has promised never to marry him without my consent, which she will never get in my life; and after my death my will has effectually forbidden the banns, for the 1000*l.* a-year I have left her is to be reduced to 200*l.* if ever she becomes Mrs. Mason—Well now, Doctor, if you deny that the climacterical year has anything to do with my indisposition, will you not admit that I have had worry, and vexation, and disappointment enough to disorder any man's health?"

"I always like my patient to give me his own impressions as to the cause of his malady; but before I tell you mine, you must detail the symptoms. You have a deranged, intermitting pulse, but you are not deficient in strength, for you have maintained this long conversation without any apparent exhaustion."

"That's purely accidental, for sometimes I am suddenly seized with distressing tremor of the heart, giddiness in the head, noise in the ears, flashing of the eyes, which continue till I become insensible, and remain so for a considerable time, just as if I were dead. Upon one occasion I remained three hours in this state, and when I recovered consciousness, another hour elapsed before I could speak. A week ago, after great languor of body and mind, I was suddenly deprived of all voluntary motion, my limbs being as rigid as if I were a statue; and while suffering these attacks, several blotches have appeared upon my body, an ailment to which I never have been previously subject. There, Doctor, you have heard my symptoms; now, tell me, what's the matter with me?"

"These are diagnostics of syncope, paralysis, and catalepsy, but presented in so complicated and unusual a form that I cannot exactly specify the nature of your malady. Two things I will frankly tell you—I don't like these paroxysms, which are of a very ugly type; and I do not believe that they have been superinduced by mental anxiety, however poignant. Before we can suggest a remedy for your disordered state, we must try to discover the cause, which may, perhaps, be traced to some recent intemperance—some excess either in eating or drinking; or, at all events, to some deviation from your customary diet."

"A bad guess, Doctor, for in no single respect have I altered my usual mode of living, except in taking two or three doses a-day of Raby's Restorative."

"What the deuce is that?"

"Why, my son George, as I told you, is a firm believer in the great danger of the climacterical year, and having heard that this medicine is a sure and wonderful restorer of the vital energies in old men, very kindly sent me up a large supply from Newmarket, where the patentee resides; and when I complain of getting worse, he is constantly urging me to increase the dose as the only remedy."

"Telling you, at the same time, that there was no use in sending for a

doctor! Odd enough: I am so often called in by patients who have half killed themselves by trying to cure themselves, that I know the names of quack medicines pretty well, but I never heard of Raby's Restorative. Have you any of this precious compound in the room?"

"Yes; there is an unopened bottle of it by the glass."

"There is no label on the bottle," observed the Doctor, "an appendage in which patent medicines are seldom deficient; nor is there any vendor's or chemist's name, an omission equally uncommon."

After smelling it for some time, and applying it very cautiously to the tip of his tongue, he continued—

"I think I can guess *one* of the ingredients; but if you will allow me to analyse the mixture at home, I shall be better enabled to decide. Promise me, in the mean time, not to taste another drop till you see me to-morrow."

"Very well; but I shall miss it, for it's a very pleasant and comfortable cordial. George assures me that when taken in sufficient quantities it has always answered the purpose."

"Very likely; but what *was* the purpose? I am afraid of quack medicines, as I have already told you, and still more of amateur prescriptions."

"Why, you are as suspicious as Sarah, who has implored me, over and over, not to go on with the Restorative. Poor girl! she has been a capital nurse, waiting upon me early and late, and never out of humour, except when I insist on following George's advice and increasing the cordial."

"Her looks show that she has been doing too much. This must not be. I will send you a regular nurse to-morrow."

"As to the girl's looks, I don't think much of that. Perhaps she is pining for her pauper lover: besides, my children ought to do something for me; I'm sure I have done enough for them, never hesitating, for their sakes, to commit a little irregularity in my contracts, when I thought it could be done safely,—always remembering my young folks."

"And sometimes, as it seems, forgetting yourself."

"I shouldn't confess these little malpractices to any one else, and this I do in confidence; my confession is quite *entre nous*."

"No such thing; a third party has been listening to you all the time."

"Bless my heart! you don't say so. Who?—where?"

The Doctor pointed his fore-finger to the sky, and remained silent. Strange! that so simple an action should send a thrill to my heart, and make me cast down my eyes with a feeling of humiliation and remorse. A minute or two elapsed before I could find courage to say—

"Nay, Doctor, you must not be squeamish and puritanical. Every one cheats government."

"But no one cheats God!" was the reply; and I began to wish my rebuker out of the room, when he suddenly exclaimed—

"How comes it that your son makes Sarah the dispenser of his quack medicine, if such it is, and the watcher by your bed-side, when he himself ought to perform those duties?"

"Oh! George never misses the great Newmarket meeting, and he has a horse entered for the two first races. He is always happy when he

is staying with his young friend, Sir Freeman Dashwood, and I have always indulged him in his whims and fancies."

"Even to the double doses of Raby's Restorative, although it has hitherto failed so signally in realising its name. I will hurry home and send you some alexipharmick medicines, which I beg you will take as soon as you can."

"How fond you all are of long words! What the deuce are alexipharmicks?"

"They are usually administered when we suspect the presence of poison in the system."

"Poison! what a horrible idea! Surely you do not suspect me of having been poisoned?"

"It is not my business to suspect, but to deal with symptoms, and yours very much resemble those of a poisoned man. You may have unconsciously received some deleterious matter into your system, which we must instantly endeavour to expel. Many men are thus destroyed without foul play of any sort. Yours is a case that requires prompt remedies, so I must hurry home. I will give directions to Sarah, in case you should have a recurrence of your attacks to-night, and will repeat my visit early in the morning."

CHAPTER III.

WHILE I thought that Doctor Linnel had indulged in very unnecessary suspicions as to Raby's Restorative, I could not shake off an occasional misgiving touching its injurious effects upon my health. That the most deleterious compounds were sometimes sold under the name of quack medicines I was fully aware; but that my son, upon whom I had so fondly doated since his childhood, should press it upon me with so much importunity, unless he were fully convinced of its salutary quality, I could not bring myself to believe. With no ordinary interest, therefore, did I cross-question the Doctor next morning, as to the results of his analysis; but his answers were so cautious, not to say evasive, that it was difficult to draw from them any very decided inference. Judging, however, by what he supposed or vaguely hinted, rather than by what he actually said, I was led to believe that his impressions were unfavourable, especially when he again alluded, with much significance of manner, to the absence of a vendor's name, or label of any sort, on the bottles. He congratulated me on having discontinued the draughts, which might possibly, though he would not positively affirm it, have been the cause of my mysterious malady; and expressed a hope that its progress would be arrested by the copious use of the medicines he had prescribed.

My strange complaint, however, had got such complete possession of my system, that it would neither yield to the most potent remedies, nor to the unremitting and affectionate attentions of my daughter, who was now assisted by a regular nurse. With the fond illusion of an invalid, I still clung to the notion that my climacterical year prevented the remedies from proving efficacious; but whatever might be the cause, I could not conceal from myself that I was rapidly sinking. The derangement of all my bodily functions increased, the fainting fits and cataleptic attacks were more frequent and of longer continuance; and though, as I

was assured, my personal appearance was far from indicating any fatal result, I felt as if life were passing away from me. At this juncture, unfortunately, the Doctor was summoned to attend his sick mother at Bath; but as he left full instructions as to my treatment, and contemplated an early return to his home, I would not allow any other physician to be called in.

His absence, however, was unexpectedly protracted, and I dragged on without any material alteration in my state, until one morning a sudden and totally new sensation paralysed my whole frame. My head swam; I felt as if Death had laid his hand upon my heart; and I had just breath enough to whisper to my attendant—

“Nurse, I am dying! all is over! I feel suffocated. Take off some of the bed-clothes.”

These were the last words I uttered before my burial! Marvellous and almost incredible as the statement may appear, I was only in a cataleptic trance, for although my limbs were stretched out in all the rigidity of death, my senses and my consciousness were by no means obliterated. Nay, they were in some respects intensified, for I could hear a distant whisper which would have been previously inaudible; one eye, being only half-closed, retained its full power of vision, and though the other was quite shut, methought I could see through the lid as clearly as if it had been a spectacle-glass. My tongue having lost all power of motion, I was utterly speechless, but my impeded breath, struggling in the transit of my body from vitality to inanimation, forced itself from my throat with a noise of gurgling and strangulation.

The fat nurse who had hitherto approached me with a maternal smile and a coaxing voice, as she exclaimed,—“Now, my dear good sir, it’s time to take the pills. How purely you do look this morning! My life on’t we shall have you riding the white cob again in a week or two!”—the fat nurse, I say, had no sooner caught the choking sound I have mentioned, than she croaked in her natural accents—“Them’s the death-rattles! Then it is all over, sure enough, and high time too, God knows. Hanged if I didn’t think the bothering old chap would never die. Can’t imagine, for my part, how people *can* go on lingering in this way, willy-nilly, shilly-shally. If they can’t die, they should live; and if they can’t live, they should die. That’s the worst of sickness; it *do* make folks so uncommon selfish, which is my peticklar ’bomination.”

Hastening into the parlour with which my bedroom communicated, this hater of selfishness snatched up a valuable shawl belonging to my daughter, as well as a cloth cloak of my own, and spread them over me, an action which would have surprised me, after having so recently requested her to remove some of the clothes, had I not recollected that these rapacious harpies claim as their perquisite everything lying on the bed when its occupant dies. Oh! how I wished for the use of my tongue, when I heard her afterwards affirming that the poor dear gentleman was “sadly cold and shivery just afore he went off, and so she covered him up comfortable.” Making no further addition to her perquisites than by pocketing a few odds and ends lying about the room, the worthy creature, putting on the most heart-broken look she could assume, and with a ready-prepared handkerchief in her hand, hurried away to announce my death to my daughter and the household.

CHAPTER IV.

As Sarah had driven over to Doctor Linnel's to ascertain the day of his return, for which she was becoming hourly more impatient, no one entered my chamber for more than two hours, an interval which gave me leisure to reflect upon my perilous and unprecedented state. In all my former attacks the mind had sympathised with the suspended vitality of the frame, but now I had vital senses and apprehensiveness in a dead integument. Was this dissolution of partnership temporary only? How long would it last? Was it final? What then was to be my ultimate fate? I had read of disembodied spirits, and I could understand the continuance of such a separate existence; but as for me, I was entombed alive in my own body—destined, perhaps, to die hideously and loathsomely, as my corporeal particles putrified and decomposed. I had read, too, of miserable victims who, being buried in a trance, had turned round in their coffins; and of some who, having forced themselves out of them, had been discovered as huddled skeletons in a corner of the vault, whither they had crawled to die of hunger and exhaustion. Recoiling with a mental shudder from such horrible thoughts, I clung to the hope that, although my present fearful seizure was decidedly different from all my previous attacks, it might, after a little longer interval, terminate, like them, in my revival.

While I was alternately horrified and reassured by these anticipations of my fate, my daughter entered, and after bursting into a passion of tears as she kissed my insensible lips, she knelt down by my bed-side, and prayed long and earnestly for the discontinuance of my trance; for, in spite of the positive assurances of my death, she would not abandon the hope of my recovery. Some one, however, in the house, probably the nurse, who wished the forfeiture of the shawls to be confirmed, chose to consider me unequivocally defunct, for I heard the servants closing the shutters in the other apartments, and was made aware of various *post mortem* proceedings, to which I listened with conflicting feelings that baffle all description. The house was now quiet, but occasional sounds still fell upon my ear with an ominous and harrowing significance, for every passing hour announced by the hall clock seemed to be a passing-bell that ratified my decease, and brought me so much nearer to the appalling moment when I should be buried alive. At intervals other sounds were distinguishable; and as I caught the grating of wheels on the road, the whistle of a railway train, the clattering and clattering of my servants at their dinner, it seemed to me both unfeeling and unnatural that, on the very day of my supposed death, the world should be pursuing its ordinary occupations, and my own servants regaling themselves with their customary appetites, as if no such catastrophe had occurred.

Thus I remained, with no other companion than my own sad thoughts, till the evening, when my daughter's maid and the housemaid, having solemnly pledged themselves to stand by each other, whatever might happen, and grasping each other's hand to ensure the performance of the contract, stole on tiptoe into the chamber to have a peep at me, neither of them having ever seen a dead man. Peering at me furtively and askance, as if afraid of being scared by my ghost, they agreed, whisperingly, that I looked for all the world as if I were fast asleep, although

Nurse had maintained that I was as dead as a door-nail. Both declared that I should be no real gentleman if I had not remembered all the servants in my will; and as mourning was a matter of course, one of them had resolved that her dress should be made to fasten in front, and the other knew of a most becoming pattern for her white muslin cap. But their conversation was not limited to such frivolities, for the lady's maid declared, on the authority of her mistress, that Dr. Linnel, before he went away, had written to Mr. George, stating that he must return immediately; that Miss Sarah had said she hoped he would arrive the very next morning, and that the Doctor himself was expected back on the day after; whereupon they stole away, with their hands still locked together.

In these tidings there was no small comfort. Should I revive, my son would have an instant opportunity of clearing himself from all suspicion touching the Restorative, in which I still felt a hope rather than a confidence that he would succeed. Should my trance continue, there was no fear of my being buried alive, for Linnel would again be at my bedside long before the time for my interment, and he was too skilful and experienced a physician not to distinguish between real and apparent death. My most appalling and revolting terror being thus removed, I patiently counted the clock till my usual bed-time, hoping that I might then fall asleep, and so escape the tedium of a long wakeful night. But sleep is a provision of nature for repairing the day's wear and tear; in my cataleptic state there had been no such expenditure of corporeal energy, and consequently there was no requirement of repose. Perhaps my mind was still too much agitated to settle into any sort of oblivion; perhaps it would never be otherwise, and my trance—existence—might be a perpetual consciousness, and consequently an unvaried misery. Such a state must soon lead to madness; but how could a man be mad and motionless, a maniac and a statue? What inconceivable misery, to feel your brain raving and raging with an insanity which can find no vent for its fury, either by the explosions of the voice or the convulsive violence of the limbs! In such sad thoughts, wearily and drearily did the first night of my living death drag its slow length along.

T A S S O.

—BY W. BRAILSFORD.

THE world and all for love, the same fond theme
That tuned the utterance of Petrarca's sighs
To music ever sweet—the golden beam
That gilds the summer of Time's memories
For ever and for aye—such Tasso's dream.
Oh! who shall note a poet's fantasies,
Or lift the veil that we may vainly seem
Spectators of a true heart's miseries?
Are we not gainers on our part to learn
The secret force of love's old gift of song?
That even 'midst the scars we may discern
Life's compensations, gleaned good from wrong,
And challenging the adverse powers of fate
To fill our hearts with thoughts disconsolate.

EUROPEAN LIFE AND MANNERS.*

WHEN the famous Baron Munchausen fastened his horse, one dark winter's night after a deep fall of snow, to what he supposed was the stump of a tree, and waking next morning saw his steed dangling from the village steeple, his surprise, as he avouches, was extreme. Apparently, however, the voracious baron's astonishment was scarcely greater than that of the author of the "Familiar Letters" on "European Life and Manners" when he found that his friends had actually preserved the numerous epistles which he wrote to them from this side of the Atlantic during a sojourn in Europe of something more than five years. This being the case, our readers do not require to be told that "the letters were not designed for publication." Yet, after all, such was their destiny. Fate proved stronger than free-will. Their extraordinary merit had somehow got bruited abroad; "many friends expressed a strong wish to possess them, and that," adds Mr. Colman, "is the reason of their publication."

We cannot but think that Mr. Colman was right in yielding to the widely-extended solicitation; for, though he might have satisfied his friends by a manifold process on a large scale, or even by lithographic aid, the object which those who do *not* write for publication have generally in view would hardly have been answered: the letters would *not* have obtained the popularity which now that they are in print seems likely to attend them; neither would the world have experienced the gratification which must necessarily follow their perusal. We learn from his preface, that Mr. Colman "had proposed a graver work than this upon European society," that he has actually begun it, and that he designs "presently to give it to the public." But, *en attendant* the fulfilment of this purpose, let us gratefully receive what we have got, and try to make the most of it. It is not often that we have the opportunity of gazing upon such a "picture of private and domestic life."

In painting this picture, however, Mr. Colman says that his greatest difficulty has been that his letters "may be deemed too personal;" and his principal anxiety, "lest they should be thought to approach a violation of private confidence." He certainly does make some revelations which border closely on personality, but how far he is obnoxious to the charge of violating private confidence our readers shall form their own opinion. It was, at first, Mr. Colman's determination not to publish a single name; but he "found this an idle attempt, and that individuals would be traced by circumstances, as certainly as if distinctly announced." To this account, therefore, must be placed the greater part of the startling discoveries which his volumes have made public; and all we can hope is, that the individuals whose "style of living" he has sketched with the minute pencil of a Gerard Douw, will be as lenient to him as ourselves. They ought to be so, for, according to Mr. Colman's showing, "pains were most kindly taken to initiate me into those particulars; the information was, though entirely without ostentation, most kindly given; written lists of servants, and written and printed rules of domestic management, were repeatedly

* European Life and Manners; in Familiar Letters to Friends. By Henry Colman. Author of "European Agriculture, and the Agriculture of France, Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland." 2 vols. Boston and London. 1849.

placed in my hands, with a full and expressed liberty to use them as I pleased." To violate private confidence, as far as these things are concerned, is consequently a difficult matter; but we will not prejudge the question. Mr. Colman gives an equally good reason for turning the knowledge thus obtained to account. The style of living is so "wholly different from that which prevails" in the United States (of which country Mr. Colman is a citizen), and "the interest in these minute details" is so intense at Boston, New York, and other great cities of the Union, that not to have emptied the vials of his information for the benefit of the American *coteries* (of which Mr. Colman is now, without doubt, the idol) would have been looked upon by his countrymen—and countrywomen—as an act of *lèse-majesté* against the laws of politeness and good manners, which, we gather from the context of his book, appear rather to require extension in his native land. We have, ourselves, implied our obligations to Mr. Colman; but before we proceed to show why, we feel bound to mention that he states in a *second* preface—as a matter deserving to stand apart—that the letters record "only a small portion of the kindness" shown him. What would have been their effect upon the public if the whole had been narrated, we almost tremble to think of.

We shall now, following Mr. Colman's example, plunge *in medias res*.

In the month of May, in the year 1843, he finds himself wandering through the streets of London, in a state of utter amazement at "the wilderness of houses, streets, lanes, courts, and kennels," in which he is suddenly located. From the particularity of his description, "where seven streets all radiated from one centre," we suspect he must have made his *début* in the Seven Dials; but it is no matter where, for all he meets enchants and astonishes him. He thus describes the effect produced by the vast extent of London:—

I have walked until I have had to sit down on some door-steps out of pure weariness, and yet have not got at all out of the rushing tide of population. I have rode [ridden] on the driver's seat on an omnibus, and there has been a constant succession of squares, parks, terraces, and long lines of single houses for miles, and continuous blocks and single palaces in the very heart of London, occupying acres of ground. I do not speak, of course, of the large parks, which, for their trees, their verdure, their neatness, their embellishments, their lakes and cascades, their waters swarming with fish, and covered with a great variety of water-fowl, which they have been able to domesticate, and their grazing flocks of sheep and cattle, and their national monuments, and the multitude of well-dressed pedestrians, and of elegantly-mounted horsemen and horsewomen, and of carriages and equipages as splendid as gold and silver can make them, are beautiful beyond even my most romantic dreams. I do not exaggerate; I cannot go beyond the reality.

This is making the most of the ducks and geese in St. James's Park; but our national vanity will not suffer us to quarrel with Mr. Colman for slightly overcharging the picture. As Sir Lucius O'Trigger says, "When affection guides the pen, he must be a brute who finds fault with the style;" and the *couleur de rose* of Mr. Colman is of so tender a tint, that we may be pardoned if we see in it the warmth of a stronger sentiment. Was it owing to this amiable feeling, or to "the malady of not listening"—as Falstaff calls premeditated deafness—that Mr. Colman is enabled to say: "Though I have been a great deal in the streets, and in crowds without number, and have seen vexation enough in passing, I do not think I have heard a single oath since I have been in the city." (?) This is something worth noting, even although Mr. Colman

had been only ten days in London when he wrote the sentence. The population of London, unless it was then very differently composed, could certainly have furnished no quota of the armies which in my Uncle Toby's time swore so terribly in Flanders. We have a faint idea that the accomplishment is not altogether forgotten at the present day, but we may be mistaken; indeed, on second thoughts, we feel we must be so, for Mr. Colman tells us, a little further on, that "good manners are here evidently a universal study."

But although an outward decorum is preserved, dissipation has taken deep root in the soil. "The business-shops close at ten, in general; but the ale and wine shops, the saloons, and *the druggists' shops*, I believe, are open all night; and the fire of intemperance, I should infer, was nourished as faithfully as the vestal fire at Rome, and never permitted to go out or to slacken." Our inference from this passage is, that those who don't or won't drink malt or sherry, indulge in intemperate draughts of spirits of wine at the druggists' shops, or they would hardly be included in the same category with the ale and wine shops. Yet again Mr. Colman finds an opportunity of excepting in favour of the Londoners: "*I have scarcely seen a smoker*; and as to a tobacco-chewer, not one." It is possible, we conceive, for a person to chew tobacco without being discovered—unless he is an American; but we will not insist on this point, as we are not acquainted with any one who indulges in this luxury; but we had fancied that the "smokers" of London were "as plenty as blackberries." But in this also, it seems, we are wrong, or Mr. Colman's eyesight is on a par with his faculty of hearing. What he says of the ladies is, without doubt, equally true:—"They have another practice which I equally admire. *They seldom wear false curls.*" We have heard of "fronts" as a not very uncommon article of feminine *coiffure*; but Mr. Colman has of course tested his opinion by a closer inspection than we have been able to bestow, and therefore we yield in this point, as in all others, most willingly. When he speaks of the costume of the bench and the bar, the Blue-coat boys and the court, our doubts for a moment have the mastery over our belief, but they presently subside before Mr. Colman's better knowledge.

"The judges and the lawyers wear wigs, *as they did centuries ago*. The *charity boys* wear leather-breeches, blue or yellow yarn stockings, shoes with buckles, long coats and bands, which *I presume was the dress of two hundred years ago*. So the court-dress in which you are to be presented at the levees, *is the same that was worn in the days of Queen Elizabeth.*"

We had a notion—an erroneous one of course—that the court-dress of the present day rather resembled the age of George the Second than that of Elizabeth; and had no idea, until we read the above passage, of the antediluvian antiquity of the lawyers' wigs. Historical accuracy is evidently one of the strong points of our travelled American; he rarely allows an opportunity to escape without adding something to our previous impressions. As, for instance, when speaking of Melrose Abbey, he tells us that it contains the tomb of "Michael Bruce, the celebrated wizard" (a fact which Walter Scott would have given a great deal to know); and that "the marks of the balls from Cromwell's guns—the *first Cromwell, who destroyed the Abbays in England*—are shown upon the walls." By "the first Cromwell" we presume is meant the vicar-general of Henry

the Eighth, under whose authority *the English monasteries were suppressed*, but we were not aware, till Mr. Colman told us, that he used cannon for the purpose ; or, if he did, that Melrose Abbey in Scotland came under his jurisdiction. But there is nothing like information picked up on the spot. The broken walls of Melrose were there to attest that somebody battered them ; and as the merit of the act was to be given to a Cromwell, the first perhaps has as good a claim to it as the second. Mr. Colman, however, is not a person to take everything upon trust that he is told, for when he visited Abbotsford he was shown "a Roman kettle, said to be 2000 years old, quite like our modern cast-iron pots. *This age struck me as apocryphal.*" We cannot sufficiently commend our author's caution. He would make an excellent commentator on Layard.

But to return from these generalities, and describe what is far more interesting—the particular experiences of Mr. Colman in that domestic intercourse which has given him so clear an insight into "European life and manners ;" though, in doing so, our course must be as erratic as his.

Ostensibly bent on an agricultural mission, and armed with "piles of letters of introduction," which make him acquainted at once with Earl Spencer, who told him that "it was not necessary to have brought any credentials ;" with Lord Ashburton, who "writes a civil note," saying he is anxious to serve him "in any practicable way ;" with Lord Morpeth, who is "very attentive ;" with Mr. Bates, who takes him "to his beautiful villa six miles from London to pass Sunday with him ;" with the Earl of Hardwicke, who is anxious to render him "every attention ;" and with a host of gentlemen, "members of Parliament and others, who have been polite" to him ;—having all these facilities, and many more in the background, which are brought forward in due course, he sets out on his voyage of discovery to the new Society Islands.

Mr. Colman's first visit was to Earl Spencer at Althorpe, where, he says, he "received every polite attention." As this is a favourite phrase with Mr. Colman, we may as well define it at once in his own words.

You will (he says) be glad to hear something of the manner of living in these places ; and in this rambling letter I will tell you that, in respect to convenience, comfort, and ease, it is near perfection. As soon as you arrive at the house, your name is announced, your portmanteau is immediately taken to your chamber, which the servant shows you, with every requisite convenience and comfort. At Lord Spencer's the watch opens your door in the night to see if all is safe [How if the door is bolted ?], as his house was once endangered by a gentleman's reading in bed ; and if he should find your light burning after you had retired, excepting the night-taper, or you reading in bed, without a single word he would stretch out a long extinguisher and put it out.

A very ghostly visitation this, and fit for the Castle of Otranto.

In the morning, a servant comes in to let you know the time, *in season for you to dress for breakfast*. At half-past nine you go in to family-prayers, *if you find out the time*. They are happy to have the guests attend, but they are never asked. The servants are all assembled in the room fitted for a chapel. They all kneel, and the master of the house, or a chaplain, reads the morning service. As soon as it is over they all wait until he and his guests retire, and then the breakfast is served. At breakfast there is no ceremony whatever. You are asked by the servant what you will have, tea or coffee ; or you get up and help yourself. Dry toast, boiled eggs, and bread-and-butter are on the table ; and on the side-board you will find cold ham, tongue, beef, &c., *to which you carry your own plate and help yourself, and come back to the breakfast-table and sit as long as you please*. All letters or notes addressed to you are laid by your plate ; and letters

to be sent by mail are put in the post-box in the *entry*, and are sure to go. The arrangements for the day are then made, and parties are formed; horses and carriages for all the guests are found at the stables, and each one follows the bent of his inclination. When he returns at noon, he finds a side-table with an abundant lunch upon it, if he chooses; and when he goes to his chamber for preparation for dinner, he finds his dress clothes brushed and folded in the nicest manner, and cold water, and hot water, and clean napkins, in the greatest abundance.

We have no disposition to question the truth of a word of this elaborate statement; not even of the existence of that mysterious place "the entry," to which Mr. Colman is so fond of referring: like the rest of his revelations, it is too circumstantial to admit of a doubt; but what we want to know is, How many of these "polite attentions" are omitted in American country houses? Do the servants there—we beg pardon, we mean the "helps"—not announce your arrival? do they not carry your portmanteau up-stairs for you, call you in the morning, bring your letters, brush your clothes, and supply you with cold water, hot water, and clean napkins? We should imagine not, or Mr. Colman would scarcely have been at the pains to tell his countrymen what English servants *do*; and the conclusion we are compelled to arrive at is, that when a stranger pays a visit in the United States, he is necessarily his own porter, his own watchman, and his own shoeblack, and that if he washes his face at all he does it at his own cost and contrivance. Nothing in England seems to have impressed Mr. Coleman more forcibly than the manners and proceedings of that useful class of persons whom the Scotch call "flunkies." He says:

Servants are without number. I have never dined out yet, *even in a private untitled family*, with less than three or four, and at several places eight or nine even, for a party hardly as numerous; *but each knows his place; all are in full dress*—the liveried servants in livery, and the upper servants in *plain gentlemanly dress*, but all with white cravats, which are likewise mostly worn by the gentlemen in dress. The servants not in livery are a higher rank than those in livery, *never even associating with them*. The livery is of such a description as the master chooses: the Duke of Richmond's were all in black, on account of mourning in the family; the others various, of the most grotesque description, sometimes with and sometimes without wigs, and always in shorts and white silk or white cotton stockings. [We foresee a tremendous social revolution in Boston after this.] Many persons request you not to give any gratuity to the servants; others forbid them accepting any, under pain of dismissal; and *at the house of a nobleman of high rank I found a printed notice on my dressing-table to this effect: "The guests are particularly requested to give no gratuities to the servants."*

We hope, as Mr. Colman seems in general rather solicitous about his personal expenditure, that he profited by this hint.

A round of visits ensues, to Lord Hatherton's, Lord Hardwicke's, and other titled and untitled Amphitryons; the former having "the call" with our republican friend. But before he sets out, "Mrs. P——" (whom we strongly suspect from the context to be Mrs. Pendarves) takes him "in her carriage to see the most fashionable *millinery store* and the largest *jewelry store* in the world."

In the letter announcing this fact, Mr. Colman very nearly "forgot to mention" that he was also taken by Mrs. P—— "to see the wedding gear of the Princess Augusta:" luckily, however, he recollects it in the postscript, and enlightens the Bostonians by informing them that "it cost more than a thousand dollars," and was made "of silver and silk interwoven, and covered with Brussels lace."

We next find Mr. Colman domiciliated in the house of "a Member of Parliament," while attending the cattle-show at Doncaster; and the chief

thing we learn from this visit is embodied in the form of a maxim, as follows :

As direct introductions seldom take place, you are expected, in such visits, to put yourself in *polite communication* with those who are near you.

That our traveller acted up to his own rule is evident when he says :

There are some gentlemen here with whom I have had long conversations, and who have asked me repeatedly to visit them, whose names I do not know.

The value of these invitations is, however, somewhat diminished by their vagueness, it being difficult to pay a visit to an anonymous host.

We have said that Mr. Colman is careful in matters of personal expense. He illustrates this in Edinburgh, where, there being no nobleman's house convenient, out of the numbers placed at his disposition, he gets into "excellent quarters at nine shillings per week" for his lodgings, — a price which we trust secured for him "cold water and clean towels." "Travelling in coaches," he says, "is very expensive; and though I never ride inside when I can ride out, yet one gets to the bottom of one's purse constantly much sooner than you expect it." He has an expedient for avoiding this expense, which he appears to have practised successfully on one occasion. "I have walked to-day about twelve miles, and to save two miles had to ford the Tweed, *with my trousers and shoes in my hands*," (like Caesar and his fortunes); "*not a very pleasant operation*, upon stones of all angles and shapes, which the water, though constantly flowing over them, had done little to soften." Certainly "*not a very pleasant operation*," nor one that, we think, it would be desirable for him to repeat very often, at all events on this side of the Tweed. In Scotland, Melrose and Abbotsford claim, as we have shown, some portion of his time; but the relics of the Wizard of the North (not Michael Bruce), the memorials of Mary Stuart and John Knox, and the monuments of Edinburgh, soon give place to a description of the *ménage* of Lambton Castle, "the seat of the late Lord Durham." Here Mr. Colman is completely at home.

In houses of this kind it is usual to have from forty to fifty servants. The servants' establishment is quite an affair by itself. The steward is at the head; he provides everything, and purchases all the supplies; he oversees all the other servants, and puts on, and where the party is not large, takes everything off from the table, the other servants standing by and waiting upon him. He has a room to himself, well fitted up, and has a large salary. Next to him comes the butler, who takes care of all the wines, fruit, glasses, candlesticks, lamps, and plate, and has an under-butler for his adjunct. Next, in equal authority with the steward, and *having also an elegant parlour*, is the housekeeper; she has all the care of the chambers, the linen, and the female servants. Then comes, next in authority, and perfectly despotic in his own domain, the cook, who is generally French or Italian, and his subalterns. Then come the coachman, the footman, and the ostlers, who, the last, I believe, seldom come into the house. Then there is the porter, who in London houses always sits in the entry, and there either has an office by the door, or else a table, with pen, ink, paper, &c.; who receives and delivers messages, but does not leave his place, having always servants at hand to wait upon him. Then each gentleman in the house has his own private valet, and each lady her own maid, *who has all the cast off clothes of the lady*. The ladies, it is reported, never wear a pair of white satin shoes or white gloves more than once; and some of them, if they find, on going into society, another person of inferior rank wearing the same dress as themselves, the dress upon being taken off is at once thrown aside, and the lady's maid perfectly understands her perquisite.

There are two difficulties to be got over in this arrangement: first, to discover a person of inferior rank moving in the same society with you;

and next, to find that person actually wearing the clothes which you have got on your back. The last-named state of the case seems to belong to the category of Sir Boyle Roche's bird, which was in two places at the same time; but as Mr. Colman is satisfied about its practicability, we shall not venture to express our incredulity. Great truths cannot be too often repeated; and Mr. Colman is unable to part with Lambton Castle without telling how the guests make it out in noblemen's establishments in general, even at the risk of repetition.

In most families the hour of breakfast is announced to you before retiring, and the breakfast is entirely without ceremony. Your letters are brought to you in the morning, and the mail goes out every day. The postage of letters is always prepaid by those who write them, who paste double or single stamps upon them; and it is considered an indécorum to send a letter unpaid, or only sealed with a wafer. Any expense incurred for you, if it be only a penny upon a letter, is at once mentioned to you, and you of course pay it. At breakfast the arrangements are made for the day.

Here follows an account similar to that given at Lord Spencer's. He then continues:—

At eleven o'clock there is always a candle for each guest, placed on the side-board or in the *entry*, with allumettes alongside of them; and at your pleasure you light your own candle and bid good night. *In a Scotch family you are expected to shake hands, on retiring, with all the party, and on meeting in the morning.*

Not always a very safe practice in Scotland, if the popular belief be true.

The English are a little more reserved, though, in general, the master of the house shakes hands with you. On a first introduction no gentlemen shake hands, but simply bow to each other. In the morning you come down in undress, with boots, trousers of any colour, frock coat, &c. At dinner you are always expected to be in full dress; straight coat, black satin or white waistcoat, silk stockings and pumps, but not gloves; and if you dine abroad in London you keep your hat in your hand until you go in to dinner, when you give it to a servant, or leave it in an ante-room. The lady of the house generally claims the arm of the principal stranger, or the gentleman of the highest rank; she then assigns the other ladies and gentlemen by name, and commonly waits until all her guests precede her in to dinner—though this is not invariable. The gentleman is expected to sit near the lady whom he hands in.

Not, as in the Mississippi steamboats, all huddled together.

Grace is almost always said by the master, and it is done in the shortest possible way. Sometimes no dishes are put upon the table until the soup is done with, but at other times there are two covers besides the soup. The soup is various; in Scotland it is usually what they call hodge-podge, a mixture of vegetables with some meat. After soup, the fish cover is removed, and this is commonly served round without any vegetables, but *certainly not more than one kind*. After fish come the plain joints, roast or boiled, with potatoes, peas or beans, and cauliflowers. Then sherry wine is handed by the servants to every one. German wine is offered to those who prefer it; this is always *drunk* [drunk] in green glasses; then come the *entrées*, which are a variety of French dishes and hashes; then champagne is offered; after this remove come ducks, or partridges, or other game; after this, the bonbons, puddings, tarts, sweetmeats, blanchmange; then cheese and bread and a glass of strong ale is handed round; then the removal of the upper cloth, and oftentimes the most delicious fruit and confectionery follow, such as grapes, peaches, melons, apples, dried fruits, &c., &c. After this is put upon the table, a small bottle of Constantia wine, which is deemed very precious, and handed round in small wine-glasses, or noyeau, or some other cordial. *Finger-glasses are always furnished*, though in some cases I have seen a deep silver plate filled with rose water presented to each guest, in which he dips the corner of his napkin to wipe his lips or fingers. *No cigars or pipes are ever offered*; and soon after the removal of the cloth the ladies retire to the drawing-room, the gentlemen close up at the table, and after sitting as long as you please, you go into the drawing-room to have coffee and then tea.

No dinner-giver in the United States, from Cape Cod to Cape Flattery, need henceforward plead ignorance in excuse for want of hospitality; he has here the whole mystery, from soup to Constantia. Mr. Colman adds, *par parenthèse*, that he "never heard any discussion about the character of wines" (no host was ever yet known to praise his own claret) "excepting that I have been repeatedly asked what wine we usually drank in America." Mr. Colman does not say what answer he made to this oft-repeated inquiry, but we presume it must have been "sherry-cobbler!"

From the solemnity of these dinner-pictures our traveller breaks off with an anecdote of the Queen, which, as we have never met with it before, or anything like it, we accordingly quote:—

The other day when the Queen was embarking at Brighton [which she never did yet] the usual carpet was not laid upon the wharf [there being no wharf at Brighton]; and the mayor and aldermen [there being no such functionaries in the place] pulled off their scarlet robes of office and laid them down for the royal lady to walk upon. The caricaturists now have them drawn up in full array, with asses' ears.

Asses' ears are proverbially long ones, and so must those have been that listened to this story; but such of course were not Mr. Colman's.

The next place of note at which we discover our agricultural friend, is Earl Fitzwilliam's. Here he was perfectly in clover, and our only wonder is that its effect upon him was not such as might have befallen one of his own cows.

I arrived about six, and after a short walk with my noble host, the dressing-bell rang [rang], and I was shown at once to my chamber. This chamber is a large and superb room, called the blue room, because papered with elegant blue satin paper, and the bed and the windows hung with superb blue silk curtains. My portmanteau had already been carried there, and the straps untied for opening; a large coal fire was blazing; candles were burning on the table; and water and everything else necessary for ablution and comfort. There was, likewise, what is always to be found in an English house, a writing-table, letter-paper, note-paper, new pens, ink, sealing-wax, and wax taper; and a letter-box is kept in the house, and notice given to the guests always at what hour the post will leave. Precisely at seven o'clock, after being fully dressed, I met in the drawing-room the family for dinner. . . . A few minutes after seven, dinner was announced, and the ladies were assigned to the different gentlemen. I had the honour of a companion to wait upon at dinner, who proved a most intelligent and agreeable person, and though of high rank, without ostentation. The hall in which we dined was magnificent, and splendidly lighted; the company [Mr. Colman included] extremely brilliant; about twelve persons at table, and eleven men-servants, some in livery, and others in plain gentlemanly apparel, but all most neat and elegant. . . . After coffee we assembled for prayers in the chapel; the ladies into the gallery, the gentlemen on the lower floor, into some elevated side-pews. Thirty or forty servants were in their places when we went in. All kneel, and as soon as evening service is read by the chaplain, we return to the drawing-room, and tea is served. Soon after ten o'clock the candles are brought in, and quietly placed upon the sideboard. . . . At eleven the ladies retire, and the gentlemen soon follow suit. I rise, myself, soon after six, and sit in my dressing-gown. At eight, the servant brings your clothes, and announces the time for breakfast. Immediately after breakfast, &c., &c.—[a routine which we need not repeat.]

From Lord Fitzwilliam's, Mr. Colman goes to a clergyman's in Nottinghamshire; and here, in writing to a friend, he desires him to give the reins to his imagination, in order to conceive his (Mr. Colman's) happiness.

Imagine an elegant dining-room, the table covered with the richest plate, and this plate filled with the richest viands which the culinary art, and the vintage, and the fruit-garden can supply; imagine a horse at your disposal, a ser-

vant at your command to anticipate every want; imagine an elegant bed-chamber; a bright coal fire; fresh water in basins, in goblets, in tubs; napkins without stint, as white as snow; a double mattress, a French bed, sheets of the finest linen, a canopy of the richest silk, a table portfolio, writing apparatus and stationery, allumettes, a night-lamp, candles and silver candlesticks, beautiful paintings, and exquisite statuary—

We are forced to take breath; we are afraid even to face the "large party of ladies and gentlemen" whom he encountered next day, "as elegant in dress and manners as you can meet with;" still more so to trust ourselves in a room where there are "never less than four men-servants; many times eight or ten, and in one case I counted eleven, eight of whom were in elegant livery, trimmed with silver and with silver epaulettes," &c., &c.

Well might Mr. Colman exclaim to his friend, "What do you think is to become of me?"

What became of him shortly afterwards was this: he paid a visit to Lord Yarborough, and was invited to go out hunting; "the very idea of which," he says, "electrified me, and *my blood still boils at the thought*;" so, instead of hunting, he reserved himself for a few more noble mansions. He is quickly installed at the Duke of Portland's, at Welbeck Abbey, and here he was

"In pleased amazement wholly lost."

I had supposed I had seen, several times before, the summit of luxurious and elegant living, but this I confess went beyond what I had ever met with... I asked when I retired, "What time do you breakfast?" The duke replied, [says he] "Just what time you please, from nine to twelve." I always came down at nine *precisely*, and found the duchess at *her* breakfast. About half past nine the duke would come in, and the ladies, one by one, soon after! At breakfast the side table *would have on it* cold ham, cold chicken, cold pheasant or partridge, which you ask for, or to which, as is most common, you get up and help yourself. On the breakfast-table were several kinds of the best bread possible, *butter always fresh*, made that morning, as I have always found at all these houses; and if you asked for coffee or chocolate, it would be brought to you in a *silver coffee-pot*, and you helped yourself; if for tea, you would have a *silver urn* to each guest, heated by alcohol, placed by you, a small *teapot*, and a small caddy of black and green tea, to make for yourself, or the servant for you.

Then comes a description of what the luncheon consists of, and then a dinner at Welbeck Abbey; which last contains some good advice: that it may not be missed *we have italicised it*.

I have already told you the course at dinner, but at many houses there is always a bill of fare—in this case written—I had almost said engraved—on the most elegant embossed and coloured paper, always in French, and passed round to the guests. Three days in succession we had different kinds of excellent fish, taken from ponds directly in the neighbourhood of the house, on the duke's own grounds. After dinner, we had, every day, peaches, nectarines, grapes, and pine-apples in abundance. There were six of us at dinner daily, and eleven servants, most of them in livery, [we think we see Mr. Colman counting them.] The livery here consists of light yellow shorts and waistcoat, with white cotton or silk stockings, and pumps, a long blue coat trimmed with silver lace and buttons, and silver epaulettes on each shoulder, and white cravats; [as fine as Winifred Jenkins's "goulden bags and jackets," with the advantage of there being something "cumfittable for to eat;"] those out of livery were in full suits of black; and [continues Mr. Colman, hurried away from his subject by the recollection doubtless of what once happened to himself], *if you meet the female servants of the upper class, you must take care not to mistake them for the ladies of the house, as there is little to distinguish them in point of elegance of dress.*

To this interesting letter is appended a postscript, which, as is often

the case with postscripts, contains some of the most valuable information. It is thus stated :

P.S. *I forgot to say*, if you leave your chamber twenty times a day *after using your basin*, you would find it clean, and *the pitcher replenished on your return*; and that you cannot take your clothes off, but they are *taken away*, brushed, folded, pressed, and placed in the bureau; and at the dressing hour before dinner, you find your candles lighted, your clothes laid out, your shoes *cleaned*, and every thing arranged for your use. I never saw more attention. I can hardly conceive of more perfect housekeeping, for you scarcely see or hear anybody unless you ring a bell, when a servant suddenly appears before you, *as if from the wainscoting*.

If Mr. Colman be at all musical, the least he can do in requital of such unheard-of hospitality will be to get by heart and constantly sing (whenever he is requested to be vocal) the favourite old song of "My Friend and Pitcher." No one, we are persuaded, could do more justice either to his friend or to that most useful of utensils.

Mr. Colman seems to be of opinion that you can never have too much of a good thing; and hence no doubt his iteration (which we refrain from qualifying as Falstaff did) respecting the soap and towels and hot water which meet him at every turn when he is out visiting; to the same cause, we suppose, we are indebted for a repetition of the Raleigh story at Cambridge, where he went to see Prince Albert take his doctor's degree, the Queen also being present. "Carpets of crimson cloth were laid through all the passages and yards where the foot of majesty was to tread; and in one spot, where, by some mischance, the carpeting was deficient, *the students pulled off their gowns and spread them for her to step on.*" It is a pity that Mr. Colman does not allude to royalty oftener in the course of his work, for we get a fresh version of this anecdote almost every time the Queen is introduced. He has done enough, however, in this way to convince his fellow-townsmen that somebody always takes off his coat for the Queen to tread upon whenever she appears in public.

For a moment now we are indulged with a glimpse of Mr. Colman in private life, when he is housekeeping on his own account. He appears to be rather put out ("ryled;" perhaps, is the more correct expression) at not being surrounded by the attentive domestics who are in the habit, like brownies, of starting out of the wainscot. He is in lodgings in London, where he says: "I have succeeded in getting such lodgings as are comfortable, *with the exception of a dirty servant girl, who tends upon me, a maid of all work.*"-Owing to the ministration of this dirty Hebe, Mr. Colman has, for once, an opportunity of showing how people dine who are not on visiting terms with grandees. He takes refuge in "one of the principal eating-houses in Piccadilly, where the cooking is good," and where, on "a plate of roast-beef" and various vegetable adjuncts, he *feasts sumptuously for a shilling*. He was driven to this by the combined influence of dirt and melancholy. "I have tried having dinner in my own room, but it is unsocial and attended with many inconveniences; and it is no saving of expense. It is positively melancholy to be eating my dinner alone" (after having been used to such first-rate company); "and often, when it is half-finished, *I drop my knife and fork in silent amazement*, and try if I cannot think of something besides home" (and his friend the Duke of Portland), "and wish myself anywhere but in this Robinson Crusoe cabin." This letter ends with a jeremiad on the expensiveness of servants' fees, Mr. Colman evidently wishing that the printed directions of "a nobleman's" high

rank" (see *ante*) were in general circulation amongst the race of chamber-maids, waiters, porters, and coachmen.

From this sad theme, which is abruptly broken off—probably by an invitation,—he jumps again into "the houses of the nobility," there being no happiness for him out of that charmed circle. He feels like Romeo,

"There is no world without Verona's walls
But purgatory, torture, death itself."

He therefore goes to Goodwood, and the visit proves "delightful," the "service at dinner" being "always silver or gold throughout," and at breakfast every cup and saucer "differed in its pattern from another; *that is*, one cup and saucer was different from another cup and saucer." This was delightful enough, but if Mr. Colman had invited a friend to breakfast with him while at his dirty lodgings, he might have witnessed the phenomenon of the odd cups and saucers without going so far as Goodwood. But then there would have been no "lunch" to describe, "consisting of hot meats, *games*, pies, bread, cheese, butter, wines, and porter;" neither could he have been taken "under the care of the duchess," and shown the conservatory, the orangery, the pheasantry, and the dairy; nor have had "two most respectable gentlemen farmers" to wait for him, nor "a servant to open gates;" neither could he have astonished the family of Mr. Gorham, dwelling in "an excellent and elegant farm-house," "where Mrs. Gorham and one gentleman told me *they were much obliged to me for asking for a cup of tea instead of wine, as they had never tried it before, and considered it a great discovery*, of which they should avail themselves hereafter."

For the next few months Mr. Colman passes his time in the most elevated regions of polite society; surprising us, however, in one respect, by his refusal to go to court, though repeatedly urged to do so by at least half the nobility, and though Lord Bathurst offered to lend him his shoe-buckles, bag wig, and other articles of costume. This is a mystery which we are unable to explain; and we leave it unsolved, to go with Mr. Colman to an evening party.

The dresses of the ladies, at their evening parties, are most splendid, and almost wholly of silk of a superior description. The refreshments are of a very simple character. . . . Tea and coffee are seldom handed round. Sometimes you find it in the ante-room, *where you disrobe*, and the servants hand it to you before you are announced in the drawing-room. You are announced always by the servant at the foot of the staircase to the servant at the head, and by the servant at the head to the company. It is very rare that you are introduced to any person on any occasion, either dinner or evening, unless you go to stay, or the party is small; but *it is not deemed improper that you enter into conversation with your neighbours*. The hair [whose hair?] is generally dressed entirely plain, without jewels or flowers, frequently *à la Madonna*, but often with ringlets in front. *Elderly ladies wear their gowns very low in front; young ladies wear their gowns rather high in front, but very low behind, so as to show the bust to advantage*.

These are peculiarities of costume which Mr. Colman seems to have studied with some attention; we therefore venture upon no opinion of our own, though we confess the last corollary puzzles us. But, criticise them as we may, we are glad to see the following admission:—

The dress of the ladies here, in general society, is altogether *more elegant than with us* . . . and I must add, that a longer acquaintance convinces me that they are better educated than the majority of the same class amongst ourselves.

We have mentioned, we think, elsewhere that Mr. Colman has oppor-

tunities which do not fall in the way of people generally. He never hears any one swear or quarrel in London; but, to make up for these deficiencies, he sometimes sees a great deal more than anybody else. He is speaking of the general fondness for flowers in this country, and says: "So strong is this passion, that you see *persons of all conditions* sticking flowers in their buttonholes, or *wearing them in their hats*." We confess, to our sorrow, that, except by the chimney-sweeps on May-day, we have never seen nosegays worn in hats, though it is the fashion with "persons of all conditions" to place them there. We would give something to see one in the Duke of Wellington's hat, or in the Bishop of Exeter's.

Were we to follow Mr. Colman through all his peregrinations in England only, we should fill the magazine, instead of the remaining page allotted to this notice of his volumes. We shall, however, quote one or two more characteristic passages before we close the work. Of dress, he says:—

To go to a dinner here, without being in full dress, would be a sad mistake. I have long since found out *that*; and though, in staying at a nobleman's or gentleman's house, he will often say to you "You need not dress much," I have found the only safe way is to be *perfectly well dressed*, for so always you are sure to find your host and his company. I came near, in one case, making a mistake in this matter which would have been mortifying. I had supposed myself invited to dine only with two or three gentlemen in London, and thought at first I would go without much alteration, having an impression that my host was living in bachelors' quarters. *My good fortune, however, saved me*, and I went as well prepared as I could be. I found, on going, one of the most elegant houses in London, and a brilliant party of ladies and gentlemen of the highest rank. The gentleman was the son of the Archbishop of York, and there I met the Rev. Sydney Smith, whom the Pennsylvanians love so well. My rule, therefore, is invariably to put myself daily in the best condition, humble on my part as it must be, to meet any and everybody. I like the practice. You may dress yourself as you please in the morning, wear the coarsest clothes and the thickest shoes—a checkered shirt and a tarpaulin cap [with a bunch of flowers in it], but at dinner, which is seldom before seven o'clock, every one appears full-dressed, which is, upon the whole, as much a matter of comfort and satisfaction to the individual himself, as it is of proper respect to the company whom you meet.

We wind up with an account of the manner in which Mr. Colman lived at Tredegar, the seat of Sir Charles Morgan, who began his hospitalities by giving his guest "a list of his house servants in the order of their rank," an act of kindness by which Mr. Colman and the American public have largely profited. It was thus he passed his time:—

We breakfasted at ten o'clock, and dined at seven; for those who took lunch it was always on table at two. I had the mornings to myself, until twelve or one o'clock, without interruption; the servant-woman came into my chamber at half-past six to make my fire, and the valet soon after to bring my clothes and shoes. . . . We had eight men-servants at dinner constantly, seven of them in livery, with their heads *fully powdered*; and one in black, *looking like a grave old clergyman*, who was the butler, who handed the wine and put every dish on the table. At table no one helps himself to anything—I had almost said, even if it is directly before him—but a servant always interferes. Even the person sitting at your side, does not hand his own plate to be helped. *Water cups* are placed by your side, and oftentimes with perfumed water, to wash your hands and lips after dinner; and these are taken away, and *others are put on with the dessert*. You are never urged to eat, and seldom asked what you will have, excepting by the servant. In most cases, an *elegantly written bill of fare*, sometimes on embossed silk paper, is *passed quietly round the table*, and you *whisper to the servant*, and tell him what you will have. The vegetables are never *put upon* the plate by the person who helps, but are always passed round by the servants. Each guest is of

course furnished with a clean napkin, which, after dinner, is never left on the table, but either thrown into your chair, or upon the floor, under the table.

We omit the details of the coffee, tea, conversation, and "whiskey-and-water at eleven o'clock," and follow Mr. Colman fairly into bed, where—

Everything is always in the best order; a blazing fire, and a rushlight to burn all night, in a safe, so that no danger can come of it. Your windows and bed-clothes are always closely drawn, your night-clothes hung by the fire to be aired, *the boot-jack and slippers placed by the side of the bed*, and spare blankets folded near you. A bell-rope is always within reach, and not unfrequently *a worked night-cap, to be used if you choose it*.

Then comes, for at least the twentieth time in these volumes, an account of the "pitcher of hot water" in the morning, the "bright copper tea-kettle," the "ham and eggs on the table," the "cold beef, cold fowl, cold everything on the sideboard;" the "letters by your plate," the "mail-bag," the "entry," the "arrangements for the day," the "great-coat neatly folded," the "hat neatly brushed," the "gloves laid out upon your hat," and the "umbrella in its place." In describing which, Mr. Colman is anxious, that the partner of his bosom, for whose especial behoof this information was originally written, should not imagine that he is *violating confidence*.

Let us at once set his mind easy on this point. We are of opinion that he has only taken a laudable and humane view of a great social question. Mr. Colman passed nearly five years and a half in Europe, the greater part of it in the houses of the English nobility; his "mission" was to acquire a knowledge of the *savoir vivre*, and impart it to his countrymen for their use and edification. If he has not succeeded in his object, the fault cannot well be his, as we think we have shown by the extracts which we have given. We could have adduced many more proofs of his painstaking endeavour to inoculate the New World with the manners of the Old; by quoting, *inter alia*, from what took place at the seat of the Earl of — (the only anonymous nobleman in the book), where "the lady" wore "crimson velvet" one day, "white muslin, a red sash, and a crimson turban," on another, and "a splendid silk dress and a circlet of pearls," on a third; and also by showing how at Woburn he found "a tea-kettle of hot-water, and a tub of cold," in his bed-room; how "the usher in the hall" had "the appearance of a gentleman" in "black shorts," and how this gentlemanly man showed him into the drawing-room, where the Duke (of Bedford) met him, and where he met "a very large party of *élégantes*." But the reason we have already given compels us to pause, and we therefore bid Mr. Colman farewell as heartily as any of his numerous noble entertainers; more heartily, perhaps—for we, at all events, are very sorry to part with him. In doing so we have one request to make, which is, that instead of the grave work promised in his preface, he make a round of visits in the United States, and inform us faithfully whether the boot-jack, the clothes-brush, the pitcher of hot water, the worked night cap, and the soap and towel, have yet found their way into the dressing-rooms of the smartest people in creation. Until we are assured of this fact by so competent an authority as Mr. Colman has shown himself to be, we must consider his mission to Europe as still unaccomplished.

THE AUTHORS OF THE "REJECTED ADDRESSES."

THE last of the "Adelphi" is no more—the last of the brothers who first rendered their writings popular in the "Rejected Addresses." Both were clever men and piquant writers, but Horace Smith was something beyond this. He possessed talents of a wider scope than James, who preceded him to the grave in 1839: his views were more extended; he was more intellectually accomplished, had seen much more of the world, and thought deeper. James was a wit, an agreeable companion, possessed of a fine vein of humour, but circumscribed in the extent of his information, and, as a natural consequence, more concentrated in himself. James selected his subjects for the most part within the circle in which he moved and continued to move through life. A happy point well made, it was his delight to repeat at the dinner-table or in the evening party. His jokes, and excellent they were, thrown off among convivial friends—in short, society, cheerfulness, and its accompaniments—constituted the *summum* of his life's pleasures. His frame was not active; his bachelor habits and dinings-out rendered him a subject for the gout, to which disorder he ultimately fell a victim. From his office in Austin Friars to his residence in the Strand, constituted the major part of his journeyings. Horace, on the contrary, was of an active make. A year or two after we first knew him he visited Italy; and returning for some time made France his residence. We first saw James at his office in Austin Friars, nearly thirty years ago. He looked as serious as the parchments and papers surrounding him—for he was a solicitor by profession, and transacted the business of the Board of Ordnance. He seemed in this situation as little of a wit as can well be imagined. A joke took place on this visit, often subsequently repeated. There were two Smiths on the same side of the court, and we had very naturally knocked at the door of the first we came to. On entering his office we mentioned our mistake: "Aye," said James Smith, "I am James the first; he must abdicate; I reigned here before he came."

James was a well-looking man, but having a little of that stiffness of bearing which often attaches to a life of uniformity, with comparatively circumscribed habits. He was a constant and keen observer of city manners, and the foibles of many of the citizens he made the subject of harmless ridicule. We say harmless, for there was never the smallest portion of ill-nature in his satirical touches. He smote the folly, but spared the man; a mode much more effectual in the way of reformation, than that severity of censure which awakens the resistance of self-love. His pieces, collected and published by his brother whom we have just lost, fully exhibit this view of his nature. A prevalent foible, a trivial display of vanity, a trait of self-indulgence, an epicurean inclination, or any little peculiarity, being the subject, he generally handled it as briefly as possible, and most probably worked the whole point out in his mind before he committed it to paper. It may be questioned if anything he ever wrote cost him more than one sitting. The closing line or two, or the last stanza, wound up what he called "his moral." There was much less of liberality of feeling about him than about his brother Horace.

It is difficult to say which of the two was the most witty in the social hour. Dependent upon momentary, often upon an involuntary disposition to cheerfulness at the moment, all wits are unequal in brilliancy at times. Both brothers may be characterised rather as possessors of a high talent for humour, than of that sparkling wit which characterised Hook. Sometimes, with all his wonderful readiness, it was hit or miss with Hook, who aimed at notoriety, no matter how acquired. The Smiths were both graver men, and would have thought to run a joke too near to a failure was akin to one. We have known Horace Smith indignant at Hook's jesting not only ill, but out of place, in his wild manner.

James Smith wanted the cordial spirit of his brother; there was, we fancied, little warmth of heart about him. He seemed to mingle somewhat of his professional character in social intercourse. On this account we surmise that James will be much sooner forgotten by his friends than Horace. The duration of the living remembrance in these cases is proportionate to the previous reciprocity of action. Both brothers were delightful companions. Many an hour of mental depression have we felt relieved by their society. The humour and gladiatorial displays of wit that occurred in their company were always gentlemanly, generous in temper, unimpeachably moral, and never the splenetic outpouring of ill-natured feeling.

Horace, or Horatio as he always subscribed himself, was not only the most accomplished, but the most genial spirit of the two. He was as much attached to the society of literary men who made no pretension to be wits, and to solid and serious reading, as to the gay and light. His range of acquirement was considerable, and at one time he dabbled a little in metaphysics, but fortunately escaped from their maze without bewilderment. He began his literary career at the desk of a merchant; and became, as is pretty well known, a favourite of Richard Cumberland, and his coadjutor in a work that turned out a failure, at the early age of twenty-three. In after-life, his literary labour and his city business went hand-in-hand. Before he relinquished business, we met him posting westwards one day, about three P.M.

"Where are you going so fast, Smith?"

"Who would not go fast to Paradise (Paradise-row, Fulham)? I am going to sin, like our first parents."

"How? there are no apples to pluck at Fulham, yet?"

"No; but there is ink to spill, though—a worse sin, perhaps. I have promised L—— something, I cannot tell what. Who the deuce can hit upon anything new, when half the world is racking its brains to do the same?"

This is thirty years ago, and now the utterer of that remark is within the precincts of the tomb; while the intervening time saw no diminution of his regard for intellectual pleasures, nor, with much to flatter his talents in the way of his literary labours, any decrease of that modest feeling in regard to his own writings, which is one of the strongest attestations of merit. In this respect he differed from his brother, who had, or always impressed the minds of others that he had, a full sense of the merit of his own compositions.

"I must unaffectedly declare," said Horace Smith, "that no one has a humbler opinion of my attempts than myself."

We fully credit his sincerity, notwithstanding we are well aware that authors may sometimes play off a little hypocrisy as well as other men. His modesty in this regard was a beautiful trait in a character rarely met with in the world, for such his undoubtedly was.

The "Rejected Addresses" was a happy publication, exceedingly well-timed. Unfortunately, several of the characters whose styles are imitated there have passed into obscurity, and the keenness of the satire cannot now always be understood. The stolidity of Fitzgerald, for example, rendered so much more amusing by his own unconsciousness of it, both as to his voice and recitations at the Literary Fund dinners, cannot be comprehended by the present generation; yet Fitzgerald's was among the most happy of the imitations, and, if we recollect aright, was Horace Smith's. The diminution of interest upon this ground must increase as time fleets away; a result inseparable from writing upon subjects of a temporary character.

Horace Smith realised a sufficient sum to satisfy his own moderate wishes, and determined, in despite of the reproaches of his city friends, to seize the moment for retiring while independence was within his grasp. "The hope of future gain," he observed, "might lead him to risk what he had secured." We think this occurred about 1820, or a year later. When the crash of 1825 happened, he was able to turn the tables upon those who had thus reproached him. "Where are those now who called me a fool for retiring, when I had the independence that suited my wishes? Who was right?—I pity them." This contentedness, and regard of money as the means rather than the end, was a distinguishing trait in his character.

Shelley and Horace Smith were intimate friends. He always spoke with high regard both of that lofty poet and his writings. He did not, however, applaud the mistaken theories of that enthusiastic genius in his youth; theories which Shelley himself subsequently modified. "Though Shelley is my particular friend," said Smith, "I regret the imprudence of his publications on more points than one; but as I know him to possess the most exalted virtues, and find in others, who also promulgate the most startling theories, the most amiable traits, I learn to be tolerant towards abstract speculations, which, not exercising any baneful influence on their authors' lives, are still less likely to corrupt others. Truth is great, and will prevail; that is my motto: and I would therefore leave everything unshackled, for what is true stands, and what is false ought to fall, whatever the consequences."

These are certainly the doctrines of one accustomed to think, and to place the result of every contest between truth and falsehood upon an incontrovertible basis. The foregoing remark originated in the way of reply, after Smith had been charged in a monthly periodical, at that time remarkable for its illiberality, with being a contemplated contributor to the publication of the "Liberal," then about to be commenced by Byron and others. Smith had visited Italy, we believe, just before, and was then resident at Versailles. He knew nothing whatever of that joint undertaking. On telling him of this, he replied, "I should never contribute a line were I asked, which I assure you I never have been."

Horace Smith had a great dislike to that brainless ostentation, which rules in England now in a degree perhaps greater than when he was struck

by the difference of foreign countries in this respect. Abroad, a man required you to regard himself; not his servants or liveries.

"A man here," said he, "with 400*l.* a year keeps a horse and a cabriolet, which in England would be sneered at; but he keeps them to answer a purpose—the purpose of conveying him to his friends, and giving him air, pleasure, and variety; all which an Englishman forgoes if he cannot do it in an expensive style and manner, mounting a lackey behind bedaubed with gold lace. Pride, purse-pride, is the besetting sin of England; and, like most other sins, brings its own punishment, by converting existence into a struggle, and environing it with gloom and despondency."

The mode of thinking of most individuals, upon the commonest topics, is perhaps best judged by insulated opinions. We believe Horace Smith to have been one of the truest and honestest thinkers of his day, though he was not always inclined to be communicative of his ideas,—not that he was a deeper thinker than some others whose names are upon record, but, what is of much more importance, he thought justly. In rectitude of intention we do not believe he was surpassed by any contemporary. He had a true sense of what was due to the rule of conscience, and it guided him unerringly. He performed the kindest and most disinterested acts without the slightest ostentation. He was even ready and zealous to perform good offices for any; and sometimes ran counter to his own impressions, and wrestled with his own judgment, when the question bore the aspect alone of benevolence and kindness. Before, as he used to phrase it, he gave up "worshipping mammon," and had no more than a moderate run of business, he volunteered, in conjunction with a friend, to pay off the debts of a literary man who had been disgracefully prosecuted by the ministry of that day; and accordingly paid down the moiety of 1000*l.* for the purpose. He was, notwithstanding, a careful manager in monetary affairs, of inexpensive habits, great evenness of temper, cheerful, never boisterous, and with such a stock of useful philosophy as reconciled him in the order of his ideas to the good and evil of humanity in his existing position, as we feel certain it would have done equally in any position that might have been a trial to his nature. In this respect there seemed a great difference between the two brothers. James ever appeared to have his sympathies nearest home, and to share far less in the pleasures or pains of others. Not that he wanted good-nature, but that a certain disregard overcame him about all out of his beaten track. There was little of that heart-display about him, which so spontaneously appeared on all occasions when accident called it forth on the part of his brother.

The early success of Horace Smith's literary labours attached him to them for their own sake—a thing become rarer in the present day than in the past. It was by no means the same with James. While resident in France, Horace, in conjunction with one or two friends, projected the establishment of an English newspaper in Paris. The French government, self-denominated constitutional, according to its invariable practice of ruling by professions that its acts belied, could not openly deny the right to publish. As was the practice from Louis XVIII. to Louis Philippe, always arbitrary, it shuffled out of the dilemma in which it was sometimes placed between counter-inclination and what the law sanctioned. Neither a negative nor an affirmative answer could Smith ever obtain. In this mode the application lay over, until his patience was fairly worn out.

"They will not give a direct negative, and decline an affirmative; and in this way they trifled with us for months," he observed.

On returning home, as well as while he was abroad, he was a contributor to the *New Monthly Magazine* of no small value; but he gave up contributing at the end of 1825 or 1826, while his brother James contributed to that periodical down to the end of 1830. The reason was, that he became a novel writer, and commenced his career by the publication of "*Brambletye House*," his first and best work of that class. This line of authorship was then lucrative indeed compared to the present worthlessness of the pursuit, good or bad, as the product may happen to be in a literary sense; showing but too plainly that the public taste is as capricious and ill-grounded as that of fashion in other things. To this line of authorship Horace Smith applied himself, and produced several works in succession, of varying degrees of merit. Previously, in 1821, he had published a volume entitled "*The Nympholept*," from the name of the principal poem. We know not what the circulation was, but being a pastoral drama it was not likely to have been considerable. To the longer poem was attached a pretty story called "*Lucy Milford*," and several sonnets. His name was not affixed to the title-page. The term "*Nympholepsy*," it is probable, was "*caviare to the general*." We can remember, however, that we perused the copy presented to us with great pleasure; the simple images of the past and purer taste in poetry not having then lost their zest, or been superseded by metropolitan street-dialogues, or pictures of St. Giles's in verse. If amusing literature does not elevate or amend the mind, it is comparatively useless. But in Smith's writings there was always the sentiment of good. He worked ever in the right direction, whether touching good-naturedly upon trivial follies, or assailing vulgar errors. Playful or serious, he never dragged our humanity downwards to aid the common order of mind in banqueting upon social corruption.

We have remarked that it was about 1826 that he published his first novel. He had some time before taken up his abode at Tunbridge Wells, quitting London and his lodgings at 142, Regent-street, of which he declared himself heartily sick. Even at this distance of time, we remember a dinner he gave there before he started—the last, it is probable, he ever gave in London—and the hilarity of the guests, among whom were some of the celebrated wits of the time, most of whom are now no more.

At Tunbridge Wells we soon paid him a visit, while residing in Mount Edgecumbe Cottage. He was, as usual, kind, entertaining, and hospitable. We think of that time with melancholy pleasure. His qualities were the most amiable, the most gentle, in those days, that can be conceived. Surely, if integrity, sincerity, and real friendliness deserve happiness, they must be his. There we met an old friend of his, whom we have not seen for years—a clever and ingenious man; the author of a novel not enough known. Prior to his arrival, the weather being very warm, we were puzzled how to employ ourselves. We walked to the rocks; one of which Smith called the "*Titanic toad*," from its resemblance to that reptile. We returned; it was too hot to talk, it was anti-social to sleep; motion was declared to be best after all. "Let us get a vehicle, and perform a pilgrimage to Penshurst." It was no sooner

said than done. Horace was in one of his best moods for conversation ; and those who knew him in those moods can alone appreciate the pleasure of his companionship, especially when third parties were not present. The subjects touched upon have faded from memory, but not so the impression left of that pleasant morning. We only remember that the larger part of our discourse was serious, and touched upon the destiny of man—upon his nothingness, even when invested with the virtues of a Philip Sidney. As we passed through the venerable rooms, and examined the moth-eaten hangings, the pictures mildewed by time, and while standing before the portrait of "Sidney's sister—Pembroke's mother," a conversation ensued upon the pleasures derived from visiting places of that character. We were conjecturing how the same rooms once looked when the gay and gallant, the "fair and wise and good," thronged them. Smith remarked that such buildings were the best foundation-scenes for novels ; and it was no wonder they had been so often chosen.

This visit was the origin of "Brambletye House," on which he was soon busily at work. We cannot recollect whether it was while he was about this or a subsequent novel, that some one recommended the female appellation of Zillah to him, as a peculiarly pleasing name for a similar work. "To me," said Horace, "it must, of course, be doubly interesting. She was a lady of the very earliest descent ; the mother of Tubal Cain, the first of the Smiths, and, of course, the founder of my family."

His attachment to Tunbridge Wells originated, perhaps, in early associations. It was once the residence of Cumberland and Bland Burges, who had encouraged his early efforts in literature. He showed us Cumberland's residence ; and walking one day up to Frant Church, he spoke of the superiority of Tunbridge as a residence to any place he knew. Years after, at Brighton, where he took up his abode at first as far from the sea as possible, he repeated his regard for Tunbridge, and boasted of its superiority over Brighton. It seemed to us as if he was kept in suspense between the beauty of nature at Tunbridge and the advantage of superior society in Brighton. He was a true lover of nature. One of his favourite haunts had been Knole, in the vicinity of Sevenoaks, where the trees are remarkably fine, and the antique of our rough forefathers attaches the mind to the relics of perished generations. "Knole is mine as much as the Duke of Dorset's. He can only walk in his grounds ; I do the same, and enjoy them equally without the trouble and expense of keeping them."

Hook began a set of papers in the *New Monthly* which were called the "Thompson Papers." Both the Smiths were to contribute to them, and Horace was to arrange them as they came in from different sources. Hook broke down after the first article ; and Smith beginning "Brambletye House," found his novel occupied all the time he could afford to give up to literature. The idea seems to have been a good one. The communications were to be in the shape of letters, and to include all subjects of the hour ; but two of them only appeared.

Horace Smith always declared that he found novel-writing a task much less arduous than writing constantly for a magazine, owing to the necessity of finding new subjects, and then having to handle them often-

times with an injurious brevity. About ten years ago he was on the point of giving up writing altogether. His views regarding the literature of the hour were exceedingly just. He was of opinion that the continual straining after novelty would have the effect of leading writers further and further from that nature and simplicity upon which alone an enduring literature is based. He feared that we were returning to the childhood of literature again. He was on the point, as he phrased it, of not "troubling the world any more with his scribblings," after 1840. He felt, he said, "that he was getting old." Yet he did not adhere to this resolution, though in periodical literature he had done nothing for a good while, so that he began to express his fear lest his "hand had lost its cunning," for he had "lain too long fallow." He had an objection, also, to that degrading fashion of placarding authors' names on the walls, with police bills of rewards for catching felons, and with quack doctors' bills. He said one day, "Marryat has been telling me that he had agreed to write for a new paper called the —, edited by Frank Mills; but that he objected vehemently to see the walls plastered with his name, feeling it to be somewhat *infra dig.*: and in this I fully agree with him."

His sense of growing old—or the feeling of it—eight or nine years before his death, was often repeated to us. The last time he alluded to it he said he felt it in various ways, and continually in the change of his children from childhood to maturity. He would remark upon it, and then add, "Thank God, we are well, in good health and spirits, disposed to make the best of every thing, and to enjoy the world as well and as long as we can." This was his happy frame of mind—placid, contented, and resigned. It was the temperament of a choice few in the world, and those among the wisest and best.

His old acquaintance, Thomas Hill, was ever the aim of a good-natured joke on the part of Smith. Hill was a very singular character, well known to all his contemporaries who were literary men, and died in 1810. Those who had known him, like Smith, from their own youth upwards, even his most intimate acquaintance, had no knowledge of his age, which Hill studiously concealed. His appearance was in his favour, and aided him in making himself seem much younger than he really was. Meeting Smith just after Hill's decease, he said, "So poor Hill has gone at last! It appears to have surprised every body, the world seeming to think that he *couldn't* die. I see the papers state him to have been eighty-one." Hill was often called "the immortal" by his friends; and, in truth, the greenness of his age was sufficiently remarkable.

Horace Smith had a great regard for his own productions in verse, which were collected and published in two volumes two or three years since. Some of them had been exceedingly popular.

We know no parallel instance of two brothers being so successful in their literary labours as James and Horace Smith. It is useless to enumerate the works of the latter; those of James were all published by his brother in a couple of volumes. The works of Horace are numerous and several remain to this hour anonymous.

In the loss of such individuals as Horace Smith, it is not merely the literary world that seems to lose a part of a long-accustomed association; the friendly circle, the vicinity of his residence, every local undertaking to aid which he was a contributor, suffers also. He was eminently useful in private life, wherever he could so render himself. Then there was a

warmth of heart in his hospitality—a strength of friendship, which seemed rather a part of the natural man than any acquirement. He could not, it appeared, be otherwise if he would. His social qualities were very visible and attaching. On those who met him for the first time, they always left an indelible impression. He had at one time—perhaps he never gave it up—an idea of human perfectibility, or the possibility of a near approach to it at some future period. These hopes of human advancement were strong. He contended that, as nothing stood still, and a far greater portion of the mass of mankind was largely in advance of what it was in ancient times, when there were a few individuals of a higher order of mind than in later days, so he believed the benefit then confined to a few was now diffusing around a wider circle, and thus bringing by slow gradations the advancement of general happiness. He would not believe that the Supreme Being was a being of vengeance, who devoted the larger part of mankind to destruction hereafter. Thinking that such a doctrine derogated not only from the benevolence but the omniscience of the Creator, who must have foreknown all things, he thought that the end of his creation was concealed from man, Providence not being accountable to the creature of a moment; and that in the words of Mülner—

The wherefore may when the dead rise be told us.

Hence the foundation of that evenness of mind and temper—that beneficence which was stamped upon his character; and hence, too, much of that simplicity, and disregard of the "low ambition" of many who had not half the claims to superiority which he had. He overlooked this in the philosophical contemplation of ultimate results. Equally agreeable in the lively or serious mood, he ever exhibited principles based upon what he considered an immovable foundation. He showed no wavering. He complied often with the fancies and prejudices of others for the sake of those who held them, so far as not to disturb them. He loved peace before all things; and though the delight of any assembled circle, either of wits or of society at its common level, they never knew half his mental worth and excellence, who in his best days had not enjoyed his society in an insulated state. Many of his ideas were novel and striking. While he endeavoured to reconcile the condition of humanity with his own views of the justice and goodness of Heaven, he had a great dislike of that too prevalent sin, the preaching up one doctrine and practising its opposite. *Homines ignari opera, philosophi sententia*, raised his abhorrence.—But enough. We might proceed to a great length on a matter in which the truth might be supposed to be violated through the partiality of friendship, by those who take superficial views of things. We therefore leave the subject, with the assertion that we might have better spared a better man; and with regret—a regret, alas! not uncommon, to witness the ravage death makes around us of those who were once the ornament, delight, and honour of society; exclaiming in the words of another, not without the full impress of the feeling their sense induces, "Good Heaven! how often are we to die before we go off this stage? In every friend we lose a part of ourselves, and the best part. God keep those we have left! Few are worth praying for, and ourselves the least of all!"

THE BROTHER'S SUMMONS.

BY MRS. ACTON TINDAL.

FRANCIS, first Duke of Brittany, conceived a violent hatred against his brother, the Prince Gilles; he confined him for many years in dismal dungeons, and after in vain attempting to poison him, he was strangled in the prison of Mount St. Michel, on the coast of Brittany. A poor brother of the Cordeliers heard his dying confession through the bars of the dungeon-window. The dying man summoned his tyrannical brother to meet him in forty days at the bar of God. This message was delivered to the Duke Francis by the Cordelier, who met him returning from a victorious campaign. History further records, that before forty days were passed the Duke Francis had gone to his great account, and was succeeded by a surviving brother.—*Roujou's Histoire des Ducs de Bretagne.*

THE bold Duke from the battle rode,
The foremost of the warrior band;
Banner and plume around him flow'd,
The trumpet sounded through the land;
And well the steed and rider knew,
Nestled amid those mountains blue,
And in the bocage green and free,
The pleasant homes of Brittany.
The stout duke rode with stately grace,
But stormy passions on his face
Had left their deep and branding trace;
His brow was grave, tho' not serene;
There care and dark thought oft were seen,
And kindled in his eagle eye
No kindly light of charity;
And c'en if he were lured to smile,
A something cruel seemed the while
Around his lip and mirth to hang,
And dissonant his laughter rang.
Yet was he valiant in the fray,
As is the wild bull turned at bay;
Strong in his purpose, bad and bold,
No laws of God nor man controlled;
He little recked for human life,
But in the madness of the strife,
Drunken with carnage, pride, and hate,
His soul within him rose elate.
He rode a victor thro' the land,
Heading his armed and conquering band;
When sudden in his pathway stood
A friar barefooted and grey;
From his pale face he cast his hood,
And barred with his weak arm the way;
And neither knight nor steed might dare
Dispute his right to stay them there.
"Monarch," the friar gravely said,
"From Mount St. Michel by the wave
I come with feeble, faltering tread,
Charged with a message from the grave."
"Stay, monk," the Duke in trouble cried,
"New grants make I to thee and thine,
Lands that might form a noble's pride;
And on the Virgin's holy shrine
I bid perpetual candles shine."
"Nay, hear me," said the friar stern,
"Tis not of earth that I must tell;
"I bear the words that blast and burn—
"Thy summons to the deepest hell.

"I heard between the iron bars
 "Of that lone prison by the sea,
 "Where the wave 'gainst the granite jars
 "In dull and drear monotony—
 "I heard thy murdered brother's prayer,
 "Breathed forth amid life's latest pang,
 "And on the dungeon's fetid air
 "His cry for justice madly rang;
 "My ear against those bars was prest
 "While he breathed forth his last behest,
 "'Mid calls for mercy—sobs of pain—
 "And tears that fell like scalding rain.
 "He told me of the weary days
 "In listlessness and anguish passed,
 "Resting upon the sea his gaze,
 "Thinking some hope would come at last,
 "Or that thy stony heart would bend
 "And thou wouldst be thy brother's friend.
 "He told me how, when night drew nigh,
 "And neither hope nor friend was there,
 "He laid him down to weep and sigh,
 "In sullen grief or wild despair;
 "For sleep he dreaded more than pain,
 "As then he dreamed that he was free,
 "And stood within his home again,
 "And his young son was at his knee,
 "And to his faded cheek seemed prest
 "The bright lips of his blooming wife,
 "And bounded in his wasted breast
 "The pulses high of joyous life.
 "'Pale monk,' said he, 'thou ne'er canst know
 'My dread amount of rage and woe,
 'When, waking from my dream of bliss
 'On this lone dungeon's dreariness,
 'I felt beneath my staring bones
 'The keen cold angles of these stones,
 'While on my misery looked the stars
 'Dimly between those iron bars.—
 'Sometimes again a child I've been
 'With my hard brother on the green,
 'Disporting merrily;
 'Or in the same soft bed we lay,
 'And kneeled together down to pray
 'At our blest mother's knee,
 'Ere power and pride his heart had changed,
 'And all a brother's love estranged.—
 'Then I woke up amid my tears
 'To muse upon those happy years,
 'And felt that I could *even yet*
 'Forgive him, and my wrongs forget;
 'That I could still arise and go
 'To the stern cause of all my woe,
 'For the dear sake of her that bore
 'The brother who hath vexed me sore!
 'I, that was born with ardent heart,
 'In all life's joys to take my part;
 'I, that upon the mountains went
 'With the first beams the sunrise sent,
 'And ranged their summits far and free,
 'Exulting in my liberty;
 'And pressed the heather fresh and sweet,
 'Untrodden yet by other feet;
 'And breathed the morning's first pure breeze
 'Ere yet it whispered through the trees;

' And saw beneath me in the glen
 ' The quiet homes of slumbering men:—
 ' Yes! I have languished many a year
 ' Amid these waters wild and drear—
 ' Nor looked upon the face of man,
 ' Nor living thing hath met my scan,
 ' Save the white seagull winging by
 ' Rejoicing in the wave and sky,
 ' And glancing through the feathery spray
 ' Like some glad genius of the day.
 ' Pale monk! thy fasting and thy prayer
 ' Shall nought avail thee in thy need,
 ' If thou be deaf to my despair,
 ' And take not to my message heed.
 ' Go! tell the brother who hath lain
 ' Within the breast that gave me life,
 ' How I have watched and wept in vain—
 ' Of my long grief and fiery strife;
 ' How slowly in my heart declined
 ' The hope that *he* might *yet* be kind:—
 ' Tell him I've gnawed these iron bands,
 ' And dashed my head against these stones,
 ' And fought those bars with my weak hands
 ' Until the metal grazed the bones:—
 ' Ha! tell him that with direst hate
 ' My parting soul was animate.
 ' For mercy dying sinners pray,
 ' But vengeance, O my God! I call
 ' On him who took my youth away,
 ' And bound me living in the pall,
 ' And chained me to this loathsome rock,
 ' Whose solitudes my sorrows mock:—
 ' In forty days my foe shall stand
 ' Before the face of God on high,
 ' To be requited at *his* hand
 ' For my dread lingering agony:—
 ' I summon him to meet me there,
 ' That I may gaze on his despair,
 ' And see the Virgin's holy face
 ' Averted from his prayer for grace:—
 ' Oh! he hath turned my blood to gall!"
 "Then," said the monk, "I heard him call,
 In words that now my soul appal,
 And summon thee in forty days
 To give account of all thy ways.
 Francis of Brittany, I swore
 To bear this summons dread to thee:
 Nothing have I to tell thee more
 Of that poor prisoner by the sea:
 I heard a struggle and a groan,
 That died amid the wave's dull moan.
 No sin too hateful is, or dread,
 For Jesu's blood to wash away;
 Then, oh! fling ashes on thy head,
 And cease not thou to weep and pray—
 Repentance, deep as is thy sin,
 Perchance may e'en thy pardon win!"

THE SPIRIT OF CHANGE IN SOUTHERN EUROPE.

BY JAMES HENRY SKENE, ESQ.

CHAPTER V.

DISAFFECTION OF THE GREEKS OF THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

I SHALL now endeavour to throw some light on the past and present state of the Ionian Islands, where our conduct as protectors is so important for the establishment of our political and diplomatic fame in the surrounding countries.

The consequences to ourselves, of our mode of managing these small states are, indeed, infinitely more serious than would appear on a *prima facie* consideration of the subject; because, although they be insignificant in point of extent, wealth, and population, still their social and political condition becomes a sample of the principles of government which are adopted by the English, and an earnest of the value of our friendship. The effects of enlightened policy on our part in the Ionian Islands must tend most materially to raise the credit of the English name in Italy, Greece, Turkey, Syria, and Egypt; and must prompt the desire among the inhabitants of these countries, which are in constant communication with the Seven Islands, to secure to themselves also the benefits derivable from an amicable connexion with Great Britain. In fact, the state of affairs in those dependencies of our empire will probably influence very powerfully the future development of events in that quarter, and the necessary results which the mere agency of time cannot fail in realising.

Among the Greeks of the Ionian States there exists a desire of change, which has been elicited and evinced in the most unequivocal manner; but before entering into the details of their late conduct, it will be necessary first to define distinctly the previous position and respective bearings of those fields for colonial policy, on which it is our duty to establish tranquillity and contentment among a population whose welfare has been confided to us.

The administration of the Ionian Islands, as colonies of Venice, was conducted during several centuries by absolute governors, who also discharged the functions of judge, treasurer, and general, under the title of *Proveditore*. Their rule was despotic, their object was extortion, and their practice was bribery and corruption; for tyranny and venality increased in proportion to the declining vigour of the decrepid Lion of St Mark. At the same time, a certain appearance of civilisation and a semblance of improvement grew out of even so pernicious a system as this; and although morals gained nothing by the example of the Venetians, manners and knowledge certainly did advance. The Greeks of the various towns became more like the Italians, and their character and habits merged into a sort of intermediate state between those of the original population and those of their masters. That such a modification should be wholly advantageous, would be in direct violation of the known effects of the intermixture of races and different grades of civilisation, and it would be in contradiction to old experience in the history

of nations; for the vigour of innate impulses is generally impaired by the engrafting of one people on another, and the moral qualities of either are rarely improved by it. Such was certainly the result in this instance, for a long lapse of years at least; and the social state of these populations, after their partial amalgamation with the Venetians, was far from being satisfactory, notwithstanding that the enlightenment of individuals had undoubtedly progressed. But the corrupt mode of government which was practised may have produced this effect, as well as the mere admixture of the Greeks with foreigners. The *Provettori* were generally nobles of Venice, whom vices and extravagance had sent abroad for the purpose of repairing their damaged fortunes. The protection of the law, like other marketable privileges, was therefore sold, and its vengeance was appeased, or at least mitigated, by a bribe. Impunity of crime became a speculation; and the highest offer either secured the escape of a murderer, or procured his execution. A price was put upon blood; and people quarrelling were often heard to say, "I would kill you, had I the thirty dollars to pay for the blow." Assassination consequently became so common that at Zante, in a population consisting of 40,000 inhabitants, it was calculated that there was a man killed for every day in the year.

When the fall of Venice handed over these territories to the all-devouring appetite of the great revolution at the close of the last century, the Treaty of Campo Formio confirmed them, as well as other Venetian colonies, to the French. The Seven Islands, and the five continental towns of Butrinto, Gomenitza, Parga, Prevesa, and Vonitza, were soon garrisoned by them; and they then first inspired the hope of freedom in this people, both in the portion of the Greek nation which had been under the Venetian despotism, and in that which the Turks oppressed. The endeavour to regenerate the Greeks was again revived on the part of the French in the time of their empire, when the Ionian States for a second time fell to their share. But their inspirations, highly tinged with enthusiasm and exaggeration, overstepped here, as elsewhere, the bounds of good sense, and their ideas on this subject became at last an object of ridicule to the Greeks themselves. Among other means of regeneration they attempted to reorganise the Olympic Games, but the iron medals were laughed at; and the reckoning of years by Olympiads was also renewed, but it was never universally adopted. Other usages of the ancient Greeks were restored by the French, during the first and second periods of their protectorate of these States; but their time was gone by, and the attempts did more harm than good.

The Russians and Turks combined took possession of the ex-Venetian colonies in this quarter, in the year 1789. Prevesa and Parga alone made some resistance; the former town was defended by a garrison of about ten thousand men, under the command of General La Salsette; and on the approach of Ali Pasha with an army of a few thousand Albanians, the French advanced to meet him: a battle was fought amidst the ruins of Nicopolis, but it was not "a city of victory" to the French as it had been to Augustus, for they were totally defeated and driven back to Prevesa with great slaughter. Ali followed them into the town, and took possession of it; and it is said that many of the peaceable Greeks were put to death during the sacking of it, their heads being sent to Constantinople

after their mustachios had been shaved off, in order that they might personate the heads of Frenchmen killed in the action. The French afterwards met with another defeat in the year 1810, when Santa Maura was taken from them by the English; the fort, which was defended by a garrison of eight hundred French and Italian troops, was bombarded, and after nine days the place was taken by assault. Several English officers distinguished themselves here by their gallant conduct: among others, General Sir John Oswald, General Sir Richard Church, and Major Clarke of the 35th Regiment, who was killed during the siege, behaved with gallantry.

The Russians and Turks held the islands under the form of the Sept-insular Republic, protected by the former, and paying a tribute to the latter; while the towns on the mainland were ceded to Turkey alone, by the Convention of Constantinople, dated 21st of March, 1800; and this treaty was ratified by Great Britain. It is a curious coincidence of political inconsistency, that a republic was thus founded by the two most absolute cabinets of Europe, at the very time when the monarchical government of the kingdom of Etruria was instituted by the French Republic, which was the most democratical.

The Russians had the wisdom and foresight to retain a direct control over the administration of the new state, which was exercised under the plea of protection; and the vicissitudes of the kingdom of Greece, since the emancipation of that country, have provided a signal refutation to the attacks which have been directed against the conduct of Russia on that occasion. A contrary line of policy with a similar people has produced the most disastrous results, and has satisfactorily demonstrated how necessary are leading-strings to young independence.

In consequence of the convention of 1800, the Turks insisted on receiving the whole of the continental towns which had been ceded to them; Ali Pasha of Jaunina proceeded to take possession of Parga, as he had previously done of Prevesa, Vonitza, Gomenitza, and Butrinto; but the little community of Parga, though not numbering above four thousand inhabitants, resisted, and succeeded during six months in eluding the fulfilment of the treaty. At the expiration of this period, finding that they were under the necessity of yielding, they dispatched an emissary to Constantinople, who obtained the most favourable conditions; the Porte having granted them partial independence, with a Turkish *vaivode*, or magistrate, in their fortress, as the sole Mahometan resident in the place. Parga enjoyed this exception from the fate of the other Venetian towns in Epirus until the year 1806, when Ali Pasha again attempted forcibly to enter the town. The protection of the admiral commanding the Russian fleet on the station was then invoked, who accordingly granted them a garrison, war having been declared in the mean time between the Russians and the Turks. These Russian troops at Parga were succeeded by a French force, when the peace of Tilsit delivered over the Ionian Islands to them in the year 1807; so that the convention of 1800 was never fully applied to that small town. The English, however, on assuming the protection of the Ionian Islands in virtue of the treaty of Paris of the 5th of November, 1815, could not avoid the fulfilment of a condition which she had herself ratified, and Parga was therefore delivered over to the Porte. The value of their property in money, and the rights of

citizens of the Ionian Islands, were offered to those of the inhabitants who were unwilling to become Turkish subjects, and who wished to leave their native town.

Singular to relate, not one Parganote remained; they disinterred and burnt the bones of their ancestors, and then expatriated themselves. At the time a great outcry was made about the barbarity of the English, who were most absurdly accused of selling Christians to the infidels; and the enemies of England vociferated loudly about this alleged stain on the honour of the nation. Sir Robert Liston, the British ambassador at Constantinople, and Sir Thomas Maitland, the Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, were censured and condemned for this transaction all over the continent of Europe. But the simple fact may be reduced to the unavoidable fulfilment of a contract entered into by two foreign powers, which were in possession of the place, and were at liberty to do what they pleased with their own. England having given a general ratification to the treaty, was in duty bound to act up to it when circumstances placed Parga in her hands. No new incident or event had arisen to constitute a *bonâ fide* cogent reason for an exception being made to the destiny of the other ex-Venetian towns. Moreover, in consummating this averred act of cruelty, every possible kindness, consideration, and justice were shown by England; and the poorer Parganotes received rations during a month, with the use of military barracks on their arrival at Corfu.

The cession of Parga has been the subject of more than one volume; and it was then a matter of discussion in the House of Commons, for it was vested with a degree of political importance which it did not and never could possess. The town was represented as being indispensable to the welfare, and even to the safety, of the Ionian Islands, and as being an acquisition of the greatest value to the Porte. It is true that Ali Pasha, in the name of the sultan, ardently desired to possess it; but the ambition and covetousness of that despot were boundless. Now that Parga is, and has been during many years, separated from the Islands and incorporated with the Turkish dominions, the loss to the one and the gain to the other would never have attracted the least attention, had not so much been said about the cession of it. If it had been retained, Parga, as well as the other Venetian towns on the mainland, would have contributed towards the advancement and maturing of the destinies of Epirus and Thessaly; but as an actual possession they were of little value to any power.

These vicissitudes of the Ionian Islands have had a sensible effect on the intellectual condition of the inhabitants, and their political reformation has consequently advanced with more rapid strides than that of the population of Albania. The existence of the Ionian Islands as a semi-independent state has also promoted the general improvement of Greece and Turkey, for Corfu is now virtually the capital of Albania; the trade of the Continent is partly supported by the supplies which are drawn from the Islands, and the consequent intercourse between them has sown the seeds of future civilisation. Epirus and the Ionian States are closely connected, and re-act powerfully upon each other; the protecting sovereign who fosters the prosperity of the latter, and secures their welfare, might therefore also stretch forward the hand of sympathy and friendship to the former.

The advantages which may accrue from the propinquity of the Islands to the mainland would have been, however, infinitely more rapid in their realisation, had the previous connexion which existed between the two branches of the same nation been upheld. On this account their separation is much to be regretted; for the ulterior combinations with regard to Epirus have thereby been rendered less spontaneous, more difficult, and more tardy. And besides these considerations, many present inconveniences to both parties have, in addition, arisen from it; among others, the necessary quarantine impedes the trade of the Continent, which exports to the Islands to a considerable extent; and prevents the easy employment of Albanian labourers, who are required to supply the deficiency of population in the latter. The scarcity of workmen in the Islands would have been a greater source of profit to the Albanians, who could have crossed the channel in search of work with more readiness and facility than they now can; and the Islands have moreover been exposed to acts of piracy and brigandage, from the lawless state of the opposite coast.

When the Treaty of Paris, in the year 1815, declared the Ionian Islands to be a free and independent state, and placed them under the protection of Great Britain, the whole Greek nation lay under Turkish dominion, with the exception of this one small fraction of it. It was, therefore, the nucleus of the future freedom of the Greeks. Many of the islands being within a few miles of the coast of Greece, and one of them, the ancient Leucadia, being only divided from it by a channel which can be waded across, the enslaved Greeks had every opportunity of judging of the happy fate of their Ionian fellow-countrymen. A germ existed even then on the mainland, which was struggling to bud forth under the crushing blight of slavery; and at last it fructified in the year 1821, when the Greek Revolution broke out. The Ionian States, encircling the western coast of the Turkish Empire, from the southernmost point to the mouth of the Adriatic, by a long line of islands, commencing with Cerigo and terminating at Fano, to the north of Corfu, might have exercised an immediate influence over the development of the destinies of the Greek nation: and the English, being in possession of them, might have contributed most efficaciously towards their well-being, whilst they would have acquired at the same time an exclusive ascendancy in the Mediterranean.

A constitution was given to the Ionians, by which the English retained a direct control over their affairs. In this there was no harm, inasmuch as the first Lord High Commissioner was a man whose statesmanlike qualities secured to them the enjoyment of the greatest degree of freedom which was compatible with their actual condition; and he had himself declared that they should gradually be further emancipated. They are impatient, however, to see their hopes realised, and to participate more largely in the administration of their country. They are dissatisfied with the delay, and assert that the English withhold their rights from them, as they now consider themselves to be fit to conduct their own government.

In the island of Cephalonia, the feeling of discontent displayed itself on Good Friday of last year in a singular manner. A religious procession of all the Greek priests, bearing a catafalque, with a representation of our Lord's body when taken down from the cross, passes on that day through several streets of the town; and it had been customary to

stop for a few minutes in front of the house occupied by the resident of the Lord High Commissioner, while the Archbishop offered up a prayer for him. On this occasion, the native authorities informed that English agent that they had reason to apprehend that some manifestation of popular dislike might take place at that part of the ceremony, and they recommended that it should be dispensed with. Their proposal was rejected; accordingly a mob collected for the purpose of preventing this act of homage. A scuffle ensued, which led to the interference of the police, and it was put down, although not till after the holy relic had been most roughly handled, and had been forcibly carried forward by the people; whilst the Archbishop, who narrowly escaped being jostled into the sea, remained with some of the priests to pronounce the usual litany for the resident. The movers of this species of riot were prosecuted by the government; and, as some of them belonged to the first families of the place, a great sensation was produced in the country by the legal proceedings, which resulted in the imprisonment of several of the culprits, and the exile from the town of others. These latter, who were sent to the villages, agitated with the utmost activity, and during six months the greatest excitement pervaded the island.

A collision with her Majesty's troops at length took place, in which two of them and six of the natives were killed, besides many others who were wounded. The leaders of the insurgents escaped to Greece, and the remainder were pardoned, with a few exceptions. The exasperation which led the peasants of Cephalonian to the extreme measure of descending from their mountains in arms to attack the town, was certainly produced by turbulent demagogues; but a desire of change is universal in the Ionian islands, and the moderation which exists in some of them is only rendered the more praiseworthy and deserving of being listened to, by the contrast which it presents with the violence of these rioters. Many of them would wish to repudiate the protection of Great Britain, and to unite their islands with the kingdom of Greece, although they well know that the actual state of the latter is not such as would insure their prosperity; but they complain that their constitutional charter is made illusory and merely nominal by the English. Others would desire perfect independence by means of an altered form of government, and a purely military protection on the part of England; whilst the majority, and the most respectable portion of the inhabitants, have no thought but that of the practical application of the constitution, which is now the fundamental law of the land. There exists also a radical party, which dreams of a pure democracy, but they have no weight in the country. The press is now free; and if the mode of election of the representatives were somewhat improved, it is probable that all parties would be satisfied. England would then be more looked up to in the Mediterranean, and the happiness of this fraction of the Greek race would, in some measure, be secured.

CHAPTER VI.

AMBITION OF THE GREEKS OF THE HELLENIC KINGDOM.

LET us now pass in review that portion of the Greek nation which peoples the territories of King Otho. We shall examine how it has been influenced by the policy of England, in what manner our future

conduct towards it may be beneficial, and how the spirit of change is there displayed.

At the close of the second year, after the standard of revolt had been raised by the priest Germanos, the Mediterranean squadron of England received orders to permit the cruisers of the insurgent Greeks to blockade the contested ports still held by the Turks. Two years later, a British minister, Mr. Canning, asserted in a letter addressed to the provisional government of the Greeks, that their rights as belligerents were respected by England; thus admitting that they were regarded as a people engaged in a lawful war, and not as rebels. Again, an ambassador, the Duke of Wellington, was sent by Great Britain to St. Petersburg, in the year 1826, to negotiate a mediation of the three great powers of Europe in favour of Greece. The joint proposals for her pacification were consequently laid before the Porte during the following year; and they were replied to by the Sultan in his note of June 9th, in which he declared that he would not listen to any foreign interference in a quarrel between him and his revolted subjects. The allied courts then formally hinted at the establishment of a Greek government, which they would at once recognise if he persisted in refusing their mediation; and the obstinacy of the Divan finally led to the signing of a treaty in London on the 6th of July, which insisted on an immediate armistice on the part of the Greeks and the Turks. In answer to the communication of this decision, the Reis Effendi merely referred the allied powers to the note of June the 9th, as containing the ultimatum of the Porte. Orders were issued, in consequence, to the admirals commanding the respective fleets in the Mediterranean; and on the sailing of the Turkish and Egyptian squadrons from Navarino in the direction of Patras, together with the continuation of the atrocities committed by the army of Ibrahim Pasha in the Morea, the allied protectors of Greece destroyed the naval force of her enemies. The Bay of Navarino, in which the Turkish fleet had again cast anchor, was the scene of this extraordinary historical event on the 20th of October, 1827.

The two protocols of March 22, 1829, and February 3, 1830, next record the agency of England in concert with Russia and France, when stipulating the future existence of Greece as a kingdom. The very points of difference which are to be found between these two documents, prove the progression of a principle of protection entertained towards the new state: in the first protocol the Sultan is allowed to retain the *suzeraineté* of Greece, and to draw a yearly tribute from it; while the second establishes a complete separation of the one from the other, and total independence on both sides. Finally, a king was chosen for Greece; and England again, in conjunction with Russia and France, came forward as her friend to guarantee a loan of two millions and a half sterling. Here, then, is a series of facts which prove that England has contributed towards the alienation of Greece from the Ottoman empire, in order to raise her to the rank of an independent state; and it may be asked, What were England's reasons for so doing?

The specious pretext of sympathy for a Christian race trampled upon by the Infidel—the philanthropical protection of the slave against his oppressor—or the classical yearning of a civilised nation towards the nominal descendants of the polished and enlightened Greeks, groaning under the thralldom of a barbarian yoke—would, no doubt, be reason enough in

the eyes of the French Philhellene. But the statesmen of England are not addicted to political sentimentalism : they may feel the force of such laudable impulses as strongly as those of any other country, and perhaps more so, notwithstanding that less may be said about it; but they do not generally allow their policy to be influenced by such considerations, unless they are backed by other and more palpable motives; and however plausible such claims may appear, the British cabinet would never have acted as it did without having more matter-of-fact and business-like reasons for their proceedings.

It has been supposed for more than a century that the Turkish empire in Europe would fall to pieces; and, indeed, at any time during that period, such a catastrophe has been regarded as far from being improbable or distant. Various vicissitudes have hitherto deferred this impending crisis, and, but for the changes and derangement of other countries serving as a reprieve and a prop to the tottering sceptre of the Sultan, on more occasions than one the expected event, which was on the eve of taking place, might have been consummated. But there are some politicians who reject this theory, and hold on the contrary that the Osmanlis, as a nation, are becoming gradually civilised, and that the apparently sinking condition of their empire is deceptive. Time alone can prove which of these two opinions may be the more correctly prophetic; but the mere existence of the belief in the decrepitude of that power—and no one can doubt its very general prevalence, even among the Turks themselves, as regards the European branch of their dominion—may serve to justify the wish, on the part of England, to make an experiment.

The Greeks in open rebellion, if unaided by Europe, must inevitably have been crushed; and the Pasha of Egypt made no secret of his sanguinary intentions towards them, as the instructions which he gave to his son Ibrahim, on sending him with an army to assist the Turks in suppressing the revolt, were “to depopulate the country;” and they were so far put in execution, that nothing short of the defeat at Navarino could have stopped the intended butchery. Under these circumstances, the far-sighted combinations of diplomacy became identified with the cause of humanity; and in saving the unfortunate Greeks, England would have the satisfaction of being better able to judge of the future fate of the Turkish empire. The interference in the dispute between the Sultan and his revolted subjects could, therefore, have no other motive than the justifiable end of giving a favourable turn to events which were in themselves inevitable. This first defection from the Turkish sway was the opportunity to give a salutary direction to the future dismemberment of the empire, if such were its destiny. Humanity and philanthropy may have dictated the immediate orders which led to the battle of Navarino; the known scheme of Ibrahim Pacha to extirpate the population of the Morea, by carrying to Egypt as slaves those who had not fallen victims to a war of extermination, and to repopulate Greece by colonies of Arabs, may have roused the commanders of the allied fleets from their position of neutral observation; but the general system of policy must undoubtedly have been based on the wish to make the dissevered province serve as the means of guiding further changes. The Sultan was also an old ally of England; and if it appeared impossible to prevent his ultimate overthrow, it was at least right to make his fall more easy, as well as to prevent the shock from disturbing the peace of Europe.

A portion of Greece was, therefore, made an independent kingdom. This was the first step towards the realisation of the events which had been so long foreseen by the politicians of Europe, and the first act in the consummation of the destiny of Turkey. Whether or not the enfranchisement of Greece would be followed by further changes, was, it is true, still a question; but at all events, it was sound policy to establish this new state in such a manner as to secure a favourable result if any such consequence should take place.

A constitutional monarchy was promised, every facility for the working out of the scheme was provided, and England withdrew to observe the progress and to wait the result of her experiment.

A favourable issue of these arrangements would have prepared a flourishing state as a successor to the Ottoman power in the event of its dissolution; and Greece would then have been worthy to inherit, and to continue in possession of, what was formerly her own. The equilibrium, to use the cant expression, would have been maintained, and no rival state would have been aggrandised to the detriment of England; but a new competitor would have stepped in, supported by her, and bound to her by national gratitude. Justice and expediency united to sanction such a combination; and the empire, which all Christendom in the middle ages had failed in preserving to Greece, would have been restored to her at some future time by the most enlightened of Christian nations. The dominions which would have been rendered weak and inconstant in the hands of a foreign people, by incongruity of habits and character with those of the population of European Turkey, would have become a powerful friendly state when united under a homogeneous Greek government. It was, therefore, rational to suppose that the experiment would succeed, and that a brilliant career was prepared for Greece, from the advantages thus conferred on her, with the chances of future greatness and glory, had she known how to realise them.

The alternative of the Ottoman empire becoming more consolidated, as there are some who think it will, was also provided for by the statesmen who founded the kingdom of Greece; neither did they leave the latter solely dependent for existence and welfare on the chance of its neighbour's ruin. Even supposing that no change should take place in the condition of Turkey, still every condition which could be requisite for future internal prosperity was granted to Greece; and, if an increase of territory was not in store for her, it was expected that a considerable augmentation of population, at least, would become the immediate result of her emancipation. It was intended that the freed state should serve, in the mean time, as an asylum to those of the Christian inhabitants of the other provinces, who should feel disposed to take refuge there from the oppression of the Turks. A clause was consequently added to the protocol, which held out encouragement to such immigration; and the benefits which might have been derived from this provision of the protecting powers would not only have enhanced the immediate well-being of the new state, but would also have ultimately led, by an increase of population of this peculiar kind, to create an important addition to the power of the kingdom; for the immigrants from European Turkey to Greece, if the change was advantageous to them, would have materially contributed towards the future annexation of their native country to that of their adoption. In short, every possible aid was given to Greece to

enable her to fulfil the glorious destiny prepared for her : its realisation, however, depended on the conduct and progressive improvement of her people ; and England expected much from both.

If these just and generous hopes on the part of England have been disappointed by Greece, it cannot be expected that her interests will be consulted in future arrangements. The Greeks of liberated Hellas have proved that they cannot be trusted to for the development of such vast political schemes ; and if they, losing sight of their real advantages, give themselves entirely up to petty political intrigue, personal gain, and virulent private contention, they cannot wonder that they should be left to the enjoyment of what they seem so much to prize, and that the more important combinations of high diplomacy should be based upon other portions of the Greek nation. If they are thus excluded from future schemes, they have none but themselves to blame for it ; they must have been perfectly well aware of the real reasons which procured for them the patronage of Europe ; and they cannot have been ignorant of what was expected from them. The line of conduct which would have then secured the continuation of that protection, and the gradual maturing of their future destiny, was evident to the meanest capacity ; but the Greeks, despising the dictates of common sense and prudence, follow the impulses of foolish vanity. They think themselves above such assistance ; they proudly conceive that they are able to carve out their own fortunes ; and they reject the most friendly and judicious advice, because it humiliates their self-sufficiency : and this is the rock on which they split. The spirit of change in Greece consists, therefore, in the most ardent desire for an increase of territory, which they hope to achieve for themselves.

Sixteen years have now elapsed since King Otho landed at Nauplia ; administrations have been formed, and as often changed ; laws have been made, and broken ; much money has been received, but more has been spent ; and civil war has now disappeared, yet peace and quiet have never been thoroughly established. A capital has been built, composed of palaces and hovels ; trade to a certain extent has sprung up, but there have been many bankruptcies, fraudulent and otherwise ; and agriculture has been revived, but the oppressive mode of taxation has ruined most of the cultivators. Immigrants have arrived—amongst others, the Samians—and they have been received with jealousy by the people, and with cruelty and neglect by the government ; so that, instead of colonisation, emigration *from* Greece has ensued. A constitution has been at length granted, nearly destructive of the monarchical element altogether ; a chamber of paid representatives in two divisions, an upper and a lower house, now meet for the guidance of state affairs ; but small benefit to the country accrues from their labours, as malversation, disorder, and recklessness have hitherto pervaded every branch of the administration, and we may also add, every class of the people.

The experiment, therefore, has failed : time has been given, and time has proved that the kingdom of Greece has not fulfilled the expectation of those who were induced to make the trial. Indeed, the very introduction of the representative system of government, which had been contemplated by the founders of the state, struck the last blow at any hopes they might still have entertained ; for, on that occasion, a principle

was laid down by the people as a fundamental law of the land, excluding all Greeks not actually born within the kingdom from any participation for a certain time in the privileges of the free Greeks. Those who had come to Greece after the revolution, from the provinces and islands still under Turkish dominion, were classed as strangers, although as purely Greeks by race and descent as the others, and were deprived of any feeling of attachment to the new country : a wall of partition was thus raised by their own hands, which effectually cuts off all possibility of aggrandisement in a future union with any of the widely-extended portions of that ancient race. Stupidity so very gross only proves to what an unreasonable extent a sordid monopolising principle prevails in Greece ; as the natives, feeling that they were far surpassed in knowledge and education by the Greeks of other provinces, and especially by those of Constantinople and the Ionian Islands, invented this contemptible device to deprive those persons endowed with superior intelligence of the offices to which they had been promoted, in order that they might obtain them for themselves. This principle bears a remarkable contrast with the decision of the first national assembly of the Greeks, towards the beginning of their revolution, consisting of the distinguished leaders of their combatants, which declared every one to be a Greek who speaks the language and believes in Jesus Christ. At that time they desired assistance to gain their independence ; but now they wish for none, that they may alone enjoy the fruits of it.

One result of the failure of the Greek kingdom is, the effect which it has produced on the Christian population of the Turkish provinces—the occupants, in fact, of northern Greece, still enslaved, but anticipating their enfranchisement at some not distant period. They trust that their fate will be all the happier, on account of the misfortunes and the faults of their liberated neighbours ; which are a warning to themselves to manage better, for they now consider any union with them as the worst lot which could befall them.

The experiment has, therefore, borne some fruits, if not those which were looked for. It will serve as a lesson to the remainder of the Greeks who have continued to be rayahs of the Sultan ; and it also furnishes a most useful precedent to the cabinets of Europe. If another attempt be made, it will have the advantage of the experience which has been gained by all parties ; statesmen will know what latitude may be safely given ; and another portion of the Greek nation will better appreciate the advice of powerful friends.

If, then, it should appear possible to redeem lost time, by still realising the hopes which were formerly placed on the conduct of the free Greeks, or if other changes seem likely to occur before these hopes can be matured, it is not now too late to renew the experiment with the next branch which may fall or be severed from the hollow trunk of the withering tree. The next province of Turkey in Europe which succeeds, were it only in alleviating the weight of the Sultan's yoke, either by its own or by foreign efforts, may be directed in the path from which the kingdom of Greece has deviated.

The free Greeks, however, are confident that they will soon be in possession of Thessaly. That rich province is the object of their restless ambition ; and they neglect their more immediate interests to indulge in

this bright vision, which has become a monomania. Secret societies have been formed for the purpose of organising insurrections on their northern frontier; the king has been openly invited to lead them to the conquest of the Turkish provinces, by pamphlets and incendiary publications; and the consciousness of the unsatisfactory state of their internal affairs is drowned in the wildest and most engrossing aspirations for more extended dominions.

They contend that their boundary line towards the north is not a good one; and in this they are not so much mistaken.

As soon as the fact of the alienation of the kingdom of Greece from the Turkish empire was established, the question which occupied the attention of those interested in the two states, was that of the boundary line between them. The Greeks entertained unlimited hopes; they considered themselves as the sudden revivers of the ancient Byzantine empire; and they talked of a frontier line, not between Greece and Turkey, but between the former and the provinces to the north of the latter. Even one of their late ministers (Coletti), when, on one occasion, he was called upon by the council for his opinion on the subject of choosing a fitting position for the capital of the new kingdom of Greece, gravely answered, "*Constantinople*." Expectations were frantic; and various lines of separation were proposed, according as their projectors were more or less reasonable.

Many of those who had risked their lives and fortunes for the freedom of Greece being natives of Epirus, Thessaly, and Macedonia, these provinces were regarded as certain to be comprised within the new kingdom; and accordingly the first limit talked of included the whole of Mount Olympus, and followed the course of the River Haliacmon, up to the Pindus range of mountains. It crossed the summit, called Smolika, near the village of Samarina, and thence descending to the Ionian Sea, on the north of the Island of Corfu, terminated at Cape Anchysmus. The points of access to Greece would thus have been the strong passes of the vales of Tempe, Petra, Servia, and those of the ranges of Olympus and Pindus. This boundary possessed many defensive advantages, and comprehended all the physical elements required to form a good natural frontier.

Another plan included only Thessaly, a supposed line being drawn from the vale of Tempe along the ridges of mounts Olympus, Krilichiovo, and Pindus, and descending to the Amphilocheian defile, which the modern Greeks call the Macrynoros, or long hill, thus excluding the whole of Epirus; but the vision of possessing even Thessaly was soon dissipated, and the river Sperchius was then talked of as a frontier, a line being continued from its source to the Ambracian Gulf. The strength of this latter boundary consisted in the Amphilocheian pass and that of Thermopylæ being at its two extremities, with the mounts Callidromus and Oeta to fill up its length. Thermopylæ is not, however, so strong a position now as it was in the days of Leonidas, because the river has deposited so much earth in successive ages as to enable an army to turn it to the eastward. But the other defile is naturally defensible to an eminent degree; and according to General Gordon, the historian of the Greek Revolution, "a handful of men might there stop an army."

There was yet another idea which reduced the free territory in Continental Greece to Attica and Megaris, making Mount Parnes and Citheron bound it, from the Channel of Eubœa to the Isthmus of

Corinth ; while a still more confined view of the extent of the kingdom restricted it to the Morea, with the Isthmus as the sole land frontier.

Such were the different boundary-lines proposed for Greece, varying as to the provinces included, but each and all of them combining the military defences of the country. They were much and anxiously canvassed by the Greeks at the time, and were well understood, for practical experience had enabled them to appreciate their respective merits as naturally strong lines, and their exclusive fitness for the purpose. What, then, must have been their astonishment, when they learnt that none of these had been adopted ; and that a new frontier was traced, altogether without defences on one side, and on the other depriving a mountainous district of the plains attached to it, on the produce of which its population depended for their sustenance ! The country of Lamia was annexed, without the range of hills which protect it on the north ; and instead of the Amphiloichian pass which defends Acarrania, a weak boundary separated the plain from the kingdom of Greece.

Macedonia, Epirus, and even Thessaly, were thus peremptorily excluded from the free state : the independence, for the acquisition of which they had laboured with so much patience and perseverance, was denied them ; and, moreover, they were tantalised by seeing it granted to a portion of their comrades in the seven years' struggle. Some places, indeed, which now obtained their enfranchisement from the Turks had tamely submitted to them, and had laid down their arms as soon as they were called upon to do so. One instance of this exists close to Athens, in the case of the large village of Menidi, which, for the dastardly conduct of its inhabitants, was branded with the name of "the traitor village." Servitude became again the lot of the Turkish provinces ; and it may be well believed that the yoke would not be the less galling on account of their previous refractory patriotism.

By this unlooked-for decision the kingdom was confined to less than one-half of its expected size, and the boundary appointed to it was so weak as to leave it utterly helpless in any occurrence of critical circumstances which might hereafter arise : while an expensive frontier-guard was entailed upon it ; for, comparatively without resources, and deprived as they thus were of the plains of Thessaly and Macedonia, the free Greeks felt the difficulty of raising recruits for the defence of their frontier, without the warlike population of Epirus.

The first impression of all parties to account for so preposterous a decision was, that incorrect maps and utter ignorance of the localities must have occasioned the mistake ; but time and events have now shown that, whether intended or not, the consequence of so cramping the territory of free Greece is most fortunate for the other provinces. The Macedonians, Thessalians, and Epirotes, who then complained of their homes having been left under Turkish sway after they had fought and bled to liberate Greece, and who thus supposed that their efforts had only benefited others, who now disclaim their fraternity, may still rejoice that they are not implicated in the disappointment felt on the subject of the Greek kingdom. They have reason to congratulate themselves on the fact of their future career not being identified with that of the free Greeks ; and they may now hope that their native provinces will enjoy similar or even greater advantages, and may profit more by them.

There is little doubt, in the event of any such favourable change in the provinces of European Turkey, that emigration from Greece would

be instantaneous, numerous, and probably comprising most of the political and literary talent, military renown, and commercial enterprise of the kingdom. All those who have come to Greece from the Turkish provinces and islands would certainly not hesitate to abandon so ungenial a stepmother, were their fatherland to become more free than it now is, or even were another portion of Greece of which they are not natives established on a more equitable footing. On investigation, it will be found that very few names which have become in any way distinguished belong to natives of the free kingdom, excepting always the gallant Hydriotes—and they are a colony of Albanians from Epirus.

THE MEDITERRANEAN STAIRS.

BY MRS. CHARLTON.

VISITORS to Gibraltar should never leave this interesting spot without ascending the stupendous rock, or they will lose the most magnificent view to be found in Europe. Still this feat can only be accomplished by good pedestrians, for there is no carriage-road, and only a part of the journey can be achieved on horseback. The celebrated rock is 1700 feet high, and the narrow pathway leading to the summit rough and stony. Does not this present an image of the career of ambition? for all who seek to rise must encounter fatigue and toil,—none can win eminence without labour: “excellence is placed beyond the reach of indolence.”

The first striking point, after ascending some distance, is the burial-ground of the Jews; and in observing the Hebrew inscriptions on the tombstones in that lonely cemetery, I felt the resting-place of the sons of Israel was in singular accordance with their destiny and character. No pretty rural churchyard here receives their remains, for the blessed cross therein planted as a memorial of the immortal hopes of those who sleep in peace, is, even to this day, a mockery and a stumbling-block to the unhappy Jews; but on a flat portion of the desolate rock they are buried: and surely that impregnable rock is not more hard, obdurate, and unyielding, than this stiff-necked generation.

From this point the ascent is nearly perpendicular, and pedestrians begin to feel that the way is long. But it is no use complaining when they are still so far away from the Mediterranean Stairs; and each side of the stony road is rendered attractive by the great number of wild flowers, often blooming unseen in this lofty region, presenting every variety of hue. The great charm consists in the beauty of the prospect, which no words can convey (for even a daguerreotype picture would give no adequate impression of its peculiar attractions), besides the various ideas excited by visiting the old places of the Old World. Here history appears suddenly verified—its long buried dead, or rather dim spectres, appear with all the freshness of actual life.

At length we arrived at one part of the rock where was inscribed in large letters, “Mediterranean Road;” and this made us imagine we were near the celebrated stairs, but those more experienced asserted we were only

approaching the locality. A short portion of our journey was now over ; we entered a level path covered with turf, at the end of which we found a long gallery excavated from the solid rock, and a curious triumph of engineering. On emerging from it, the first objects that met our view were two immense cannons, and the words engraved "Mediterranean Battery." Even this solitary and isolated spot, so elevated that it would seem only calculated for an eagle's eyrie, is darkened by the engines of destruction, and proves how the malignant passions of mankind penetrate to the innermost shrines of nature, intended by the great Creator as abodes of peace.

No doubt, from Gibraltar being the most important garrison in the world, it is quite fitting to have this Mediterranean battery ; and we only deplored its necessity, while reposing on a pretty seat excavated from the rock, and musing on all around. But our reflections were soon disturbed by the necessity of proceeding upwards, and then we passed through another long gallery, which is a cool retreat from the burning rays of the southern sun. On the present occasion, however, this luminary was only shining with the mild lustre of a day in March ; and the balmy air, mingled with the ocean breeze, was at once mild and invigorating. The ascent became steeper and steeper every moment ; it seemed we should never attain our object ; when suddenly one of the party exclaimed, "Here are the Mediterranean Stairs !"

I looked up and saw the famous steps, 280 in number—on the average a foot each, but many are two feet high ; some carved out of the rock, and all so well placed that they are a triumph of ingenuity. On reaching the summit a glorious panorama blessed my sight, and the deep blue Mediterranean rolled before me in all its beauty. What charm could be equal to the *first glance* over the glad waters of that celebrated sea, unrivalled for its loveliness, and historical associations ! How varied were the recollections that rushed upon my mind of the mighty past, when this famous sea bore triumphantly along the galleys of the Old World ! In various ages the coast of the Mediterranean has been rendered subservient to the advance of European civilisation. The early refinement of Egypt gave to Greece the first rudiments of arts and institutions ; the military spirit of Carthage, combined as it was with maritime enterprise, disciplined to foreign conquest the growing empire of Rome ; the Christian Church, early established in the same part of the continent, sustained an important part in the formation of that of Western Europe ; and the Mohammedan states, afterwards established on this coast, constituted a chain of communication by which, in a later period, the empire of the Arabians acted upon the modern system of the West. This instrumentality of the African coast appears, however, to have been guarded by the interposition of extensive deserts between it and the interior countries ; the progress of civilisation having been in this manner effectually diverted from wasting itself upon an African population, and directed towards the region in which it might be beneficially received.

The Mediterranean will ever conjure recollections respecting the lands of chivalry, romance, and history ; for it is connected with those magical and memorable shores prized by every classical scholar. Nor will the immediate impression ever disappoint the remote expectation ; for no inhabitant of our northern isle, accustomed to cloudy skies and the rough waves of the German ocean, can imagine the bright scene displayed by the

“blue crystal of the seas” in the Mediterranean. This celebrated region of the globe must likewise recal to the English spectator thoughts of the naval supremacy of Great Britain, and the triumphs that have rendered our national flag glorious throughout the world. Who could forget Nelson being here in 1793?—which period is remarkable as the commencement of those twelve last years in his life throughout which he maintained a career of victory almost unparalleled in history. It was then he first was given the command of a ship, and appointed to the *Agamemnon*, after long seeking in vain the honourable employment so congenial to his stirring and active character. With a mortified and dejected spirit, he looked forward to a continuance of inactivity and neglect, unable to foresee the change a few short years would create in his destiny. Those who pine for a wider field of action should cease to despond, when they reflect that Nelson was long overwhelmed with melancholy in consequence of his humble fortunes and universal neglect; for, as the Wise Man said, “To every thing there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven.”

In the year 1793, when the eventful contest commenced between the commercial power of Great Britain, and the military strength of France, Nelson found the tide in his affairs had come; which he took at the flood, and truly, in his case, it led to fortune. From his youth upwards, his zealous character, both as an officer and a man, had been formed in the old Anti-gallican school; and that at a time when the specious revolutionary principles of France had taught many of his countrymen to consider as prejudices what their ancestors had long cherished as the most salutary truths. The loyalty and patriotism of Nelson, therefore, uniformly displayed a marked abhorrence and detestation of the French character. Like Hannibal, he seemed to have taken an oath of eternal hostility against France on the altars of his country. Against that nation, whether as a republican, consular, or imperial power, we find his unceasing resistance, through a series of perilous and fatiguing services, with a shattered and emaciated frame, covered with honourable wounds, in the struggle to support the honour of his king and the independence of his country.

Nelson's letters from the Mediterranean, when he first took the command of the *Agamemnon*, and visited Gibraltar, are highly interesting. He found the Spaniards as bad sailors in those days as they are at the present time, and thus describes them:

“Soon after leaving the Rock we saw a fleet, and after forming our line, perceived them to be the Spanish fleet—twenty-four sail of the line. The Dons did not, after several hours' trial, form anything which could be called a line of battle ahead. However, after answering our private signals, the Spanish admiral sent down two frigates, acquainting him, that as their fleet was very sickly, they were going into Carthage. The captain added, ‘It was no wonder, for they had been sixty days at sea.’ This speech appeared to us ridiculous, for we attribute our being so healthy to the circumstance of being a longer time at sea.”

If the Mediterranean was not beautiful, yet there would be a spell to attract, from its name in history, and the long array of mighty shadows it conjures before the mind. But no portion of the vast waters in the universe can present greater attractions to the sight, more especially the view beheld from the summit of Gibraltar. The sea broke in majestic

slowness at the foot of that great rock, which made a natural defence in this part of the island, where it presents a perpendicular wall of great height. The continual breaking of the waves in a gigantic surf was full of wild and grand simplicity. The rugged and bare rock was relieved against the rich blue sky of Andalusia; its base disappeared in the midst of a cloud of snowy froth, always dashing up with a thunder-like sound, caused by the incessant and enormous mountains of water which break against the shore.

The bright sun of Spain, in the full meridian of its strength, cast a dazzling torrid light on the granite mass: there was not the slightest cloud in the sky. In the horizon appeared simultaneously the mountains of Barbary and the sierras of Iberia:

Europe and Afric on each other gaze.

At some distance from the shore where the waves dashed so furiously the sea was calm as a mirror, and of a rich blue, recalling the tint of lapis lazuli. As far as the eye could reach, we beheld the glorious waters of the Mediterranean rolling onwards in calm and tranquil beauty; but it was more interesting to watch the billows dashing against the rock. We observed one spot where the force of the water had dashed away an immense natural grotto. The waves engulfed beneath this vault with terrific clamour, then fell in a cataract into a lower basin—wide, hollow, and deep. After some undulations, the waves became appeased, and formed in the midst of the rocks a small lake, which looked like a pure and lustrous gem; the overflow of the lake was forced into the sea by some secret hole. Who would fail, when gazing from the summit of Gibraltar on this glorious view, to remember the lines which Byron has addressed to the vast and boundless main, so peculiarly applicable to this region of the globe!—

Roll on, thou dark and deep blue ocean—roll !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore : upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage save his own,
 When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and alone.
 Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee.
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free.
 And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts : not so thou,
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play.
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow:
 Such as Creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

A DAY AT SYRACUSE IN SEPTEMBER, 1847.

BY WILLIAM ROBERTS HARRIS, ESQ.

MY dreams of sometimes being on old Etna, at other times in the cave of Polyphemus and encountering numerous adventures with the Cyclops, were suddenly dispelled by Placido, who, roughly awaking me, and half blinding me with the lamp he carried, told me our carriage would be shortly ready for us. I immediately crept from under the mosquito curtains, which had proved but a sorry defence against those insidious parasites, and, after a bucket or two of cold water had been poured over me, dressed, and joined my friend at breakfast. We had partly engaged on the previous evening a muleteer to take us to Syracuse, but by the advice of our host Abate, and both my friend and myself feeling rather tired, stiff, and sore, from the ascent of Mount Etna and Sicilian saddles, we had countermanded the mules, and contracted with a voiturier to take us to Syracuse before sunset, at which time the gates are closed for the night. At six o'clock, having taken leave of our American friend, who was slightly unwell from the heat and fatigue of the last three days, we jumped into our vehicle, and amidst the *addios* and bows of Placido and his master Abate, who was anxious to load us with provisions, drove off, and were soon out of the town, and on the long straight dusty road that leads to Leutini. The morning was a lovely one, though at first rather chilly; and, as we lolled back in our really comfortable carriage with all that feeling of lassitude and love of repose which men have after much fatigue and exertion, we amused ourselves with talking over our adventures of the last few days, and laughing at the odd costumes and appearance of priests, farmers, peasants, and women, as, mounted on all sorts of quadrupeds, and at the usual shuffling pace, they hastened on their way to Catania to be in time for the market. Now was to be seen a fat, jolly-looking priest with an enormously large-brimmed hat, and that covered with a still larger umbrella, who, seated on a little bit of a donkey, the only parts of which that were visible being the head, ears, and legs, ambled quickly along, and jocularly addressed the various black-eyed damsels that he passed. Now came a fine handsome-looking man—proprietor, farmer, or perhaps something worse—who, dressed in black velvet and black slouched hat, and his legs protected by long boots, his face almost hid by an enormous pair of moustachios and long flowing beard, his gun slung on his back, down which streamed his long black hair, his pistols and knife stuck in his girdle, pricked his way among the crowd, mounted on a spirited Calabrian pony, which, notwithstanding that it carried, besides its master, two well-filled saddle-bags, a small port-manteau, and a whole heap of cloaks, journeyed along at a half-walk, half-trot, at a good six miles an hour. Now we passed a rough-looking peasant, wrapped in his black Sicilian cloak, and his head covered by the hood; who likewise carried his gun, and who, nearly hid by the quantity of clothes and household utensils that were piled around him, goaded on with his long spiked pole his wretched donkey, which seemed ready to drop with the weight it carried. Again was met a party of gentlemen, who, dressed in white jackets and trousers, with Leghorn hats on their heads, which were

still further protected from the sun by large red silk umbrellas, urged on their little ambling mules, evidently anxious to reach Catania before the sun had become very powerful. Now was to be seen a bevy of black-eyed and black-skinned damsels, who, covered with their veils and carrying their baskets of fruit and market-produce before them, pressed on their donkeys, and seemed to vie with the others of the passing throng as to who should go the fastest, and favoured the Inglesi with laughing glances. Now was met a long string of gaily-caparisoned mules, heavily laden with the dirty-looking pig-skins, distended by the wine which they contained, and whose bells jingled merrily as they were hastily driven forward by the jaunty muleteer. Again, these were followed by a gaudy yellow-painted cart, on which were bedaubed red and blue figures of the Virgin and a whole host of saints, and which was filled with the rich produce of a vineyard. All of this motley crowd seemed good-tempered and cheerful; and many of them, as we passed by, greeted us with the "Come state, signori!" which we of course returned. Altogether, this was one of the most picturesque and animated scenes—backed, too, as it was by lofty Etna and gloriously white Catania—that I have ever seen of the kind. In about half an hour we had passed the motley throng, and I was just pointing out a small field of cotton to my friend, when he suddenly exclaimed—

"I say, H——, have you got those piastres?"

"What piastres?"

"Why, the piastres you asked me for, and which I put out for you."

"Me!—no, I have not got them."

"Then I must have left them on the table! What shall we do? Here!—hie!—stop!—arretez! Fermate, cochiere!" these two last words brought our voiturier up, and my friend then explained the matter to him; and he was in the act of turning round to drive back to Catania, when he shouted out, "Vedete, signori!" and looking back, we saw a man with nothing on but his trousers and a belt round his waist racing after us and flourishing his right hand high in the air. As he approached I recognised in him the "Boots" at Abates, and on his coming up, he handed to my friend, with an air of triumph, the missing piastres. Honest Placido had found them shortly after we had left, and immediately despatched Boots after us with them, who grinned with delight as we handed him a few carlini for his trouble.

Our cochiere now drove on; and we, standing up and leaning against the back of the carriage, enjoyed the beautiful scenery about the base of Etna. The plain we were now traversing is one of the best points from which to gain a view, and be able to judge of the immensity of the base of Mount Etna, and its exceedingly rich and fertile appearance. It is this grandeur of size of the base which gives such a peculiarly noble and solid appearance to the mountain, rising as it does so completely from the plain, and takes off greatly from the steepness of the ascent. We could easily distinguish the different zones or regions into which the mountain is divided, and the numerous villages which lie around the lowest one.

We now crossed by a rickety wooden bridge the river Giarretta, the ancient Simetus, supposed to be the one into which the nymph Thalia was changed after her amour with Jupiter; and shortly after met for the

first time the gay letiga. This is a kind of sedan-chair, without wheels, most gaudily painted and decorated; but instead of being carried by men, two mules, covered with gay trappings and small bells, are harnessed to it, one in front, the other behind; but as they seldom, if ever, keep an even pace, I should think the motion must be horrible, and quite pitied the occupant of it—who, however, seemed tolerably at his ease.

Continuing our route, sometimes walking up the steep hills, which evidently formed the inner ridge of mountains which I had before observed appeared to surround Etna, we shortly after arrived at Leutini, one of the most ancient cities in Sicily. The soil about here is remarkably fertile, but the town itself is unhealthy, owing to its vicinity to the lake of Biveri. As our horses slowly dragged us up the steep streets, we passed a number of women just coming out of church from high mass. Two or three of the younger ones had bright eyes, and, notwithstanding their very dark complexions, rather pleasing features. They all wore the long black Spanish mantilla, which gave them a very sombre appearance.

Ascending the steep mountains that rise behind Leutini, we arrived at Carlentini, a small town on the top of this ridge of mountains. The surrounding country is very pleasing, particularly when, looking back over the vast plain we had just traversed, we saw Catania in the distance, and the horizon bounded by cloud-capped Etna, the Straits of Messina, and the coast of Calabria.

At about one o'clock we stopped at a small village to rest our cattle for an hour; and in order to get out of the merciless heat of the sun, entered a small cottage, the owner of which set before us some of the largest grapes I ever saw, and some very passable wine. With these, and a crust of bread Abate had given us, we made a very tolerable luncheon.

Resuming our journey, we sometimes passed over vast tracts of moor, covered with flocks of small black sheep with long hairy wool; at other times we descended into the steep ravines, which continually presented the most romantic landscapes imaginable. In one in particular, the road wound down the almost precipitous side of the hill to the bottom of the ravine, through which ran a clear rapid torrent, whose banks were clothed with the beautiful oleander, and a number of flowers and shrubs of great beauty whose names we knew not. In the stream stood the time-honoured buttresses of an old bridge, which had evidently been swept away by a storm. Crossing the stream higher up, the picturesque character of the scene was heightened by a party of *gensd'armes*, some of whom were watering their horses in the stream, whilst others were passing up the steep sides of the ravine, their glazed cocked hats and bright arms glistening in the sun among the luxuriant foliage that covered the hill-side. Now we came in sight of Agosta, situated on a narrow peninsula jutting out into the sea, and passed not far from the column of Marcellus. Still further on we passed through a country in which is cultivated the sugar-cane—the oleander and the castor-oil plant lining the side of the road. Now we traversed a road hardly yet laid out, and which nearly shook us to pieces; and then ascending a ridge of high rocks, we obtained from the summit a fine view of Syracuse, which once spread over the face of the country for some distance, but is now confined to the small island of Ortygia. With the appearance of few towns have I been more pleased at first sight than with Syracuse. It is peculiarly dissimilar from most

others that I have seen: not a tree appears near it; and it has a very Asiatic appearance, particularly when seen from the ridge on which we then were. Below us extended a vast sandy plain, bounded on the right by a lofty range of hills, on the left by the Mediterranean; and Syracuse rising from the sea, by which it is surrounded, appearing before us. This scene was greatly enhanced by the sun, already declining, throwing its golden rays on it.

Arrived at the outer gates, we could hardly make our way through the crowd of peasants, who, seated on their donkeys, kicked up a tremendous row as they chattered to each other, and pointed out the Forestieri. They all had a very Oriental cast of countenance, and were much darker than the people of Catania. Passing through the triple, or I believe quadruple, line of fortifications, we arrived at the inner gate, when we were stopped by the doganiers, or rather octroi officers: we saw at once that they wanted to extract some tari out of our pockets, but, determined to amuse ourselves with them, we at once took out our keys and proceeded to open our traps to show that we had no provisions, when they said, "Si! si! signori, tutti vestiti! tutti vestiti!" "All clothes! all clothes!" and looked very knowingly at us. Pretending not to understand the look, we told the voiturier to drive on, which he did, much to the discomfiture of our friends, who stared with astonishment at our coolness, and whose discomfort we still more increased by being unable to stifle our laughter, in which the bystanders heartily joined. Arrived at the hotel, an exceedingly good one, and in which we were the only guests, we took possession of two comfortable rooms, and immediately threw open the windows and enjoyed the lovely prospect as the sun sank beneath the Mediterranean. Whilst mutually expressing our pleasure at the superb sunset, my friend suddenly exclaimed,

"Why, H——, one of the doganiers, who stopped us at the gate, is in my room! I wonder what he wants?"

"To arrest you for having insulted his dignity."

I then heard my friend blustering away with his Irish at him, and he answering in his Sicilian patois. At last,—

"I say, H——, he keeps putting his hand to his mouth as if he was eating macaroni, and wants something to drink. I'll send him to you."

"So, do, and we will have some fun with him."

Accordingly the fellow came into my room, but, as I was leaning out of window, I did not take any notice of him until he had repeated "Signore! signore!" some dozen of times, when, turning round, I asked him, "What the d——l do you want?"

"Ah! signore," said the fellow, and began muttering his unintelligible dialect, the only words which I could understand being "mangiare, bere;" he, however, made himself intelligible by grimacing as if he was eating and drinking, and by holding out his hand.

My friend now called out, "Send him in again to me;" I therefore told him that my friend wanted him, and he had better go back to him, as he was very rich. Back accordingly he went, and I heard his whining tone, and my friend roaring with laughter, in which it was impossible to do otherwise than join.

In another minute in came my friend, followed by our persecutor, who, in the same whining tone, and with the same grimaces, begged for some

"piccolo danaro" for him and his companions. I felt thoroughly disgusted with the fellow, and tired with his antics. To get rid of him, and feeling also that he had afforded us some amusement, and further insight into the incorruptibility and fine *manly* feeling of Syracusan octroi officers, I gave him some tari, when I thought he would have gone on his knees, and continued his thanks so long that I was obliged to shut the door in his face. So much for Syracusan doganiers. Not that I think them much worse than the Neapolitan, or even Roman; but it certainly struck me as being rather too bad to be thus followed into an hotel—aye, even into our bed-rooms—by a fellow wearing a very smart uniform, yet who was not ashamed to beg a few halfpence: which he had not the slightest pretence to demand, and who, according to our guide, had no right to have stopped us at the gate. Released from our tormentor, we examined some of the papyrus which grows in the neighbourhood, and is prepared by one of the cicrones; and after a slight dinner, or rather supper, we took a short stroll through the almost deserted streets, and then returning to our quarters, gladly availed ourselves of our comfortable beds, having first requested that a muleteer might be in attendance the following morning.

Sept. 26.—The summit of Etna covered with snow, which had evidently fallen heavily in the night, was the first object that presented itself to us this morning; and we congratulated ourselves on our good fortune in having made the ascent the day we did. Whilst we were discussing a capital breakfast of several kinds of fish, fresh eggs, Hybla honey, and superb grapes, figs, and all the etceteras of tea and coffee except butter (which the waiter assured us was not made at Syracuse, at which my friend, a capital caterer, grumbled greatly), a muleteer entered and offered his services to us. He was a smart, open-countenanced little man; wore the usual long black nightcap; and his hands, fingers and breast, were covered with charms. I told him we wished to go to Girgenti, by Palazzuola, Biscari and Alicata, and asked what time it would take us; when he answered that it was impossible to go that way—that there were no roads, and no inns; that the only way of going to Girgenti was by way of Leutini, and that it would take at least five days. This the waiter corroborated; but not feeling satisfied, we dismissed him for the present, determined to make further inquiries, as I felt certain that I had read in some travels that the road was practicable, and I had understood from Abate that it could be done in two or three days. We now sallied forth in quest of antiquities and adventures, and had no sooner left the *salle-à-manger* than we were beset by two *valets-de-place*, whose services, however, as they had the coolness to demand more than double the usual charge made by their brethren at Naples, we partly declined. Just as we got into the street, a tall white-headed old man, dressed very neatly as an English sailor, and whom we had previously seen in the hotel, with the *valet-de-place*, shouted out—

"Com along a me, gen'lemen; follow me—me show you way."

Somewhat surprised at this address, we asked him where he had learnt English.

"On board ship; me speak English vare well. Tutti Inglesi com along a me—com along a me, gen'lemen."

"But where to? and what is your charge?"

"Where to? Oh, all places. Me know all antiquities, and you give me nothing."

"Oh, very well, my old boy," said my friend; "we will not give you anything."

"Oh yes, you give me something; all English pay vare well. Come along, gen'lemen, follow old boy."

And almost splitting our sides with laughter, in which the numerous Syracusans who had gathered round heartily joined, and who evidently enjoyed the fun, we walked off towards the cathedral. This being Sunday, the streets were crowded with the inhabitants dressed in holiday costume, which is certainly sombre enough; the men generally wore black jackets and knee-breeches, high boots, and the everlasting black nightcap. The women were enveloped in their large black silk Spanish mantillas; amongst them we perceived one or two rather pretty faces, but their complexions were exceedingly dark. We attracted on our parts some attention, most of the inhabitants turning round to look at us; indeed, we seemed to be the only strangers in the town. On our way we entered the church of the Jesuits—as usual, the most highly ornamented and most frequented of any; and a short distance further arrived at the cathedral. This cathedral was formerly the Temple of Minerva, and the fine massive pillars are still to be seen, partly enclosed in the walls. The façade is new, but heavy and in bad taste. Entering the church, we were at once delighted with the fine mass that was being performed; and making our way among the black-robed damsels, we seated ourselves opposite the organ, and listened with rapture to its swelling tones, and the fine manly voices of the choristers, unbroken by the harsh scraping of the violin and other instruments, that generally spoil the service in Italian churches. To my mind there is a want of solemnity in a full orchestra when you hear the crashing of all kinds of instruments. The mass appeared to be performed differently here from what it is in Italy. The three priests, in bright ornamented robes, were seated some distance from the altar, to which they occasionally, but very seldom, went, and after a few mysterious ceremonies returned to their seats; but on no occasion whilst I was in the church did they pray. The host elevated, the organ changed its solemn strain for, if I am not very greatly mistaken, the "*Suoni la Tromba*," out of "*I Puritani*," and we therefore left. Close to the cathedral is the museum, which contains a fine torso and some vases—as usual, called Etruscan—which have been found in the tombs of the ancient city. We now made our way to the far-famed fountain of Arethusa. But how, alas! are its fortunes changed! for, instead of a mighty gush of pure water, whose exquisite situation was a favourite theme with poets, it is now a pool of dirty water surrounded by solid masoury, and to which no romance can be attached but the soft name and the ancient fable of the fair nymph and her lover Alpheus. We now desired Old Boy to take us to the *latomia* and the Capuchin monastery, on the main land. He accordingly led the way; but we had not proceeded far when we espied a rather pretty face, with sparkling black eyes, peeping at us from behind a kind of curtain, which, suspended over the verandah of a house, shaded the interior of the room where she was sitting from the sun. My friend's romantic notions were at once excited, and he stopped to admire the lady, who seemed nothing

loth to his admiration; and to complete her conquest she stepped on to the balcony, thereby showing to us a very pretty figure; and it required some perseverance on my part, and divers hints of stiletos and jealous rivals, before I could persuade my friend to leave the spot. At the quay we entered a boat, which took us through the noble harbours to the foot of the cliffs, on which stands the Capuchin monastery, in that part of ancient Syracuse called Acradina. During our row we discussed with Old Boy the possibility of going to Girgenti by way of Palazzuola and Alicata, and the length of time, and whether we could get a sailing-boat to take us to Malta. As to the first, he confirmed the statements of the muleteer; and as to the second, said he did not think we could get a boat now that there were steamers on the station, but that there would not be one for several days. He asked us to allow him to introduce a muleteer to us, whom, he said, all the Inglesi employed, and who had beautiful fat big-bellied horses—a new recommendation for a horse. He greatly amused us by calling our persecutor the doganier “a dam lazy vagabond—him cheat all de strangers,” and by his description of the English and their ships. He showed us several certificates of good conduct he had received from travellers, among which I saw one from a friend of mine.

Arrived at the foot of the cliffs, we dismissed our boat and climbed up the summit of the cliff on which stands the Capuchin monastery, and around which there is not the slightest appearance of vegetation. Entering, we were met by a greasy-looking monk, who showed us into the refectory, a large dirty hall, in one corner of which is a deep well of exceedingly cold water; and then, as we declined taking any refreshments, led the way to the gardens. After descending some little distance, we entered those almost subterranean gardens, contained in the excavations made by cutting stone for the ancient city, than which nothing can be more singular and picturesque. On all sides they are surrounded by high massive overhanging rocks, which have been formed either by nature or art into a variety of shapes. The interior is covered with a dense mass of trees of beautiful foliage and fruit; amongst them, the pomegranate, orange, and citron predominate; and from the interstices of the rocks spring a number of olive-trees, whose pale-coloured foliage forms a pleasing contrast with the darker and denser foliage of the interior. The ground was literally covered with oranges, citrons, and pomegranates, so that we could hardly walk without treading on them, and the perfume from them was most fragrant. Choosing a shady spot, we refreshed ourselves with some fine pomegranates and oranges—the latter though rather small—and admired the fantastic shapes of the overhanging rocks which shut in this happy valley from the surrounding country, and in which was only wanted a Nekayah, instead of the fat greasy-looking monk, to make the happiness of the valley complete. Loaded with fruit, we left this lovely spot, and again emerging into the fierce glare of the sun, entered the church and descended into the vaults below. Here the remains of mortality in a frightful shape were presented to us. In a long corridor, ranged in niches, were the skeletons of the monks, dressed in the robes they wore when dwellers in the monastery above. Here was a curious speculation for the philosopher to indulge in, and judge, from the attitudes of the figures, and from the marked expression of many

of the faces of these skeletons, which retained the skin, the characters and dispositions of the monks when alive. We could not help slightly indulging in this speculation ourselves, but there was something disgusting in the sight, more particularly as some of the skeletons were falling to dust, and the dirt and stench were anything but pleasant; and having, moreover, already seen the Capuchin Monastery at Rome, we speedily retired. Standing on the platform of the church, we gazed on the arid plain around, and could hardly fancy that a mighty city had once stood on it, where now there is hardly a vestige of it to be seen. Obeying the usual order of Old Boy—"Come along o' me, gen'lemen," which was his familiar sentence—we followed him, and after a few minutes' walk, arrived at the church of St. John, in which is the entrance to the celebrated catacombs. Here we had to wait some time, whilst Old Boy went in search of a monk to open the doors for us. The sun was intensely powerful, so that we gladly availed ourselves of the shade afforded by the remains of the pillars and portico of the ancient church. At length Old Boy, grumbling at the monks, reappeared with the custode, and we entered the church and descended into the catacombs. These catacombs, at first the burial-place of the ancient Syracusans, were afterwards used by the primitive Christians as hiding-places, where they might perform their worship in secret. They are of great extent, the corridors being broad and lofty, and well cut out of the solid rock; and the recesses for the bodies innumerable. Some of these recesses are of considerable size, others very small. In several parts of the corridors are altars, over which are a few frescoes and stuccoes, apparently very old. We traversed many of the corridors, which are certainly fully equal, if not superior, to those at Naples, and far superior to those at Rome. Our candles being nearly burnt out, we remounted to the upper world, and sensibly felt the great heat of the sun, after having been so long below the surface of the earth. Continuing our walk, we shortly came to the cave which is shown as the tomb of Archimedes, and soon after arrived at the extensive excavations made by quarrying for the stone with which Syracuse was built. They are said to have been used by Dionysius, and the other tyrants who oppressed Syracuse, as prisons; but our guide would have it that one was used as a piscina, or reservoir for water. The interior presented a rich and luxuriant scene of vegetation. About here we observed the ancient road cut in the solid rock, and the track of the wheels and the marks of the horses worn in it some hundreds of years ago. Contiguous is the ancient amphitheatre, very much ruined, and not to be compared to those at Pompeii, or Pozzuoli; the view, however, from the heights above it is very pleasing. We now asked Old Boy to conduct us to the celebrated Ear of Dionysius, and in a few minutes found ourselves in the extensive latomia in which it is situated. This extraordinary prison, cut into the solid rock, is in the shape of the letter S, and is about fifty-eight feet high and eighteen feet broad. The sides shelve together at the roof, where they form a kind of groove, which rises gradually till at the further end of the cavern it terminates in a narrow aperture opening into a small chamber. Here, it is said, Dionysius placed himself, and was able to hear the slightest whisper of the prisoners, and thus judge of their guilt or innocence—a clever and ingenious mode, and one well suited for a tyrant. The

echo near the mouth is most extraordinary; the tearing a piece of paper makes a considerable noise, and the echo caused by the firing of a gun, with which we were favoured, reverberated for some seconds, and sounded as loud as thunder. It is possible, by being let down by ropes from the rocks above, to examine the aperture; and we were anxious to accomplish the feat, and judge ourselves as to whether the slightest whisper was audible; but the man who had the care of the prison was at a festival in Syracuse, and we were therefore obliged to give it up. Whatever doubt may be entertained as to the other *latomia* being used as prisons, I think there can be none whatever as to this; for the rings to which the prisoners were chained are still shown, fixed in the rock; and most likely the prisoners were sometimes allowed to take exercise in the *latomia*, which, as it is surrounded by high overhanging rocks, would prevent their escape.

Besides the *Far of Dionysius*, there are other caverns in this *latomia*, which are used as rope-walks. They are of considerable extent, and present many very picturesque scenes. The interior is filled with fruit-trees, which form a dense mass of foliage. Having satisfied our curiosity with the prison, we walked to the theatre, most romantically situated, and from which the view of modern Syracuse and the surrounding country is exceedingly beautiful. This ancient theatre was cut out of the solid rock, and the seats are still perfect. On the side of the ambulatory passage are two Greek inscriptions; and close by the theatre are the marks of two roads, which opened an easy communication between the higher and lower towns. Seated on the highest row of seats, we, in spite of the sun, whose fierce rage threatened to give us a *coup de soleil*, indulged ourselves in contemplating the surrounding prospect. Behind us were the remains of the nymphæum, and ancient aqueduct, with its broken and picturesque arches; the water from which, as it fell in broken columns over the wheel of the mill which it now turns, dashed its spray over the theatre, refreshed the atmosphere, and added to the romance of the scene. Below us was the ancient theatre, whose seats were half hid by shrubs: still further below, and around, was a large tract of land, partly covered with luxuriant vegetation, and partly sandy and arid, on which once stood ancient Syracuse, the rival of Rome and Carthage in size and riches, and so long the object of contention between these two states. Beyond was modern Syracuse, confined to the Island of Ortygia, which seemed to ride upon the bosom of the tranquil Mediterranean, whose deep tropical blue waters were dotted with small coasting craft, with their picturesque lateen sails. Opposite Ortygia, to our right, the land stretched out, forming the spacious harbour on whose shore rise the solitary columns of the Temple of Jupiter, almost, in that direction, the only visible remains of the ancient grandeur of Syracuse. From the elevated spot on which we now were, I was tolerably well able to make out the sites of the five different districts into which Syracuse was divided: Ortygia lay before us; to the left, on the main land, Acradina, in which are situated the catacombs and Capuchin monasteries; adjoining it is Tychæ; and at its extremity, as it was also the extremity of the city, lay Epipolæ: we were seated in Neapolis. The influence of this scene even affected Old Boy, who became silent and thoughtful, so that I was able to indulge in reveries of the past to my heart's content—and what more favourable spot

could I have chosen in which to give reins to my imagination? Besides the fables of mythology and the songs of Homer and Virgil with which Sicily is so much connected, not far from the spot where I sat there rises a pool sacred to Cyane, who was changed into a fountain by Pluto for attempting to stop him when he plunged into the infernal regions with Proserpine. What a romantic history, too, is that of Syracuse—which is almost that of Sicily! Colonised by the Corinthians, who drove the ancient Siculi into the interior, it became so wealthy and powerful that it was able to withstand the power of Athens, and not only defeat the fleets and armies sent against it, but utterly to destroy them—one of the great causes of the decline and fall of Athens. Looking at the spacious harbour, I conjured up in my imagination the fleet of the Athenian galleys bravely striving to break through the strong line of galleys that closed the mouth of the harbour of Marmores against them; the combatants excited by the cheers of the armies, and of the inhabitants, who lined the walls of the city. At length the shouts of the Syracusans announce the defeat of the Athenians, whose galleys lie helpless on the beach.

The liberty of Syracuse being destroyed by the tyrants, who, although once driven out, managed to re-establish themselves, Dionysius and his posterity oppressed the mighty city, which became frequently the prey of Carthage. After many years' war it was taken by Rome, then fast becoming mistress of the world, notwithstanding that Archimedes so long by his genius and science baffled the arms of the Republic. I fancied I could see the Roman fleet drawn up in array against the devoted city, when suddenly the mighty engines of Archimedes are put in operation, and descending, lift some of the vessels out of the sea and dash them against the rocks, whilst others are destroyed by fire; so that Archimedes and his engines became the greatest terror to the Roman arms.

Rome having at last become a prey to the barbarians, Sicily, the granary of the world, was despoiled by the Vandals; they, in their turn, were driven out by the Goths; after which it was seized upon by the Saracens and the Eastern emperors; the former of whom eventually overran it, and who, about Palermo, have left many relics of their power. These, after a sway of 200 years, were expelled by the Normans; since which time it has alternately fallen into the hands of adventurers of French, Spanish, and German origin, under the former of whom happened the Sicilian Vespers. During the last war Sicily became the seat of government, and under the care and auspices of England its constitution was remodelled and regenerated. But on the announcement of peace the seat of government was removed, and its constitution and privileges, notwithstanding they were guaranteed by us, trampled upon and destroyed by the court of Naples; till at length the rigid imposts and wretched misrule to which it has been subjected has caused it to break out into revolt,* and instead of being the most fertile and productive country in Europe, it has become the most uncultivated and barren.

Old Boy's usual "Com along o' me, gen'lemen—sun vare hot!" roused me from my reverie, and my friend and myself followed him still higher

* This was written in January, 1848. Several outbreaks had occurred when the writer was in Sicily. The events which have since happened were only to be expected, particularly when the *wavering* policy of our government was taken into consideration.

up till we got close to the broken aqueduct, and there again took a survey of the beautiful scene, and distant Etna with its sulphur-crustèd summit. Descending, we passed a group of black-skinned and dirty-looking yet merry nymphs cooling their feet in the waters, and then made our way towards the city. Seeing some remarkably fine grapes in a garden, we told Old Boy we should like some: he therefore led the way into it, and we soon found ourselves seated under the overhanging vines clustering with superb grapes, a large supply of which was immediately set before us, by the bright-eyed wife of the owner of the garden. The grapes proved exceedingly refreshing, and we were enjoying the coolness of the place and Old Boy's jocularities, when our party was increased by the arrival of three Syracusan "cockneys," with their cigarettes. Our guide now told us that these gardens were a favourite resort of the Syracusans, and that "De young men do bringe de gals here and dancey to de guitar."

"Are the girls pretty?" inquired we.

"Oh, yas. De English soldiers, when de ware in Sicily, did tink dem vare pretty—dere were many fair-haired childers about," said the old fellow, with a grin.

Resuming our walk, we met several parties evidently going to the gardens, and shortly after entered the gates, round which was a group of soldiers listening to a guitar-player, who alternately sang and improvised. About six we regained our hotel.

Having leisurely finished our cosy and well-served dinner, Old Boy reappeared and begged to introduce to us his friend the muleteer—the self-same man we had seen in the morning. We closely questioned him, as also Old Boy, waiter, and indeed all the establishment, as to the possibility of going to Girgenti by Palazzuola; but finding that they all denied the practicability of doing it, and of going by way of Leutini in less than five days, we were obliged, as my time was limited, though very reluctantly, to retrace our steps to Catania; but instead of going back by the road, we determined to take the mule-path which leads across the mountains and along the sea-shore. We therefore told the muleteer that we should start at six the next morning, and to mind and let us have good mules; when Old Boy, who acted as interpreter, said,

"No, gen'lemen, no muli; you go along with horses."

"Oh no," said my friend, "we prefer mules."

"Well den, no all muli, gen'lemen. One long white horse, go very fast, carry baggage. You, gen'leman" (to my friend), "have mule, and little gen'leman" (pointing to your humble servant, saving the fellow's impudence) "have horse—beautiful fat big-bellied horse, and English saddle; him take long steps—so," and the old fellow strode across the room.

Seeing that the man had evidently only one mule, I assented to the fat, big-bellied horse, although I knew it would be to my discomfort, as the horse cannot keep pace at a walk with the mule. This piece of business settled, we dismissed Old Boy and his friend, and then strolled quietly down to the promenade on the quay, which we understood to be the fashionable resort of the Syracusans, and that a band played there between nine and ten o'clock. We had no sooner set foot on the quay than we were surrounded by beggars of all descriptions, and who so

pestered us, that my friend, with the consent of the owner who sat by, took a piece of bamboo from a heap of them laying on the wharf, and breaking it in two, gave me one half, wherewith to drive away our persecutors. This, however, had no sooner been done, than the man who gave my friend leave to take the stick came up, and with an infinite variety of gestures, and a half whining half threatening tone, demanded payment for the stick. Although rather annoyed, we could not help laughing at the trick and the fellow's impudence, but to get rid of him I gave him a few grani; and the rest of the beggarly crew were soon dispersed by a gensd'armie, whom some Syracusan gentlemen, seeing the annoyance to which we were exposed, sent to our relief. But few persons were on the promenade, and but one solitary carriage, which, after racing up and down at a desperate pace for a few minutes, disappeared. This promenade is of very considerable length—on one side open to the sea, on the other shut in by the city walls, under which is a tolerably well-planted garden, filled with flowers and luxuriant oleanders; and the path for the promenaders along the side of the garden is shaded by a row of trees, between each of which is suspended a lamp. Seated under the shadow of these trees, we passed a couple of hours very pleasantly, chatting over the various adventures we had met with, comparing Syracuse as it is with what it was, and conjecturing what our friends at home were doing. At length, when we began to think that we had made a mistake about there being a band, it being now after ten o'clock, the lamps were lighted, and the musicians took their places in the orchestra, the promenaders became more numerous, and the scene almost one of fairy land; the numerous lights among the trees enabling us to discover the curiously garbed company, among which were several ladies in their black mantillas. The effect produced was one of enchantment. On the shore opposite to us stood the solitary columns of the Temple of Jupiter, just revealed in the pale light of the moon, whose silvery rays danced on the ripples of the sea caused by the small craft making for the inner harbour. The scene, too, was greatly enhanced by the fine military band, which played exquisitely. After playing upwards of an hour, the Bohemian polka was suddenly struck up as a finale, and we then re-entered the deserted-looking city; and after a fruitless search for a café, during which, however, we observed numerous reading-rooms, which seem so much the fashion in Sicily, we returned to our hotel, somewhat fatigued with our day's sight-seeing. Although in modern Syracuse there is little to be seen, and it is most sultry and oppressive, surrounded as it is by high fortifications, which prevent the air from circulating through the streets, yet it is unique and singular in appearance, and the romance of the place is aided by the Asiatic look of the people, and the sombre mantillas of the women. The surrounding country, too, is full of interest, not only to the antiquarian and historian, but also to the lover of nature, and of a sunny sky and placid sea.

September 27.—Before daybreak this morning Old Boy awoke us, and, whilst we were at breakfast, packed our traps on the sumpter-horse; which done, he returned to us, and, with his "Com along o' me, gen'lemen," we followed him, and found our muleteer already perched high on an old white mare. We therefore mounted our respective steeds—my friend, the mule; and "Little Gen'leman," the beautiful fat big-belly horse

with English saddle, which fully supported Old Boy's description. It was, however, but a sorry brute on its fore-legs, and fell with me several times.

Wishing our very civil and amusing old guide good-bye, who, to show he knew something of the English and their country, asked for only a "tara more to drinke to de healts of the English," we commenced our journey. Pressing through the crowd of noisy gipsy-looking peasants, who nearly blocked up the gateway, we passed our friend the doganier, who gave us a very polite bow and very knowing grin, and soon found ourselves in the open country.

Our muleteer led the way at an amble of between five and six miles an hour; his boy running by his side, with whom, however, he occasionally changed places, but always, when he did so, giving into the boy's care the charm he otherwise carried fastened to his finger. Breaking off the road, we traversed vast downs, where hardly a blade of vegetation was to be seen, and only a solitary shepherd tending his flock of small black sheep; or a herd of horses, among which I had great difficulty in preventing mine from running.

Suddenly descending, we rode through deep gullies, and crossed most romantic-looking ravines, through which rushed the mountain-torrent, and on whose banks the oleander and numerous beautiful shrubs and flowers flourished and perfumed the air. Fording these torrents, we climbed up the steep and rugged sides of the ravines, and rode for miles over lofty mountains, where no habitation but the solitary tower of the shepherd was visible.

Ascending, we at length arrived at the summit of the ridge of mountains which bounds the vast plain between Leutini and Catania, and then descended through the picturesque forest of chestnut-trees, from which we had a lovely view of Etna and Catania, and still further in the distance to the right the coast of Calabria, washed by the sunny Mediterranean, whose waters appeared almost beneath us.

Arrived at the huts situate at the bottom of the ridge, we stopped to rest, and feed our horses, for half an hour, but where we were unable to obtain either bread, fruit, wine, or even clean water; the only things the old woman could offer us being a rickety three-legged stool, and equally rickety chair. Remounting, we traversed the plain to the sea-shore, where we passed the mouth of the River Quitini, and then continued our route along the margin of the sea, whose waves dashed over our horses' feet, and covered us with their spray.

Again turning inland, we crossed the River Giaretta by the bridge; and then hastening over the long dusty road, reached Catania about five o'clock, much to the surprise and delight of Placido, who seemed in ecstasies at seeing us again—and much to our own surprise and pleasure in again meeting our American friend, who had been detained at Catania for want of a conveyance.

LAMARTINE AND THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT.*

LAMARTINE does not disguise from his readers that the assumption of power by himself and his colleagues was as illegal as it was audacious. "An arbitrary election," he says, "made by a small band of insurgents at the foot of an invaded throne was nothing but an usurpation. Their functions might be contested alike by royalty and by the people." By dint, however, of drinking wine with the dragoons of the Quay d'Orsay, embracing armed Amazons, and forcing their way through a crowd rendered "idiotical by too much license" (*c'était la demence de la liberté*), they ultimately succeeded in reaching the great door of the Hôtel de Ville; and, assisted by M. Flottard, an *employé* in the Préfecture, after the lapse of some time obtained the use of a room, or rather cellar, where there was a table and chairs, and the narrow dungeon-like approach to which they filled with their armed followers. The usurpation of places in the provisional cabinet by Marrast, Flocon, Pagnerre, and Louis Blanc is not denied by Lamartine. But he justly enough remarks—"What legal title could the government have appealed to, to expel the new comers? It had itself no other title but that of its usurpation over anarchy, and its courage in casting itself between civil war and the people. The others had done as much; and place was made for them by virtue of their audacity and the dangers they had run."

"It was necessary," says Lamartine, with garrulous ingenuousness, "that the government should inform the people and the departments as to the persons who had thrown themselves at the head of the movement in order to rule it." And the poet-orator, undertaking the duties at once of president of the council and home minister, issued a first manifesto, in which he spoke of the mission of ruling having been imposed on the members of government, of strong institutions, and of "liberty, equality, and fraternity," as the proposed principles of government. This was followed by an address to the army; wherein it was announced, in a similar manner, that the Provisional Government had sprung from an imperious necessity, and that the army was called upon to lend the government its support, and to fraternise with the people. There was at this time no mention made of usurpation of power; but it was held out that the people who had made the revolution should possibly, at some future period, be allowed to have a voice in ratifying the power of those who in the mean time had acted upon the principle, that actual possession by usurpation was better than a prospective nomination by acclamation. Many general officers, and among them Duvivier, Bedeau, and Lamoricière, gave in their adhesion to the government. The garrison of Vincennes likewise sent in its submission. At least 200,000 men blocked up the approaches to the Hôtel de Ville; and, pressed on all sides, the members of government took boldly on themselves the responsibility of life and death. Each would seize a pen, tear off a fragment of paper and write upon his knee or hat the decree asked for. "Thousands of orders of this kind, signed by Lamartine, Marie, Arago, Ledru Rollin, Flocon, and Louis Blanc, circulated among the crowd during these first few hours." This, it will be perceived, is a very brief and summary manner of accounting for some hasty mandates which history may

* Histoire de la Révolution de 1848. Par A. de Lamartine. Paris, 1849.

have to bring against Lamartine and his colleagues as issued at this great crisis. "Flames, blood, hunger, and danger," says Lamartine, "could not wait for the slow formalities of a government of calm. It was a government of lightning amidst a tempest." In one of those desperate moments, when the armed crowd was giving one of its terrible assaults to the Hôtel de Ville, Lamartine said to Arago, "Have you ever calculated by how many chances fewer than this morning our heads hang to our shoulders?" "Yes," answered the illustrious academician, with the calm smile of a man completely detached from existence, "all the bad chances are for us; but there is one good chance,—namely, that we may save the nation from a downfall. That must suffice to make us accept all the others;" and he shook his white hairs before the poet-orator. These white hairs of the astronomer-royal, Lamartine tells us, like those of M. Dupont, had a great effect with the people. He recurs to this influence of respect for age, so fortunate for the Provisional Government, upon several different occasions. At one period of the crush, M. Dupont was protected by a woman, who holding by the back of his chair, and pointing to the old man with tears of pity in her eyes, at one moment declaimed against the brutality of those who oppressed him, at another opposed her own body to the weapons which threatened the life of the venerable member for the department De l'Eure.

The difficulties of the Provisional Government were increased by the question as to whether the interregnum was to end in monarchy or in a republic; but the poet-orator says, "instinct is the lightning of reason;" and the instincts of all pointed directly and unmistakably to a republic: if they did not, there was perchance a power, without and around, that bade their instincts feel that there was no compromise between their safety and their will. The Republic was accordingly proclaimed, but with the reserve of being ratified by the national will. A tricoloured flag was hoisted at a window; hundreds of bits of paper announcing the great fact were scattered among the crowd; it passed from mouth to mouth; "and," says the poet, "the expression of a sentiment kept down for half a century in the hearts of the existing generation, now burst unanimously from the lips of all." The proclamation of the Republic gave breathing time to the government. Lamartine and Marie remained at the Hôtel de Ville; Ledru Rollin, Arago, and the other ministers, repaired to their several official residences. But all night the struggle continued with the mob, the more unruly portions of which every now and then attempted to invade the Hôtel de Ville. They were driven back by a due admixture of force and eloquence. "Lamartine," the auto-biographer relates, "was especially called upon to act. His high stature, and his sonorous voice, adapted him well for conflicts with a crowd. His clothes were in tatters, his neck bared, his hair covered with dust, smoke, and perspiration. He went out and came in again, rather carried than escorted by groups of citizens, national guards, and students, who had attached themselves to his steps without being personally known to him, and who formed the staff of devotion around the person of the chief of a revolution."

At night, all that remained were about 3000 or 4000 men, who bivouacked in the yards, corridors, and saloons, and outside, around four guns loaded with grape-shot. This persistent group was composed of conspirators, members of secret societies, and revolutionists of all times;

some who had fought and been disappointed in 1815 and in 1830; others who sought, in the explosion that had taken place, to overthrow the foundations of all society. Among them also were men who only looked upon a revolution as an opportunity for committing crimes with impunity; the greater part of the latter were liberated convicts, and the refuse of the most vicious population of a great city. These groups shouted, argued, and fired guns all night long. Some proposed a red flag, others a black flag—emblems of mourning which should not be laid aside until due revenge had been obtained on society and property. Fanaticism, delirium, drunkenness, and fever, suggested still more extravagant ideas; among which not the least popular were, that the government should be chosen out of the combatants themselves, or that the people should govern itself, protected by the bayonets of the insurrectionists.

The most serious opposition arose, however, from the party of the *Réforme* newspaper. Among the names put forward, the ultra-republicans saw only that of Ledru Rollin, which was familiar to them as that of a Republican before the event. Flocon, Louis Blanc, and Albert, were among the groups outside, talking, exhorting, pacifying. Lagrange, uncertain yet what government to recognise, wandered about the Hôtel de Ville, where he had established himself governor, sword in hand, and having two pistols in his waist. The crowd gathered round him as round an apparition from the dungeons; and he harangued them in deep and hollow tones, with extraordinary gesticulations, his hair and dress being in strange disorder. The ferocity of the mob kept increasing as night advanced.

Several times the crowd had come to knock at the door of the room where the Provisional Government was sitting, threatening to exterminate it, and refusing obedience to its decrees. First of all Crémieux, and after him Marie, had succeeded, by dint of resolution and supplication, in getting the crowd to retrace its steps as far as the court-yard of the palace. They had reconquered the moral authority of the government. Seven times since nightfall had Lamartine left his pen, to throw himself, followed by a few faithful citizens, into the corridors, and as far as the steps of the Hôtel de Ville, to ask from those disorderly masses obedience or death. Each time—received at first with imprecations and murmurs—he had succeeded in putting aside the swords, daggers, and bayonets, brandished in the hands of drunken or maddened men; had improvised a tribune at a window, a balustrade, or a step, and had caused the arms to be lowered, the shouts to die away, applause to break forth, and tears of reason and enthusiasm to flow.

The last time a happy witticism, which concealed a reproach under the form of a joke, had saved him. An excited mob occupied the steps of the Hôtel de Ville. Gun-shots fired at the windows threatened the destruction of the small body of volunteers who remained to oppose themselves to this new invasion. Every voice was exhausted, every arm useless—supplications vain. Lamartine was sought for once more, and he went forth. Arrived at the stair of the ground-floor, he found a few National Guards, some pupils of the Polytechnic School, and a few intrepid citizens, struggling body to body with the invaders. At his name—at his appearance, this conflict ceased for a moment; the crowd made way for him. Lamartine saw the steps of the great staircase covered to the right and to the left with combatants, who formed a hedge of steel, extending down to the courts and to the square. Some were respectful friends, who loaded him with caresses and blessings; but the greater number were irritated and excited; their brows were frowning beneath the weight of suspicions; their looks were full of jealousy; their gestures were threatening. He pretended not to see these signs of anger, but continued his way to the level of the great central court-yard, where the bodies of the dead had been deposited, and where a forest of steel waved over the heads of thousands of armed men. From that point a wider staircase leads to the left, to the great entrance of Henry IV., which opens upon *La place de Grève*,

where the masses were in part engulfed. It was at this point that the flood of invaders, meeting with resistance on the part of the defenders, produced the greatest tumult, confusion, and cries.

"Lamartine is a traitor!—Do not listen to Lamartine!—Down with the mystifier!—To the lantern with the traitor!—Lamartine's head—his head!" shouted a group of furious men, whose arms he elbowed as he forced his way along.

Lamartine stopped a moment at the step of the first stair, and looking at the more vociferous of his assailants with an eye of confidence, and a slightly sarcastic but not a provoking smile—

"My head, citizens!" he said to them, "I wish to heaven that you all had it this moment on your shoulders! you would be much calmer, and much better behaved, and the work of the revolution would have a chance of being completed!"

At these words the curses were changed into bursts of laughter, and the threats of death into graspings of hands. Lamartine cast off with a vigorous effort one of the leaders, who wished to oppose himself to his addressing the people on the square.

"We know that thou art brave and honest," said this young man to him with a tragical gesture, "but thou art not the man to measure thyself with the people! thou wouldst let their victory fall asleep; thou art only a lyre! Go and sing!"

"Leave it to me," answered Lamartine, without losing his temper at such reproaches; "the people have my head as a forfeit: if I betray them, I betray myself first. You shall see if I have the soul of a poet, or that of a citizen."

And disengaging the collar of his coat from the hands that held him, he got down, harangued the multitude on the square, brought them back to reason, and awakened their enthusiasm. The applause of the mob without resounded within the building, and under the vaults of the palace. These bravos of 10,000 voices intimidated the insurgents: they felt that the people were with Lamartine. Lamartine returned and reascended the stairs, amidst the applause and profuse embraces of those very men who shouted for his head as he came down.

It is surprising how little may turn the scale in moments of frenzied revolution—upon what small points success or defeat, power or humiliation and death, depend. Apart from the bad taste which dictated such a poetical narrative, too much cannot be said in praise of the moral and physical courage exhibited by the "poet-orator" upon this great occasion. He was not even in health at the time, yet he bore the most extraordinary fatigue, and went through what to most would have been an overwhelming amount of trials and labour. Sleepless, oppressed with the great sense of danger and responsibility, his mind and body not only showed themselves equal to the occasion, but appeared to have attained superhuman and inexhaustible power.

At the same time another meeting was also held in the great hall of Saint-Jean, where, by the glare of torches, the question as to the form of government was discussed by orators who rivalled one another in violence of language and opinions. A detachment from this assembly invaded the Hôtel de Ville, and Lamartine and his colleagues were now obliged to barricade the door with chairs and tables, as well as with their own bodies. But, reduced to capitulate, Lamartine was obliged to repair to the Hall of Popular Deliberations to explain the objects and intentions of the proposed provisional government, which he did with so much oratorical success as to win over these partisans of violence.

The next day even still more serious difficulties remained to be overcome. The south was Royalist. The Prince de Joinville, a favourite with the sailors, commanded a fleet at sea; the Dukes D'Aumale and Montpensier had under them a hundred thousand men in Algeria; government opposed to them nothing but rapidity of movement, and confidence in the revolution being accepted by all. Admiral Baudin was sent out to take the command of the fleet, and Ledru Rollin despatched

his commissaries to take the places of the prefects of the monarchy. Caussidière and Sobrier were disputing with one another possession of the prefecture of Paris, sword in hand, their faces covered with powder, and their clothes torn and stained with blood. The armed followers of the first were bivouacked in the courts and corridors of the prefecture, to the number of five or six thousand. Lamartine excuses himself for having sided with these *Montagnards*, by saying that, having gone to quiet the belligerents, "the soldier-like but humane energy of Caussidière pleased him." He saw that this partizan chieftain possessed as generous a heart as he had a strong hand; that he was satisfied with and proud of victory; but that that same pride made it a point of honour with him to keep down licence. He resolved, therefore, to support Caussidière in that kind of half-submission, which, by giving him a supremacy over disorder, would interest him the more in keeping down excesses. Lamartine says he feared the youth of Paris more than the men; he made the ingenious calculation, that 25,000 youngsters given up to sedition, or 25,000 soldiers enrolled under government, would make an actual difference of 50,000 men in the cause of order against that of anarchy. He laid the case before his colleagues, who received it with a smile of approbation. The paper on the table was exhausted. Payer tore a fragment from another decree, and upon that was written, on the spur of the moment, power to enrol twenty-four battalions of Garde Mobile; and this order was put in execution that same night. "The force," adds M. Lamartine, "destined to support and to temper the revolution was thus extracted from the revolution itself. The Garde Mobile was destined to save Paris from disorder for four months, and to save society from chaos during the fifth. Its creation was the presentiment of the safety of the Republic in the days of June. It has since experienced the ingratitude of the citizens for whom it spilt its blood."

During the day and night that Lamartine affirms that he and his colleagues were thus busy, they had nothing but a crust of bread and a little wine, left by an usher of the prefect, to support them. At midnight the former quitted the Hôtel de Ville in the company of three friends. On their way they harangued the different groups of insurrectionists with whom they came in contact. It is surprising to see the colouring that strong enthusiasm and a poetical temperament can impart to circumstances which would be viewed with dismay by the general mass of mankind. These armed groups of insurrectionists and conspirators are designated by Lamartine as posts of volunteers watching their own honour, and an obstacle to crime dishonouring their victory; and the musket-shots resounding along the streets, and the balls occasionally whistling through the air, were notices to the troops whose disposition was as yet unknown, that the people-army was on foot, and surprise impossible! "Here and there," he continues, "a few of the combatants of the three days wandered about in groups without a head, inebriated with fire and wine filling the air with shouts of victory, knocking at the doors with the butt-end of their muskets or with the handles of their swords, and firing in files, as a sign of joy rather than of destruction!"

After changing his clothes, torn in the struggles of the day, and taking a few hours' rest, Lamartine returned to the Hôtel de Ville at about four in the morning. Most of the insurrectionists were asleep on the barricades; but, wandering here and there, Lamartine remarked a number of conspirators, who wore, as a badge of distinction, red ribands

in their caps and buttonholes. These men belonged to the Terrorists, a faction with whom revolutions are a sole and ultimate object; who have no other theory of government than that of a state of prolonged convulsion; without faith, without law, and without morality. Carried away for a moment by enthusiasm, this faction soon began to conspire again, and to dispute power with the Provisional Government. No sooner had day broken, than groups of these ultra-republicans began to assemble round the Hôtel de Ville, each distinguished by its red flag. When other groups arrived, bearing the tricolor flag, they assaulted them, and endeavoured to drive them away. The Hôtel de Ville was put into as good a state of defence as possible; the invaders of the night before became the defenders of the next day, under the orders of Lagrange and Colonel Rey. The numbers of the Red Republicans made them, however, resistless; and at the very first onset they broke through the barriers opposed to them, and dispersed themselves through the interior of the palace, singing an interminable "Marseillaise." A temporary diversion was effected by Flocon, who led away a mass of many thousands to Vincennes, where he distributed muskets among them, under promise that they should be used in defence of the Provisional Government. Such, at least, is the version Lamartine gives of this rash and strange proceeding; but his poetic phraseology is even more than usually obscure concerning it. The verbal conflict that went on in the mean time in the palace between the self-instituted Government and the Red Republicans, appears to have been of the most terrific and, at the same time, fantastic character. Many of the orators, after exhausting themselves by words and gestures, fainted in the arms of their comrades. One scene Lamartine relates at great length, of a leader of the Red Republicans, who, answered in vain by Crémieux, Marie, and others, and appealing momentarily to his musket, was at length actually brought by the poet-orator's eloquence to tears of repentance. The crowd without were dreadfully enraged at this sentimental *dénouement* to their mission of civil war and terrorism. The members of government, Lamartine among them, again went out to endeavour to calm them and bring them to reason. These victories of oratory were, however, essentially brief—they could not be otherwise; the dominion of passion and lawlessness can only be quelled by physical force. The first thing the Terrorists did with the arms with which Flocon had so rashly entrusted them, was to shoot the donor; the next, was to come to strengthen the ranks of the invaders of the Hôtel de Ville. Lamartine once more arrested the crowd for a moment by the apostrophe to the tricolor flag, now so familiar to all: "The red flag which you bring us has never been beyond the Champ de Mars, where it was dragged through the blood of the people in '91 and in '93; whilst the tricolor flag has been carried round the world, an emblem of the name, the glory, and the liberty of the country." One of the crowd, of whom the poet gives a detailed and striking description, but whose chief peculiarity appears to have consisted in his nose having been carried off by an evil-intentioned musket-ball, rushed up to embrace the orator, bathing him with blood. "Lamartine held out his hand and his cheek," he adds, "and contemplated in ecstatic tenderness this magnanimous personification of the multitude!" The scene, however, was not without effect upon the mob, and the effect was heightened by Louis Blanc being borne past, senseless from exhaustion, at the very

moment, upon the shoulders of the people. To us the whole thing appears disgustingly ludicrous.

To the report that the government was besieged in the Hôtel de Ville, which had for some time been circulating through the city, was now added a rumour that Lamartine was wounded. Numbers of lovers of order rushed down; mingled with the crowd; argued with and reprimanded the Terrorists. The tricolor flag was once more raised; the "Marseillaise" was again sung by "a hundred thousand voices;" the red flag slunk away in the direction of the Bastille; and the square remained in the possession of two or three hundred National Guards.

The Red Republicans being thus for the time defeated, the Provisional Government was enabled to assemble in a better apartment than heretofore, and to consult upon those great legislative ameliorations which should astonish France and Europe. The worn-out subject of abolition of slavery appears to have been the first great idea that presented itself to their minds; fraternity proclaimed as a principle among nations, was the second; and these were followed by the discussion of grievances nearer home, among which the electoral laws and laws of September appear to have been the greatest.

"As these great democratic truths, rapidly felt, rather than coldly discussed, were converted into decrees, the decrees passed into proclamations to the people, under the hand of one of the ministers, or of one of the secretaries of government. A portable press, set up in the corridor at the door of the council chamber, received the decrees, printed them, and scattered them by the windows to the crowd, and by the couriers to the departments. It was the improvisation of an age to which a revolution had just given utterance; the rational explosion of all the Christian, philosophical, and democratic truths which had been maturing for half a century in the minds of enlightened and initiated men, or in the little-defined aspirations of the nation."

Lamartine terminated the meeting by proposing the abolition of punishment of death; but the consideration of so important a subject was postponed. Advantage was taken of the intervening night to urge upon the friends of government to assemble the next day in force around the Hôtel de Ville, to defend it from the invasions of the Red Republicans. Lamartine says that he particularly addressed himself to the students upon this occasion. His excuse is, that "he knew the ascendancy of youth upon the people, who respect in it the flower of the age." The real feeling might be expressed with much less circumlocution. By these means, five or six thousand armed citizens were collected by break of day at the Hôtel de Ville; and when the columns of Red Republicans poured down from head-quarters, they found the arena of insurrection pre-occupied by the supporters of government. This day, the attitude which the Republic should assume towards the fallen dynasty and its friends, was the main object of discussion. A sum, Lamartine says, of 300,000 francs was voted to protect the royal family and the ministry in their flight, and give them means of subsistence; but it was not required. This accomplished, the question of abolition of punishment of death was taken up, and carried with such an amount of enthusiasm, that Lamartine tells us, "Dupont de l'Eure, Lamartine, Arago, Marie, Crémieux, and Pagnerre, threw themselves into one another's arms, like men who have just saved humanity from a shipwreck of blood." They put on their tricolor scarfs—the only badge of their

sovereign functions—and then went down to present to the people the ratification of the great decree which they had given forth in its name.” The decree, he afterwards says, was received as “a gospel of humanity;” and the rest of the day was given up to joy and to mutual congratulations.

When night came, Lamartine went out alone and on foot, wrapped in a cloak so as not to be recognised, and paid a visit to M. de Montalivet, the friend and confidant of the ex-King. Lamartine felt convinced that M. de Montalivet knew the intentions and the road taken by the royal family. He assured him that government dreaded more seizing the fugitives than they could themselves dread being captured. He told him of the sum of money placed at his disposal to facilitate their evasion, and to assure them of relief when in exile: but M. de Montalivet knew nothing but the road that they had taken; and Lamartine had to content himself with appointing commissaries bound to the coast, to give whatever aid might be desirable or necessary.

The next day Government was occupied upwards of five hours in receiving deputations of workmen, who insisted upon what they termed organisation of labour, and the appointment of Louis Blanc as minister of progress! Lamartine was opposed to this vague and indefinite appointment, and discarded the vain notion of organised labour. All the other members of government, he says, were likewise opposed to all forms of industrial socialism, and especially the violation of the liberty of capital; and for this time they succeeded in carrying conviction with them. The members of government then repaired to the Place de la Bastille, to solemnise the public proclamation of the Republic, and to review the National Guard.

“Arago, bare-headed, and offering his white hair to the sun and wind, walked by the side of Lamartine. These two names were received with the loudest acclamations. That of Dupont de l’Eure appeared to inspire most veneration; that of Ledru Rollin more passion; that of Louis Blanc more fanaticism.” The proclamation made, it took four hours for the 20,000 armed citizens to defile before the Provisional Government. Lamartine describes himself as avoiding with the greatest difficulty being promenaded in triumph. He took refuge in M. Victor Hugo’s house. “The genius of an eternal popularity,” he says, “gave refuge to the popularity of a day;” and, making his escape by a back wall, he jumped into a cab, the driver of which showed him his whip, broken in assisting, two days before, the evasion of one of the late ministers. Lamartine pondered upon the vicissitudes of human affairs, by which, within a period of two days, the same humble vehicle should save one politician from pursuit, and another from triumph.

Not till the evening of the sixth day was Lamartine enabled to obtain possession of the ministry of foreign affairs. He had taken the precaution to send M. Bastide to get the hotel evacuated by the insurrectionists. He felt, to use his own expression, that the name of Bastide, that of an old standing republican, would, by its notoriety, shield the name of Lamartine, whose republicanism, up to the present moment of a purely philosophical character, would be suspected by the people. Whatever feelings these confessions may give rise to as to M. de Lamartine’s sincerity, there can be only one as to his discretion. The hotel was still occupied by the soldiery on his arrival, but the cabinet of M. Guizot had not been violated. The furniture, bed, tables,

and papers, were all just as they had been left. A female friend of M. Guizot's accompanied M. Lamartine in his inspection; and he consigned to her care the private papers and a small sum in gold that remained on the premises. On examining the political papers left by the minister on the table, he perceived his own name. Curiosity led him to read the passage. It was a note taken by M. Guizot for his last address to the Chambers, and contained these words—"The more I listen to M. de Lamartine, the more I feel that we shall never be able to agree!"

Lamartine spent the first night at the ministry of foreign affairs in considering the attitude which the French republic should assume with regard to Europe; and the result, he tells us, was, that an alliance with Russia should be brought about, by the cession to that power of Constantinople, the Black Sea, the Dardanelles, and the Adriatic. Italy, Belgium, the Rhine, and Spain, would be assured to France, at the same time that Austria and Prussia would be crushed between the two! There would thus be only two nations in Europe; and Great Britain would, to use the minister's own words, be cast off as a mere satellite in the ocean! These views were certainly poetically comprehensive; whether practical, we must leave to be determined by those admirers of Lamartine who carried him expressions of sympathy and adhesion, even at the time when theft here, with peace and fraternity on his lips, was spurning their country as fit only for the oceanic depths, and mentally exclaiming, "The Russian alliance is the cry of nature: it is the revelation of geography: it is the alliance of war, for the eventualities of the future, to the two great races!"

To bring about this final change in the balance of power, instead of proceeding openly, Lamartine tells us his instructions to the ambassadors were, to await upon England with dignity, to conciliate Prussia, to observe Russia, to calm Poland, to caress Germany, to avoid Austria, to smile upon Italy, to re-assure Turkey (previously to giving it over to Russia), and to abandon Spain to itself. The world will see, by these amusing confessions, what trust is to be placed in the attitude taken by a French Republic. These dreams of ambition, veiled by generalities of peace and fraternity, were followed by the celebrated manifesto, which, according to its author, "gave to democracy its verb, to war its signification, and to peace its dignity." An army of observation of from 15,000 to 20,000 men was decreed for the Pyrenees: another, of 62,000 men, was ordered to the Alps. Lamoricière, Oudinot, and Bedeau, accepted commands; but a quarrel took place between the first-mentioned general and Lamartine on the question of withdrawing 50,000 men from the 100,000 protecting a desert in Africa, and on which question Lamartine was left in a minority. Deprived of this aid at home, the minister advocated the levying of 300 battalions of Gardes Mobiles. By such a measure the army, which on the 1st of March was composed of an effective force of 370,000 men, would be carried to 580,000. General Subervie and M. Arago laboured so assiduously at this vast augmentation of the armed force of France, that by the 1st of June it had been raised to an effective army of 400,000 men, and before the end of the year to upwards of 500,000. And this was independent of the Garde Mobile and Republicaine in Paris, which were composed of about 20,000 excellent soldiers, under the command of Generals Duvivier and Damesne.

Such efforts, however, necessitated an expenditure to which the public treasury did not respond with the alacrity usually exhibited by every

Frenchman where military power and glory are concerned. "Revolutions," says M. Lamartine, "are the eclipses of credit, because they shake not only interests but imaginations." The dogmas of Louis Blanc upon equalising the salaries of workmen, unequal in force, in skill, and in good conduct, Lamartine assures us amused, but never convinced the public. "He was," he avouches, "the O'Connell of workmen ; prodigal of empty words, full of promises of impossibilities, and putting off the results to those who could not put off their wants." The resignation of M. Goudchaux brought a climax to the financial crisis. Lamartine takes credit for being the only one who spoke in the language of hope and courage in the presence of such a calamity. Garnier Pagés accepted the burthen and saved the treasury, as he also by the same act saved the republic.

M. de Lamartine gives some curious details how, in the hurry of business and ill-defined responsibilities, many decrees were issued which he at present repudiates. Such, for example, was the decree abolishing titles, as also the decree ordering the arrest and trial of the fugitive ministry. It is needless to enter into the circumstantial details given at length by M. de Lamartine of the flight of the different members of the royal family and of the ministers. Upon such subjects the author, however well informed, could only be so at second hand. The want of intinacy* with the commonest geographical details, which any schoolboy could have corrected, is amusingly manifest when he relates that the ship carried the ex-king *across a terrible sea to Southampton, where the hospitality of his son-in-law, the King of the Belgians, awaited him in his regal mansion of Claremont!* Louis Philippe, we need scarcely say, landed at Newhaven.*

In reference to the flight of the Duchess of Orleans, M. de Mornay has corrected M. de Lamartine upon several points, more particularly the supposed disloyal conduct of Marshal Molitor at the Invalides ; the change of dress and name ; and still more particularly the statement, that, when at Lille, the duchess entertained the idea of showing herself to the troops, and vindicating her son's right to the throne. M. de Mornay relates that the princess did not even pass the night in that city ; that she remained at the terminus station without leaving the carriage, and saw no one ; and that no proceeding or indication on her part could warrant the remark that she had an idea of appealing to the sympathies of the garrison and its officers, or of claiming the throne for her son.

The crowning plan of Garnier Pagés's financial system, Lamartine informs us, was the buying in of the great lines of railroad by the state. Lamartine says he abetted this measure with all his influence, and that its failure was the greatest fault committed by that minister ; and yet he, the poetical and transcendental republican, avows that such a treaty between the companies and the state was only possible under a dictatorial government !

The ambition of the African generals, officers of the young army, did not fail in soon having effect with the Provisional Government. The first sacrifice made was that of the minister of war, General Subervie, who was, for the time being, succeeded by Arago. While under the auspices of the astronomer royal—more versed, it might be supposed, in

* It was only the other day that we stopped at the Bridge Inn at Newhaven, where the ex-King of the French found refuge on landing in England. A most comfortable hostel it is, and Mrs. Smith is the tidiest of landladies. The "king's room" is a perfect conservatory. We recommend our Brighton friends to pay Mrs. Smith a visit.

the movements of celestial bodies than of armed masses—the African generals laboured at the re-organisation of the army. The other members of government had to struggle with a still more formidable crisis, that of the national ateliers. Lamartine acknowledges that a great campaign in the interior, with tools for arms, after the examples of the great campaigns of the Egyptians and Romans, to construct pyramids or dig canals, was one of the great ideas of the hour. The organisations of these ateliers led, however, at once to the formation of a pretorian guard; which, although it scandalised Paris, Lamartine says defended government, till the meeting of the National Assembly, against the Clubs and Red Republicans. Government did not see the evil that would ensue from 20,000 workmen supported by the public funds. The number was soon increased to 100,000, by recruits from every branch of business and employment, even to actors and literary men; and it would have required another army to disperse them, or expel them from the capital. With strange inconsistency, Lamartine denies that this organisation was a system, and yet he avers that this pretorian army protected and saved Paris several times without the circumstances being known.

With the progress of time, new difficulties also arose within the bosom of government itself. Each minister was a sovereign in his own centre of action, and Louis Blanc and Albert, attached to the party of the *Réforme*, united themselves with the more active partisans among the Socialists, to give precedence to their doctrines. Flocon wavered between the pretensions of the Socialists and those of the Ultra-Republicans. Caussidière pretended to incline towards the policy of the government, but in reality he only sought to increase his own importance. Lamartine admits that he supported the ambitious requests of this dangerous demagogue, as it was necessary to oppose him to still more dangerous enemies. Caussidière had his good points; he despised the humbug of the Socialists, and he exerted himself to the utmost to restrain the republican propagandism of the Polish, Belgian, German, and Italian refugees, who would have raised up all Europe against the republic.

The minister of the interior, M. Ledru Rollin, received great assistance from the literary talents of Madame Dudevant (George Sand), and the oratorical abilities of M. Jules Favre. Lamartine says that he himself did every thing he could to win over the celebrated romancist to the repudiation of crimes and excesses of all kinds. She promised at first; but, carried away by early predilections, her whole talents were thrown, in the official paper called the *Bulletin de la République*, into the scale of incendiary doctrines; she advocated Socialism and Communism, and revived the memory of the crimes and terrors of the first revolution. The majority of the government were grievously annoyed that words and doctrines so totally opposed to the opinions which they really entertained should go forth, as if sanctioned by them, to the departments and the public: a kind of censorship was attempted to be established over the erratic talent of the evil genius of Madame Dudevant. But Lamartine acknowledges that, with so many occupations, it was lax and totally inefficient.

Government had appointed the 24th of April for the general elections; but while the moderate party anticipated with confidence the day when the nation would come to its own assistance, and complete the work of the revolution, the anarchical and terrorist party viewed the same event with abhorrence, as putting an end to any further chances of insurrection. They accordingly laboured incessantly in the clubs at overthrow-

ing the government. Yet Lamartine says that he aided the formation of clubs, because, unlike the time of the Jacobins, they were numerous, because idleness was dangerous, and because he was ready to discuss all questions with their orators, either by himself or by his emissaries. Idle apologies for what the government could not in reality prevent.

Two of the leaders of these clubs were Blanqui and Barbés, both of whom had been extricated from the dungeons of a prison by the revolution. Barbés had seven years before been condemned to death. Lamartine, by his exertions, had got the sentence commuted. When restored to liberty, Barbés came, according to Lamartine, "to throw himself into his arms." Lamartine counselled him against the excesses of what he designates as demagoguery, but with the same want of success as in the case of Madame Dudevant. The instincts of the man prevailed; he returned to the doctrine of a radical levelling of conditions and fortunes; "the eternal mirage of the advocates of an absolute equality of goods, from the times of the first Christians and the Gracchi to those of Barbécuf and Marat; virtue in principle, fraternity in institutions, crime and madness in their revolutionary realisation."

Barbés became colonel of the legion of the 12th arrondissement. He founded a club, which took his name. He was the point of union of the opposition to the bourgeoisie. "He spoke little, and without brilliancy, but he had the accent of a soldier, the faith of a martyr. He was a Spartacus drawn from a dungeon. He resembled the statue of the avenging slave—handsome, but faded by imprisonment, and devoured by the inextinguishable fire of revolutions."

Unlike Barbés, Blanqui was suspected by his own party; a paper *had by accident been abstracted* from those in possession of M. de Lamartine, which betrayed him as the author of secret revelations made to the king. He was attacked in his own club, but he successfully defended himself, and to his previous reputation was enabled to add that of a martyr to the republic. At Blanqui's club the nobility and the bourgeoisie were alike threatened, but government did not interfere, because, Lamartine says, "the language held there caused a scandal that was useful rather than hurtful to the cause of the regular republic. The actor at that tribune was the drunken Helot, who was exhibited to the Spartans to disgust them with inebriety."

Raspail, another founder of a sect, advocated Communism, but by a voluntary levelling, and not by violent appropriation of the property of others. His theories were vague and delusive, and he could reckon upon 15,000 to 20,000 followers. Cabet, whom Lamartine calls the poet of Communism, was another founder of a sect, to whom he promised a land where the material instincts should be gratified to the exclusion of all higher purposes or objects; and the fate of this immoral chimera is now well known. The club called that of the *Quinze-vingts*, and that of the *Sorbonne*, gave the greatest anxiety to the government. They were composed of the most idle, the most profligate, and the most numerous of the working classes. Next to these came the foreign agitators. Among these Lamartine enumerates the Irish, who, united to the English Chartists, hurried to the continent to obtain accomplices in insurrection in France, both from the demagogues, in the name of liberty, and from the Catholics, in the name of Romanism.

The French Republic had been generally recognised. America had set the example, on the principle of conformity of institutions. Switzer-

land, "from the egotism," says Lamartine, "of mercantile democracies, which calculate more than they feel," alone held back. Ambassadors were appointed to the different courts, with the exception of England, with whom the close intimacy which existed between Lamartine and Lord Normanby rendered a *chargé d'affaires* sufficient for the time being. The ministry of Lord Palmerston," says M. de Lamartine, "in accepting the pacific, moderate, and civilising character of the Republic, deserved well from humanity, and will reap its reward in history." Lamartine, however, openly avows that on his part this coalition was interested. An effective attack against the French Republic was, he says, impossible without the aid of England. To gain time was to gain blood and strength to France. At that moment she might have been surprised, and perchance overthrown. With time, war would find France prepared and the Republic armed. It was for the same reason that he was opposed to propagandism in Belgium, whose annexation with France at the first moment must inevitably entail the fall of the Liberal ministry, and constitute a declaration of war with England.

Lamartine says it is unknown by what hand the first circular addressed by Ledru Rollin to the departments on the subject of the elections was written, but it produced at once a rupture in the government itself, and a permanent division of parties in the country. From that moment the Moderates and the Ultra-Republicans were openly opposed to one another throughout the country. Lamartine, terrified at the new aspect of affairs, and disdaining to be associated with such execrable opinions, summoned a secret council on the 16th of March, the day after the appearance of that ominous circular. At the same time he denounced the manifesto of the minister of the interior before the club of the National Guard, and before deputations of the people assembled at the Hôtel de Ville. Such was the dread in which the ministers held their colleague, that Lamartine says he attended the meeting of council armed, and ready for whatever might happen. The Place de la Grève was filled with grenadiers of the National Guard, who came to complain that, by the removal of their bearskin caps, they could no longer be distinguished from the rest of the soldiery. Lamartine says he was annoyed at such puerility at so grave a moment. By this *accident*, however, the two camps were opposed to one another within and without. Within, Lamartine laid before the council a proclamation which was to supersede that of M. Ledru Rollin. The minority acceded to the document, and it was sent forth to reassure the public mind; but Lamartine adds that it bore the appearance of what it really was, the indication of a struggle going on in the bosom of government itself. The next day it was rumoured by the Opposition that the assemblage of the grenadiers of the National Guard had been arranged by Lamartine to intimidate the minority; and the clubs and working classes were summoned to assemble and march past the Hôtel de Ville, to show their numbers to their enemies. Caussidière undertook to marshal this crowd of Red Republicans. Blanqui and his friends, Lacambre and Flotte, headed the column. The ministry could not oppose the assemblage by force—they had none at their disposal; but they spared no exertions—Marie with the national ateliers, Louis Blanc with the workmen; and Lamartine says he sent thousands of emissaries among the crowd. The numbers assembled amounted, it is said, to upwards of 100,000 men, and the procession extended from the

Champs Elysées to the Hôtel de Ville. Among them were men and women with red caps, emblems of the saturnalia of the Reign of Terror. After an hour's hesitation, a deputation was admitted before the Provisional Government, sitting in the Hôtel de Ville. Among them, besides Blanqui and his satellites, were Barbés, Sobrier, Cabet, Raspail, and others of less notoriety. Blanqui addressed the government, and demanded, in the name of the clubs, that the elections should be postponed; that government should obey the clubs implicitly; and that all that was not the mob of Paris should be without the law, and the army for ever banished from the capital. Blanqui, in making these wild propositions, went in advance of his colleagues, and Louis Blanc and Ledru Rollin were the first to repudiate such extravagant notions. All except a few grouped around Blanqui expressed acquiescence; but the followers of Blanqui insisted upon open and instant deliberation, and declared themselves violently against Lamartine. Barbés, Sobrier, Cabet, and Raspail, among the Ultra-Republicans, supported Lamartine and the Provisional Government, and ultimately the vast assemblage retired without disturbing the peace.

But Lamartine, who saw in the domination of Red Republicanism nothing but a reign of terror and crime, determined to conquer or to perish in the attempt. He was the more encouraged in the determination, as he tells us, that he had a final resource in the army of the North and of the Rhine, which was kept under General Negrier, in readiness to march upon Paris, and to "drown in their own blood the dictators and committees of public safety, who meditated the renewal of the tyrannies of 1793." Thus confident in his resources without, Lamartine began his task by personal interviews with some of the leaders of the Opposition, more especially with Raspail, Cabet, Barbés, and Sobrier; and he endeavoured to impress them with a sense of the advantages of law and order in a young republic. The celebrated meeting with Blanqui, when Lamartine exposed his breast, and asked his opponent if he came to stab him, appears from Lamartine's account to have had no reference to the immediate conduct of Blanqui on that occasion, but to the unusual hour at which the visit was made, the suspicious looks of those by whom he was accompanied, and to the rumours that were abroad at the time. The account of the conversation held with the conspirator and convict is, however, picturesque and dramatic, and we regret that our space will not enable us to give it at length.

Notwithstanding Lamartine's exertions with the heads of the clubs, and the influence of his arguments and reasoning, the nearer the time of the elections approached, the more threatening and violent did the factions become, because they were fearful of losing their power. They rose up, in their irritation, even against their own leaders. Lamartine, foreseeing an inevitable collision, secretly brought the army nearer to Paris. Cavaignac was, it appears, won over to take the command of this anti-revolutionary army by his mother, a woman, Lamartine tells us, of intelligence, heart, and patriotism.

On the 14th of April, the two leaders at the Luxembourg, Louis Blanc and Albert, avowed that on the 16th another monster meeting was to take place to oppose the elections. As on the former occasion, Lamartine employed emissaries innumerable to calm the minds of the public; and Flocon, Louis Blanc, Albert, and others promised, that although they

could not prevent the meeting, they would do everything in their power to impart moderation to it, and to diminish the chances of violence. All good citizens were warned at the same time to arm themselves, and to march to the assistance of the Hôtel de Ville at the first gun-shot, or the tolling of the alarm-bell. So great were the apprehensions of government, that all secret papers were destroyed, not to implicate names. The rendezvous of the meeting was, this time, in the Champ de Mars. Lamartine relates that at this crisis Ledru Rollin came to see him, repudiated all connexion with the factions who had usurped his name, and declared that he was ready to die with his colleagues rather than betray them. This, it will be seen, explains what before appeared so extraordinary—the pertinacity of Lamartine in holding by the ultra-republican minister of the interior.

“But,” added Ledru Rollin, “in a few hours we shall be attacked here by 100,000 men. What is to be done?”

“There is only one step to be taken,” replied Lamartine; “we must fight, or give up the country to anarchy. You are Minister of the Interior. Order the general to be beaten, to summon forth the National Guard. I will summon the Garde Mobile, and resist the insurrection at the Hôtel de Ville.”

Ledru Rollin acceded, and Lamartine repaired to General Duvivier. The general ordered his horse, to put himself at the head of his young soldiers; but there were no cartridges. Lamartine went himself to fetch them, at head-quarters. Meantime Madame de Lamartine had won over General Changarnier to lend his name and countenance to her husband in peril at the Hôtel de Ville. On his arrival at the latter place, the general recommended that the 1600 young guards which occupied the square should be sheltered within the walls of the Hôtel de Ville. Lamartine at once acceded to the arrangement.

“If we can only hold out three hours,” said Lamartine, “I will answer for the better disposed coming to our assistance.”

“I will answer for seven hours” the general replied.

Marrast and his friend Colonel Rey had also gathered together in the hotel a battalion of volunteers called the Lyonnais. Emissaries were despatched in all directions—to the schools, to the Pantheon, even to the quarriers of Belleville. A delay took place in beating the general. The citizens were not called to arms till after Lamartine, Marrast, and Changarnier had sent forth a new order to that effect. Yet the former perseveres in exculpating his colleague from treachery. Chateau Renand arrived at the Place de la Grève with another battalion of volunteers, just as the column of insurgents were defiling along the quays. A large body of National Guards, under command of General Courtais, had managed, without coming to blows, to divide the main column of insurgents into two bodies as they passed the Louvre, whence they followed them to the Hôtel de Ville. At the moment when the red bonnets were slowly defiling upon the Place de la Grève, a forest of bayonets was seen rushing over the bridge of St. Michel. This was a body of from thirty to forty thousand National Guards, which at once arrested the further progress of the insurgents, who, at the same time, could receive no assistance from behind, as the other party had been cut off. In a moment more the National Guards of the Faubourgs du Temple, Saint Antoine, &c., came pouring down in myriads from the

right; and victory was not only no longer possible to the insurgents, but an attack would have been madness. Lamartine received and harangued the deputations, and 20,000 discomfited insurgents defiled in the presence of 200,000 armed men, as they shouted *Vive Lamartine ! A bas les Communistes !*

The result of the manifestation made by the National Guard on the 16th of April against the Red Republicans gave so much confidence to the Provisional Government, that a grand review was decided upon, and it took place on the 21st of April, under the title of *Revue de la Fraternité*. From eight o'clock in the morning till eleven at night, soldiers and citizens, men and women, aged and young, people on foot and in cars, kept defiling before the triumphal arch at the head of the Champs Elysées. It was calculated that upon this occasion 350,000 swords or bayonets marched past, and 50,000 had to defer their ovation until the next day.

From the 16th of April, everything had indeed become easy to the government. Lamartine would even have us believe that he became alarmed at the excessive popularity he had attained. At the different reviews he had heard whispered to him words that impelled him to the dictatorship; and he says he felt humiliated by such fanaticism and capriciousness, and by a popularity which was due to his colleagues as well as to himself. It is certain, however, that a good understanding did not exist in the bosom of government itself. The minority, defeated in the question of the elections, had got up another subject of opposition on the question of a written constitution, and they were successful in getting it postponed.

On Easter day, the 27th of April, nine hundred representatives of the people were elected, who, Lamartine tells us, with some few exceptions, were "the honesty and patriotism of France resumed in its sovereignty." On the 4th of May the first sitting of the National Assembly was held; the representatives received the members of government with shouts of "*Vive la République*." The cannons of the Invalides, and the shouts of the people without, responded to the cry. Buchez was elected to the presidential chair. On the 7th, Lamartine gave an account, in the name of the Provisional Government, of its acts. He was followed by the different ministers in succession. This accomplished, Lamartine laid before the Assembly the position of the new republic in regard to Europe. The Assembly voted unanimously that the Provisional Government had deserved well from the country.

There remained, however, still the delicate question of a constitution. What should be the form of executive? Was it to be the dictatorship of the clubs, or the votes of the Assembly? Or would power be delegated to one, or to several? These questions, Lamartine remarks with his usual candour, interested himself particularly. He was, he says, called to the dictatorship by the voice of an immense majority. It was a struggle in his own mind, in reference both to the republic generally, and to his colleagues in particular. He evidently did not feel strong enough for the responsibility. He felt that all his friends of the day before, as well as his rivals—the whole of the opposition, the clubs, the majority of the press, and the national ateliers, would array themselves against him. The National Guard was itself divided in opinion. He thought for a moment of throwing himself and the Assembly upon the army, but in-

stantly dismissed the idea. If he retained power, he must be a Cromwell; if he held it for dynastic purposes, he would only be playing the superannuated part of a Monk! Still he felt, that to assume power with the ultra-republican party of the Provisional Government was to sacrifice himself; but he resolved upon that sacrifice, if it would save the National Assembly. Such is Lamartine's own explanation of a step which confounded all Europe by its apparent impolicy and indiscretion. An executive commission of five members was appointed. The very nomination of these members showed how much Lamartine lost by this so-called sacrifice. The names of the commission as they were elected were—Arago, Garnier Pagés, Marie, Lamartine, and Ledru Rollin.

The new government had not long entered upon its functions before the Red Republicans made Poland a pretext to disturb the tranquillity of the capital. A manifestation in favour of that country was resolved upon for the 15th of May by the clubs. Government prepared to oppose what even Republican experience had taught it—that a petition presented by 100,000 men is an oppression, not a vote. Caussidière had been kept by Lamartine in his situation of prefect of police, because to dismiss him would be to throw him into the ranks of the conspirators. It did not, however, require his dismissal to bring about such a result. He was absent and silent alike when summoned to prepare for the demonstration of the 15th of May; but generous-hearted, Lamartine was satisfied that there was no connivance on his part. He could not bring the two or three thousand Montagnards, who had fortified themselves in the prefecture, to act against their comrades; all he could do, he says, was to insure their neutrality.

On the 15th, the Assembly met at twelve o'clock. Twelve thousand National Guards under General Courtais defended the approaches of the Chambers; the Garde Mobile under General Tampour, and the artillery, were stationed in the courts and in the Champs Elysées. While the question of Poland was being discussed, the mass of insurgents came down with such impetuosity, that General Courtais, not having his battalions under his hand, allowed them to make their way over the bridge to the peristyle of the Chambers. Lamartine and Ledru Rollin attempted to address them, but they broke down the railings and invaded the Chambers. "The soldiers," says Lamartine, a personal spectator of the scene, "appeared disposed to do their duty, when an order, attributed to General Courtais, made them return their bayonets." Once more Lamartine attempted to stop the insurgents, at the head of whom was his former colleague, Albert; and he was supported by the gallant aide-de-camp M. de Mornay, and others. In vain. The populace broke into the Assembly, which they filled with "their rags, their noise, and their barbarous and atrocious numbers." For upwards of an hour, the Chambers and the 900 representatives remained at the mercy of this ferocious mob. A single shot or a single blow might have converted the invasion into a massacre. Louis Blanc was carried in triumph from apartment to apartment, accompanied by Barbés and Albert. The universal apologist, Lamartine, says that the little philosopher was more humbled than gratified by the ovation. He begged his own party to retire, and sided with Lamartine and General Courtais in moderating the excesses of the factions. Blanqui, Barbés, and a still

more resolute conspirator, Huber, disputed with one another the possession of the tribune. The latter proclaimed the dissolution of the national representation and of the revolutionary government. The members of the Assembly withdrew; and the Red Republicans were left at liberty to go to the Hôtel de Ville, as their predecessors had done, to establish a new form of government. Ledru Rollin was invited to join them, but refused. No summons to the National Guard had been beaten. "In three hours," said Lamartine to some friends who had carried him away to a place of temporary safety, "if we do not hear the rappel on the other side of the river, I shall be conveyed to Vincennes, and there shot." General Courtais came to him at this moment; Lamartine told him to escape by some back way, and put himself at the head of his legion. The attempt, however, did not succeed; but in the mean time the legions themselves had taken up arms, and were about to arrest their own general.

Suddenly the rappel was heard beating along both sides of the river. The Garde Mobile in the gardens took up arms at the martial sound. Lamartine issued from his hiding-place, got out into the gardens by a window, and threw himself into the midst of the troops, who received him with shouts of *Vive Lamartine!* Backed by the young guard, possession of the Chambers was obtained; the insurgents retreated before the bayonets, the representatives once more took their places, and the citizen Clement Thomas was appointed to command the National Guard, and to lead the way against the factions at the Hôtel de Ville. Lamartine got upon a dragoon's horse; that of an officer was brought to Ledru Rollin; young Murat, M. de Mornay, and Falloux formed a staff; and Colonel Goyon's regiment of dragoons headed the column, which advanced along the quays to the shouts of *Vive l'Assemblée Nationale! Guerre aux Factieux!* For a moment the head of the column was thrown back by the mob on the Place de la Grève; but Lamartine, imitating a movement of the 9th Thermidor, sent detachments by the bye-streets, whilst he himself, accompanied by Ledru Rollin, placed himself at the head of the main column, and with the National Guards and Gardes Mobiles rushed at once upon the Hôtel de Ville, which surrendered without a shot. Lamartine was carried in triumph to the scene of his former labours, and the heads of the clubs were arrested and conveyed to Vincennes. The next morning not a trace remained of the revolutionary movement which had filled the capital with consternation.

No sooner had this cloud dispersed, than another and a more significant one appeared on the horizon. General Cavaignac, on his arrival in Paris, had assumed the functions of minister of war, with that firm yet modest assurance which intimated in the man confidence in his aptitude. The assaults to which the Republic had been exposed, indicated the imperious necessity of military aid to protect the Assembly against the factious; and these military precautions, arranged by Lamartine, were received without opposition. A grand military display took place on the 21st of May; 300,000 bayonets and 10,000 swords defiled before the ministers and the government. Lamartine says he also was there, and received many congratulations and a few crowns of oak from the hands of the National Guards and of the people.

But his popularity, as rapid in its descent as it had been slow in its rise, was already on the wane, and fading away before the resentments of the monarchical party and the threatening agitations of the Ultra-Republicans. The national ateliers had more especially assumed the character of a cloud, tempest-laden, even in the face of the government. The executive began to contemplate doing away with this grievance; dreading at the same time a conflict, or at least a most formidable resistance. The 20,000 idle and turbulent men composing the national ateliers had got up a new obstacle to the Republic. This was a military dictatorship, with the name of Bonaparte at its head. "We are induced to believe," says Lamartine, "that the immense popularity of the name of Napoleon was the whole of the conspiracy."

Lamartine felt the danger, and resolved to meet it with energy. He was the first to take the initiative in the decree, which maintained during the foundation of the Republic the ostracism of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. "He was, of all the members of the proscribed dynasty, the one most signalised by public favour. Heir to the imperial throne by virtue of a *senatus-consulte*, this prince, little known and unfairly represented in France, was the only one who had attempted to establish his claim to the sovereignty of France by two acts which had at the same time ensured his reputation—his imprisonment, and his exile."

The moment when Lamartine was about to lay the decree for the proscription of the prince before the assembly, word was brought that an officer had been shot by a Bonapartist in the neighbourhood of the palace. This was a great opportunity, and Lamartine made the most of it, and the decree was ratified by acclamation. This decree, thus obtained, was changed a few months afterwards into the election of the proscribed prince to the Presidency of the Republic by 6,000,000 of voices.

Disorder, turbulence, and anarchy, continued on the increase in Paris. General Cavaignac was instructed to bring the divisions of the army of the Alps nearer to the capital. Everything announced an outbreak, and it took place on the night of the 22nd of June, at ten o'clock. The attempt to get rid of a number of the idlers supported at the national expense, by sending them to the departments, was the cause. The fall of Marie and of Lamartine, who had shown most determination in the endeavour to break up the army of sedition, was resolved upon. The night was passed in preparations on both sides. The morning of the 23rd opened with an attack upon the Luxembourg, which being thwarted, the crowd descended upon the quays, increased there and on its way by numbers of the lower classes. The National Guard, as has been so often said before, did not answer the summons with sufficient alacrity. General Cavaignac had in the mean time assembled his troops around the Tuileries, the Chambers, and the Champs Elysées. The Hôtel de Ville was also occupied by fifteen or sixteen battalions under General Duvivier, and the communication between the two was kept upon the line of the quays. General Damesne was placed in command on the right bank of the river, as far as to the Pantheon; General Lamoricière on the left, as far as to the Château d'Eau. The battle began on the Boulevards, where two barricades were carried by assault.

"I shall not, however, relate," says Lamartine, "the different combats which took place on these sad days, during which generals, National

Guards, soldiers, and still more especially the *Garde Mobile*, representatives of the people, and the Archbishop of Paris himself, shed their blood, and covered their country with mourning, and their names with glory. Negrier, Duvivier, Lamoricière, Bedeau, Bréa, Bixio, Dornés, Lafontaine, Lebreton, Fouchier, Le François, and so many others, marked with their generous blood the pages where history will find their devotion recorded."

The sanguinary victory obtained by the lovers of order upon this occasion did not satisfy the minds of the majority in the National Assembly. The executive government was, Lamartine says, "unjustly" mistrusted, and the very next morning it was required to give in its resignation. This it demurred to do in the midst of danger; but by ten o'clock, the Assembly having unanimously conferred the civil power upon General Cavaignac, to whom all military power had been previously conceded, Lamartine wrote ~~in~~ the name of his colleagues the following letter to the assembly:

"Citizens Representatives,—The commission of the executive power would have been wanting to its duties and its honour to have withdrawn before a sedition and a public danger: it only retires before a vote of the Assembly. In giving back to you the power with which you have invested it, it re-enters into the ranks of the National Assembly, to devote itself with you to the common danger and the safety of the Republic."

Lamartine's high-flown and egotistical narrative of his own brief domination will form a curious chapter in history. The lasting impression conveyed by it is, that a mere constitutional-reform movement was converted, by ill-judged opposition, by the existence of a predatory party such as is to be found in all great cities, and by want of resolution at the crisis, into a Revolution. The revolution accomplished, Lamartine and his colleagues deserve well from posterity in having placed themselves in the breach between society and lawlessness. But their great fault lay in spilling so much blood in the vain attempt to found an ideal republic, inconsistent with the French character.

The power gained by the talent, zeal, and devotion of the Provisional Government, used for the restoration of a legitimate monarchy, would have saved thousands of lives, and France from a national dictatorship, though not from war without. Lamartine has since acknowledged, that although he refused to interfere in the Italian question unless called upon, he would have interfered, whether called upon or not, if he had been in power upon the invasion of Piedmont.

Europe has thus been saved from a general war only by change of government, and at a time when the great French apostle of peace was at the head of foreign affairs. How long, then, can peace be expected to last, under a power supported and envired by nothing but the memory of past military glories, or under the undivided, uncontrolled, and unlimited force which has been made to supersede a responsible monarchy!

THE EASTERN SETTLED DISTRICTS IN AUSTRALIA.

BY J. W. F. BLUNDELL, ESQ.

LEAVING the small township of Guildford, briefly described in our last, the traveller passes over a firm natural road, chiefly composed of hard clay, with occasional patches of a lighter soil; and at the distance of about four miles commences upon the ascent of the Darling Range. Here the road diverges from two points; the right leading to the inland town of York, and the left to the fertile and picturesque district called by its native name Toodyay. Let us in the course of our exploration take the latter, and then, returning by the former, a fair opportunity will be afforded of judging of the qualities and capabilities of this portion of the settled districts.

The Darling Range, which extends north and south for nearly 300 miles, rises abruptly from the plains, and stands like a huge buttress between them and the interior of the land. A nice scramble it is, both for man and horse, to gain the summit by the circuitous rocky path, traced out alone by the drays and vehicles of the settlers, and worn here and there by the passage of the winter rains. To the newly-arrived emigrant, who has gazed so long o'er the monotonous lowland and forest, and looked oftentimes wistfully at these distant hills, it is a matter of indescribable joy when his desires are at length accomplished, and he turns to gaze upon the scene beneath, and mark the aspect of a country whose beauties and resources he is to adopt, and add his mite towards their development. Many a time and oft is he destined to gaze from this eminence on each prominent feature of the landscape, and turn with either pleasure or disgust from that region where the fate of his annual exertions and hard strivings is made known, and the meed of necessary civilisation dispensed to him. The view has its charms. To the left may be seen in the dim distance the estuary of the Swan, and a glimpse of some of the white buildings of Perth; to the right, the eye wanders over what appears to be a boundless forest, broken occasionally by small isolated hills covered with timber, and concealing the course of the river and the innumerable clearings upon its banks. It is a solemn moment for the emigrant, to stand for the first time upon the highest eminence which his adopted country affords, and catch another faint glimpse of that remorseless ocean which bore him for so many anxious days and nights on its fretful and unsleeping bosom, towards the new distant haven of his hopes and his struggles upon earth. At such a moment, the novelty of his situation raises him above the conflict of emotions wherein the past and present are fearfully mingled,—and he would fain ask that the future might be made known to him. These suggestions recur painfully to the writer from the details of a little incident which occurred to him on his first visit to this part of the country, in company with a friend who had volunteered to act as guide during the pilgrimage through which the reader is about to be conducted. We left Guildford ere the sun had risen over the hills, on a bright clear morning, such as can scarcely be seen except in Australia; and mounted on well-conditioned steeds, which seemed in their brute natures to hail the spirit of the hour, journeyed towards the foot of the range.

By the side of the road, but a short distance from the township, stood, encircled by a rail fence, a small and ruined barn, or primitive dwelling-house; and through the rafters of the partly open roof arose a thin wreath of white smoke, announcing the temporary fire of some benighted person, or more probably wandering native family. Our companion proposed that we should light that unfailing solace of the bush, the pipe, at this fire, ere we were fairly on our journey, and had encountered the noontide heat of the day. As we drew up to the shattered tenement, we observed that its occupant was but the shadow of a human being, of an appearance so indescribable that, amid the dirty whole which made up his apparel and fleshly form, but little could be distinguished one way or the other. He wore a light battered foraging cap upon his head, and undoubtedly seemed as forlorn and outcast—as in truth he was—as human being could by his frailties or infirmities be found, subdued and punished. The fire was in perfect keeping with the creature who had kindled it; it was made up of a bundle of sticks and reeds, loosely and vaguely piled upon each other; and, emitting no flame, sent up into the still morning air but a faint struggling wreath of vapour, emblematic of the fading creature who ere our arrival stood vacantly gazing at its tardy progress towards a blaze. He seemed to be without food, and unencumbered with anything that might be fondly termed property. His furtive look, and apparent disinclination to anything approaching ordinary communication, spoke volumes of the unhappy condition to which years of heedless wandering and habitual intemperance had reduced him. His course of life since his residence in the colony—if it could be presumed that he had in common with other mortals a local habitation or a name—had been taken amid the most unfrequented wilds of the territory, in slow and solitary search for the rarest seeds and botanical specimens for which this colony has long been celebrated; at times partaking of the primitive fare of the native tribes, but more frequently drowning the cares and the disappointments of his monotonous existence in the drunken revel of the towns, when, by the fortunate sale of the materials of his labours, he was enabled to indulge in the remaining solace of his life.

Such was the being who then tended to the travellers a mouldering ember of the fire for the purpose to which we have alluded, and, having done so, he shrank instinctively from that closer inspection which is so hateful to one in his condition, yet so natural to those to whom such characters are objects of deep and painful interest. He stooped down, and with his feeble breath commenced to blow amidst the leaves, which seemed at that time to lack their wonted sympathy with the element glowing beneath. Not wishing to draw him from the recluse position which was evidently a matter of choice and feeling, we turned hastily from the spot, and wishing God speed him on his path, however desolate and drear that path might be, urged our horses into a light canter towards the hills. We thought in this instance, as in the many which surrounded us in life, how true is the language of the poet, when speaking of that solitude which surpasses all other descriptions of worldly isolation:

To roam about, the world's tired denizen,
With none to bless us—none whom we can bless!

But a few months subsequent to the occurrence we have briefly described, tidings were brought in, we believe by the natives, of the re-

mains of this poor creature having been found at the foot of a huge tree in the depths of the forest, though not many miles from the township we had just left. It was winter time, in the very heart of the rainy season, when a frame so wasting and enfeebled as his own required security and shelter, both from the pelting of the pitiless storm and the deluge of moisture which floated in the atmosphere, and everywhere saturated the surface of the land. In some wild night, when the howling of the tempest was lost in the still louder roar of the giants of the forest, and the gloom occasionally rent by the vivid glare of the forked lightning which lent additional horrors to the scene, was this poor houseless wretch, stiffened with cold and convulsed in hopeless agony, yielding up his spirit from the desolate clay which for months and years delayed to part, yet gave oft-repeated promise of speedy dissolution. And why was he there? Why, at such a season, should he brave the dangers with which forms of hardy bearing shrank from contending? For the bare pittance of his precarious livelihood—for the small rewards of lonely, anxious toil, to purchase the soul-destroying drink, the necessary support of his declining strength, the comfort of his allotted term. In his simple history there appeared nothing to superinduce so fatal a predilection. He had been many years in the settlement, and many before his disposition and character fell prostrate beneath the load of sorrow, sickness, and desolation, which accrued upon his increasing depravity. Formerly employed at the Royal Gardens of Kew, he had been induced to accompany the first governor of the colony for the purpose of pursuing his avocations in a new field, and under auspices which might be said to be most favourable; yet his arrival served but to confirm those previous habits which, alas! in the bright climate of Australia, are but too seductive—too easily provided—for the weakest of human creatures to withstand. So that, after a career of habitual debauch, mingled with privation and exposure among the rocky hills and damp glades in search of botanical treasures, he gave in his heart-sickening end but a melancholy chapter to colonial annals, where the outcast and the socially extinct forms of civilised men are fresh in the memory of the colonist, and breathe sad warnings to posterity. Here, some dreary hollow in the mountains tells its tale of deep revenge or fatal encounter with the savage races; there, some lonely spot in the trackless forest marks where the bones of some lost traveller whitened for years ere they were discovered: all speak, like so many landmarks, to succeeding generations.

But we left the reader on the summit of the first line of hills of the Darling Range, and must hasten to conduct him on his journey. As far as can be discovered in the immediate neighbourhood of the road, the land upon the hills and in the valleys or gullies of the ranges appears useless for any purpose whatever. Large masses of granite with quartz pebbles may occasionally be seen; and when this is not prominent, an ironstone country covered with fine stately timber is met with, relieving to a considerable degree the otherwise forbidding aspect of the range; for be it known that it is the habit of the settler to dwell upon the *available* portions of territory, and, caring little for the picturesque unless it be allied to fertility, to pass over unheeded many pleasing features of the country. The road is one continuous hill and dale, uncheered by the “clearing” of the settler, though much that is now passed by may, at a future time, be turned to account. At the end of about twenty miles the

first sign of the presence of civilised man in the wilderness of forest meets the view, and the primitive little inn of *Balup* appears in sight. The site of this small roadside inn and farm was selected from the superior qualities of a patch of slope bordering a streamlet called the Wooriloo; and which, having been adopted as the "half-way house" of the settlers, had been cultivated with considerable care, and yielded abundantly for the general wants of the occupiers, whose livelihood more particularly depended upon the profits of the small business afforded by this line of traffic with the interior. The dwelling-house and land adjoining were then tenanted by a widow and her daughter, who attended to the cares of the household and the wants of their customers, as well as to the manufacture, whenever their leisure would permit, of flowers constructed with the feathers of the parrot, paroquet, and other birds of rare plumage, and often to the small and beautiful tippet which is formed with considerable labour of the pink down of the white cockatoo. These articles are sold to passers by, and form such presents for England as display to the good people at home the peculiarities of this great southern land.

After leaving this small hostelry, where excellent accommodation for the place and season is afforded, the road becomes more picturesque in character, the ranges more abrupt, the gullies deeper, and the slopes more precipitous and rocky. Towards sunset many of the views thus afforded had even a romantic character, and spoke of the time when civilised man had never planted foot in this domain, and the savage rarely. Again the scenery brightened, and our companion reining up at a turn of the high pass down which we were slowly and cautiously proceeding, commanded us in a voice which might have belonged to the spectre of the Brocken himself, to alight, and render obeisance to the first sign of a rich and fertile territory; which sign appeared in the form of a small and delicately-scented tree, called from the odour of its wood the violet. After the long sameness of the forest ranges we were but too glad to hail anything that in a small degree denoted change; and shortly after the valley of the Avon, some hundreds of feet beneath, burst upon the sight. This fertilising river, which is, in fact, the main tributary of the Swan, was meandering gently between rich flats of alluvial soil; and herds of fat cattle were quietly browsing upon its pastures, or standing in pleasing groups upon the shady sides of the surrounding hills. At length, on the opposite bank, relieving the eye of the monotonous forest-clad hills around, rose substantial farm-buildings, and next fields of waving corn burst in all their verdant freshness upon the sight. If there be an indescribable charm in turning from civilisation to Nature in her solitudes, and then, long absent with her, to feel the requirements of the heart, and retrace our steps; surely there can be nothing more deeply soothing to the mind than the sight of a dwelling rising from out the primeval forest, surrounded by those contrasts which speak of man's dominion and his necessary presence. If such contrasts be pleasing where the clandestine efforts of art can be seen and traced, what can be more gratifying than those which Australia herself voluntarily offers? Peculiar in the construction of her territory and in the disposition of her land, whether fertile or barren, she presents a series of continued contrasts to the gaze of the explorer, which fill his heart with alternate emotions, and send him onward from plain to forest, from desolate tracts to rich alluvial lands, delighted and full of wonder. Here we had left a long dreary road, whose monotony had

been but once broken for more than fifty miles ; and were, like to a scene on the stage, in the heart of a district filled with rich variety of animal life. On one occasion the peculiarity of condition of an old decayed stump was brought under notice. It stood by the wayside, was to all appearance hollowed throughout, both by age and the labours of the ant ; yet from the highest remaining portion of its trunk sprang a small and flourishing tree of a different species altogether, the seed of which had been blown there by the wind.

The whole valley of the Avon is moderately well settled. Passing the farm, first displayed by the limits of the high road, the river is traced onward, winding in a serpentine form amid lofty picturesque hills, among which are several promising estates ; when the country becomes more open, the valleys wider, and the larger hills more isolated in position. One estate in particular, the property of a retired army-captain, embosomed amid high rocky ranges intersecting one another at all points, spoke of the rich and varied deposits of soil which may be found in these primitive valleys. As the country became more open, the ride along the river's bank was exceedingly pleasant, rendered still more so by the level natural roads, which might be well compared with the small avenues leading up, in the pride of centuries, to some of the rural seats of England. At length we arrived at a beautiful little farm, kept by a very hard-working and worthy man, who had risen from the rank of labourer to that of substantial farmer—or yeoman, if it please better : but on *that* we shall ask permission to read a lesson hereafter. This homestead stands upon the right bank of the river ; and on the opposite side may be seen, spread out in all its luxuriance beneath the feet of a huge mount, the more highly cultivated estate of a retired naval officer. At the working farmer's snug and unpretending dwelling we quartered for the night ; and while the wife busied herself in the labours of unvarying colonial hospitality, we had leisure to gaze upon the different matters around us, which plainly marked the frugal and respectable habits of the people. The building itself was formed in the usual manner—of clay external walls of moderate thickness, partitioned off in the interior into two compartments forming the bed-room and the sitting-room : in fact, the general run of farm-houses are so much of this character, that we will more minutely describe the present, which will serve for all the rest.

The most approved method of constructing the walls and out-buildings of colonial homesteads, is by the use of "wattle and dab," which is nothing more nor less than a mixture of stiff clay, in which the small leaves and fibres of the wattle tree are plentifully mingled. This being finished, a common rafter roof of extraordinary pitch is then raised upon the walls, and the whole thatched with straw or reeds. If the walls be tolerably thick, nothing can surpass the coolness of these dwellings ; and, garnished according to financial circumstances with the simple comforts of cottage life, the whole will form an abode which, if not luxurious, is at least unpretending and all-sufficient. The floors are usually those which Nature provided ; and, when kept cleanly swept, and covered with that excellent and cool kind of matting which is procured from the East, are not wanting in convenience or comfort. Such is the simple homestead : the more blessed of the settled community live in habitations constructed after European fashions. The doors and windows of the former are matters of after-consideration—sometimes fitted up with

luxurious glass, at others with but the simple shutter—while each is usually kept open throughout the day, for the free circulation of air, and the occasional passage of more enterprising ants and poultry.

The dwelling wherein we passed the night was of this simple description: the usual trophies of the farm were hung around and from the rafters; and the walls were, moreover, adorned with a few wondrous efforts of art, of a date beyond record, and dimly displaying sea-fights of a singularly smoky and sanguinary character. Wandering out beneath the pale moon ere we retired to rest, when the sound of the night-breeze alone disturbed the perfect tranquillity of the hour, and the dark outline of the mount on the opposite bank of the river gave as it were a curtain to the picture which the lovely night had spread before us, we remember turning over and over again in our mind the many so-called blessings of civilisation which were far off in another hemisphere, and at that hour waking into renewed activity and life. We thought of the great sacrifices which men are said to make when they abandon the homes of their fathers to seek a world elsewhere,—subsistence, and even happiness, beyond the pale of European test and experience. No balls, no routs, no theatres, no gay pageantry were here; no absorbing political strife, to shake an ambitious world at the newly-reclaimed Antipodes. There was the planet which reigned over all, and viewed all in her appointed course; but nothing furnished a clue to the mystery—Here were we, and where were our gains?—in a land where years must elapse ere civilisation can engraft its diseases and its antidotes—can dissolve the barrier, and render each like unto the other! And then we turned our eyes in the direction of the quiet homestead, where every daily occupation had ceased, and nought moved save the restless hound, who, not satisfied unless all were as still as death, wandered to and fro, searching here and sniffing there in his fussy guardianship, and coming anon to poke his cold nose against our hand, in expectation of a patronising caress. The scene was eminently tranquil, and we could all love it—if we could forget. Yes, if we could forget the old ambition—the fabled destiny of our early and late imaginings; if we could believe in primitive life, its unflinching thoughts, its peaceful though lowly inspiration! If the emigrant accomplish these, he is safe: if not, they are to him the ever living fountains of disaster—the cup whose dregs are wormwood, to be drained hourly, daily, yearly.

The morning sun had not risen when we sprang from our couch to try conjecture at a different season. The dawn was more beautiful than the night. We were in a totally different country to any yet experienced since our residence in the colony. It was all good soil, all verdure, all picturesque mountain, and here and there careful cultivation. There was, however, barely a tenth part of the population which might be housed and nourished in pride and plenty in this smiling wilderness; the boundary lines of innumerable untenanted grants had been already passed, and were still visible: there were many to inhabit, but none to claim them by the fair title of labour dispensed and bestowed. The cattle were asking in the most earnest and feeling manner for their daily liberty of the pasture; and the sheep were bleating in their innocent way for the glades and hills around: all spoke of peace, plenty, and harmless, happy enjoyment. Again we asked if the mind could cherish these things, and deem them great and enough; and still

the puzzled brain refused to work. The senses, in truth, were all alive, and quaffing deeply of the novelty and real pleasure of the scene; and we had scarcely commenced upon the contest in a fair and impartial manner, when our companion called us in to breakfast, in order to make an early start before the sun had risen far into the heavens. So we must do so anon.

Following the course of our journey, which now lay towards the York district, we traversed many miles of open woodland, and then turned once more into the ranges, till at last we halted at a hilly road overlooking the beautiful estate called by its native name Mokine, and which takes up a rich narrow vale extending about six miles. The whole of this was comprised in two small farms; that is, it was so divided, and with the comparatively few acres under cultivation might be said to be a waste inviting population and tillage. Enclosed by parallel ranges* of hills, there lie about 8000 acres of rich arable land with abundant springs; and we have thus dwelt upon it to show one single instance of the state of abeyance in which most of the estates of the colony remain at this hour. The remainder of the route to the township of York passes through a more level country, where the lands of smaller settlers lie; and cultivated plots follow in succession, though the traveller is wearied in passing over, for the greater part of the distance, the idle wastes termed large grants, which effectually lock up the resources of this naturally fertile region. At length you arrive by a gradual ascent to the Mount Bakewell Range; and passing down the gorge on the opposite side, an extensive and pleasing view of the small township and farms around is disclosed.

York is more famous for what it is to be than its present actual advancement. There are but few houses in it at present, and these are chiefly inns, the barracks of a small detachment of military, a lock-up, and the abodes and workshops of a few mechanics, who subsist upon the employment afforded them by the settlers in its immediate vicinity. From their small numbers, these workmen are too often found to be a lazy, extortionate set; but competition will soon check them. This town is situated on a level plain in one of the richest districts of the colony. Annual races are held; and several societies are in the habit of holding their periodical meetings here. From its central situation, and the before-mentioned superiority of lands in and around it, York will at some not far distant day become a place of great importance to the district. The principal inn, styled the York Hotel, was kept by a person who had risen from the ranks of the labouring class; and afforded another instance among the many which show that new countries are highly beneficial to all who are disposed to work themselves—and to such alone—of what may be accomplished where the prejudices and feelings of an old country are cast aside and abandoned. The township itself is environed with hills, the loftiest of which is the before-mentioned Mount Bakewell.

The lands were well cultivated in and around, and the spot appeared to be well adapted for an inland residence for Indian visitors; good society and excellent natural roads being found in the immediate neighbourhood. There is one farm in particular, lying at the foot of Mount Bakewell, which is deserving of notice, as it is tenanted by two industrious young men, who came to the colony originally with little pecuniary means either to spend or to invest. After some few years passed in the employment of others, they began, as it is termed, "to feel their legs;" and meeting

with an advantageous improving lease, had rendered a desert spot not only fertile, but adorned with some of the most solid and durable erections it was our good fortune to note. The dwelling-house was of superior construction; it had its detached kitchen, store, granary, and barn, together with a substantial stock-yard and stabling; while the only primitive piece of machinery attached was a wool-press, the power of which was produced from a huge branch of a tree, alternately hoisted and lowered over the lid of the box containing the wool. In all cases, it may be said, where the produce of an establishment will not bear the expense of the usual screw-press, this contrivance answers every purpose to which it can be applied.

We rested here some few days, enjoying the hospitality of these intelligent and thrifty *working men*; and during that period scrambled to the summit of Mount Bakewell, chiefly for the purpose of conning the "Surveyor's Tree," which, from its history, was an affair of importance. It is ever memorable to the colonist, as having been the centre of the first great survey which was held in early years in this part of the country, long ere the ploughman or the shepherd had exercised their appointed tasks over wilds which, since their creation, had been accumulating the riches of vegetable decay. The view looks far into the settled district, and amply repays the struggles of ascent. The Surveyor's Tree bore many initials carved and painted thereon; it was evidently a prominent mark in the survey, as it peers over numerous ranges of hills, which throughout the whole district appear of less elevation. Like many an Australian scene, this lost much of its varied richness in the general sombre colouring of the foliage, though even that was occasionally relieved by the graceful and evergreen leaf of the violet-wood. At some not far distant day, this now insignificant spot will hear from afar the distant hum of busy active life, when the valley of the Avon shall nourish the frugal industry and unambitious longings of a homely yet cultivated population; when Britain shall proudly say, and say in truth, pointing to her Ragged Schools, and the fairly applied bounties of those Universities which are the property of her nation, that education has accomplished this, and that the transfusion of its vitality has forestalled the very rudiments of civilisation. The most remote islands and hitherto forbidding spots upon the earth yet to be peopled, and many already in the process, might thus early germinate the seeds of social wisdom and real happiness, and render that expatriation, which even now is clouded with a thousand regrets, misapprehensions, and domestic as well as intellectual losses, a giving way alone to the destiny of an overpopulated country—a change rather in name, beneficial in most, and probably in all, cases.

Leaving this township, there is a road direct to Guildford, closely resembling that of the Toodyay district, although it cannot be said to be so hilly and rugged, or to present so many difficulties in the shape of gullies and watercourses to the traveller; for in many parts it is as even as a plain, though the whole passes through a monotonous and unwatered country. The first object of interest to be met with is St. Ronan's Well, a watering-place for the travelling teams of the settlers. It owes its present title to general good taste in that remote part of the world, for it originally bore the name of the man who first formed a rude reser-

voir of water at the spot. He was an Irishman, of the name of Ronayne a simple shepherd; and the rude work of his hands is thus dignified by a title romantic and euphonious. Resting here but a space, we arrived at the half-way house, which is about twenty-six miles from the township of York. This is upon a small estate of moderately fair land, purchased for the purposes of an inn; it is surrounded by hills, the echoes from which are very singular. We recollect the numerous repetitions of the barking of a dog on one occasion. As we approached this midway resting-place for travellers, a tree, called the White Gum, and said to be a sure indication of the vicinity of springs of water, told us that the locality had been chosen for this particular and essential advantage. The lowing of oxen, and the hum of distant voices, welcomed us joyfully to this rude approach at civilisation; and if an inn be a glad and pleasing sight to the tired traveller in England, how much more so must it be in Australia, when it comes in its solitariness at last upon the sight—the only object denoting human presence and human aid within a dreary wild, traversed hour after hour! “Excellent forethought of Nature!” we felt prone to exclaim, on reaching this central oasis in the seeming desert, along which we had already, and were still destined to hold a solitary and cheerless path. Lone haven of rest, planted here that the weary settler might regale and repose! It was not long before all that appertained to the spot was revealed to us: on either hand of the small declivity verging from the main road were several small buildings, chiefly stabling and stockyards, adapted for the accommodation of visitors; and beyond this, facing the approach, stood the small tenement styled the inn; the whole forming an unpretending court-yard or halting-place. In and about this locality were to be seen drays, harness, and yoking-gear; the former loaded with produce for the market, or more frequently with articles of domestic use and consumption from the town of Perth, *en route* to the settled districts. The inn itself was, upon the whole, of very fragile construction: it was of wood and brick; and but for the general security of its position, environed by gentle acclivities, and protected by the huge buttresses of the forest, it might long ere that time have groaned and shivered—nay, perhaps fallen—before some huge blast, sweeping in the winter months over forest and hill. It was white-washed inside and out; and having a profusion of green Venetian shutters, particularly on the garden side, looked smart enough. There was one general apartment for visitors, stubbornly and substantially furnished, defying the utmost efforts of heavy-nailed stock boots, or the destructive propensities of the more wayward loungers; leading from this were two or three small dormitories; and about the centre, a door opening upon a flight of steps leading into the garden. This garden, which is the most interesting feature of the place, was well laid out, and with considerable taste: the soil appeared to be good, and a small spring of the purest water trickled unceasingly down the slope upon which it lay. On the opposite hill to this, which was divided from that on which we stood by a small watercourse, frequently dry, appeared a few acres of cultivated land. Poultry and pigs were prevalent, and nought appeared wanting either to our comfort or convenience. In early days, and especially during the season of the York races, when numbers flock over from the capital, and even from the South, this little inn has been the

scene of many a wild revel, and of much reckless extravagance. On the occasion of our visit it was occupied by a few young settlers of more sober mood, either going down to the capital or returning thence ; and who were partaking of a quiet supper of kangaroo steaks as we arrived, which was just at sunset, and in the short twilight which distinguishes these regions.

Leaving the half-way house, no object of interest appears on the road : still the same monotonous hill, gully, and rock, with a burning sun overhead, but slightly shaded by the trees—until at length you arrive at the toll-bar, Mahogany Creek. This latter place is miserable enough, with a doubtful supply of water in the summer season, and barely enough good land for a small garden. Passing this, and for about four miles, we overtook the dray of a settler, and accompanied him as far as the foot of Green Mount, not a great distance from the spot described at the commencement of our journey, and bearing the same features of landscape. Here we left the teams to rest awhile, and proceeded upon the level pretty road leading to Guildford ; thus returning to Perth as we had left it.

It may be remarked of the soil in the valleys of the Darling Range—which valleys are very small, however, in consequence of the hills of which it is composed intersecting each other at all points—that it is generally good ; but there is an absence of water, and in many places a poisonous plant which will destroy sheep, though cattle, we understand, are safe from its effects. The latter is a greater drawback than the former, as, by dint of a little well-applied perseverance and labour, reservoirs may be easily constructed. There can be no doubt that in time to come, when the country shall become more populated, many a lovely spot, here embosomed and shut out save to the denizens of the wild, will bear a smiling home-stead and farm ; indeed, many that we have ourselves seen, and where a temporary bivouac has been formed, have caused us to linger ere we resigned to its primitive state so lovely a locality. There, indeed, we felt the certain melancholy about travelling, which none can experience save those who roll along over sea or plain, marking the domains which man is to inherit of the Earth. It is a sad thing to part from any spot, no matter where, which has interested us by some peculiarity of feature or circumstance of social life ; it is sad to mark each footfall on a sod far distant from a gay and thoughtless world, and, leaving each departing step, to reflect, as the eye oft wanders backward, that we shall probably pass its precincts no more : it is then we almost resolve to demand it of Nature, and pledge ourselves to a future speedy possession.

Such are the eastern districts of the colony. Let us next traverse its southern and sea-board portion.

A FRENCHMAN'S ACCOUNT OF THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

CHAPTER V.

MONSIEUR CASIMIR BLONDEAU VISITS THE THAMES TUNNEL AND THE JUNK, AND AFTERWARDS DINES AT BLACKWALL.

WE resume our narrative from the journal of our enterprising young friend.

"Again a beautiful day. In good spirits we rise, after that delightful Cremorne *soirée*, and, not unregardful of breakfast, prepare for fresh adventures. Some of our companions relate wonderful things of Tunnel and Docks, which create in my bosom an eternal longing to witness them. It is decided that a party of eight, of whom Monsieur Choppin forms one, and which I accompany, shall at once visit those strange places. But, to see all of the grand fast-flowing river that is possible, we determine to part from the Hungerford Suspensions-Bridge. A quick 'bus conveys us once more through Temples-bar and Strand. We alight, and enter a noble market, principally renowned for fishes. Salmon, large as ourselves, are lying flat upon marble beds; some have been guillotined; of others remain but the tails: their flesh is a rich fire-colour. Here too are monster turbot, which twenty men cannot at one meal devour. Lobsters of gigantic size, their heads bristling with spear-points and armed with biting fangs, in scaly armour of a blackish blue, struggle in huge panniers which we will not approach too nearly. Multitudes of other fishes abound, the names of which it is hard to give, for in Paris only upon the table do we know them, disguised by the art of cooks. Some eels we recognise, and red-herrings, but many continue unknown; in vain we look for the tunny, so nobly presented in the grand picture of Joseph Vernet; he is not to be seen.

"While we are gazing in wonder, a loud but friendly voice salutes our ears: we look around; Mr. Brassbridge is there, the man of cotton and dollars with whom we have made the voyage on the railroad from Dover to London. He shakes each of us by the hand many times, exclaiming 'Howdydoo!' the short but expressive English word of polite inquiry after health. Great pleasure is on his face; he has been to Liverpool and back since last we saw him; cotton, he says, is greatly up; he has sold many bales (*ballots*), and made 'a good stroke of business.' (*Il a touché énormément.*) He inquires where we are going? 'To Tunnel and Docks,' I reply. 'I'll show you,' briefly he exclaims. Then, with a look of interrogation, 'Fond of fish?' he asks. 'But yes,' I exclaim, and Monsieur Choppin loudly echoes me, 'We love him much.' 'I'll tell you what it is'—(*Je vais vous expliquer l'affaire*)—replies Brassbridge; 'you fellows shall dine with me at Blackwall. I'll stand Sam. (*A moi le régál.*) We'll see the Tunnel and Docks and everything, and then you shall pitch into (*attaquer*) the white-bait. What do you say, hey?'

"We comprehend this frank and generous hospitality; to refuse it is impossible; bowing we say 'Yes, yes,' and on the face of Monsieur Choppin are bright gleams of a lively satisfaction. 'Come along, then,' exclaims Brassbridge. I take his arm; the rest follow in a fast walk, and soon we are on the Suspensions-Bridge. At the first pier some steps conduct us to a platform, where again are the *maisonnettes* of pikemen, beyond which we cannot pass till we have purchased our tickets. Monsieur Choppin would advance to pay for the party, but such a thing is not

heard of by Brassbridge. 'I frank you all'—(*Je paie pour tout-le-monde*)—he says, rattling the heavy dollars in the pocket of his pantaloons; and not unreluctantly Monsieur Choppin puts up his purse.

"The platform is crowded with persons eager to go in every direction; men in straw hats and linen jackets, with faces burnt to an African brown, stun the ears with loud cries of 'Chelsea,' 'Wauxhall,' 'Greenwich,' and other fashionable places which line the banks of the river; streams of people are ever coming and going in the long narrow steamers made of floating iron. Ceaseless is the movement, without which the Englishman cannot live. He is always going somewhere, and if not *toujours gai*, is at least *toujours busy* (*affairé*). We follow Brassbridge into a boat which lies close to the wharf; and while we are turning round to admire, again we hear the voice of our conductor from a still farther off vessel calling to 'come on,' or we shall be taken to some place where we want not to go. The steam hisses from beneath the paddle-boxes, irritating the waves; but without fear we hurry away, and Brassbridge, with friendly tugs, assists our endeavours. At length we are safe, and wish to part; but not yet will she go, this sharp-pointed angry vessel. While we are pausing I present my comrades to Brassbridge; their names are Pigeonneau, Tiby, Jannetan, Peloton, Babil, and Malingre, of fine republican families, all from the Rue St. Denis. Monsieur Choppin he already knows, and myself. From where we now stand Brassbridge points out to us many remarkable objects. Under the Suspensions-Bridge we perceive the new palace of Lords and Commons, costing already many millions; the Abbey of Westminster; Privy's-Garden, and the house of Sir Peel; Whitehall and its black neighbour, Scotland-Yard, the *quartier* of the coalheavers (*portefaix*), men of a singular costume, wearing breeches (*culottes*) of purple velvet, white stockings (*bas de coton blanc*), short boots (*bottes à la Hongroise*), and fantails (*espèce de chapeau à larges bords—à queue d'éventail*): Brassbridge calls them 'jolly fellows.' In the opposite direction we see a perspective still more grand: *le pont de Waterloo* (finer, in truth, than that of Austerlitz), Somerset House, Lion's Brewery, (*Brasserie des Lions*), Beaufort's-Building—famous for its printer Charles Whiting (*Charles Merlan*)—Adelphi Terrace, and Water Gate, black with the smoke of ages.

"At length we hear them cry 'Shove off;' the captain jumps on his paddles-bosk, the wheels make rapid revolutions, and away flies the steamer like a bird. Uneasily at first we grasp the railings, for fear of tumbling in the water, but this sensation soon yields to the pleasure of quick motion and an assured absence of danger. To smoke is now our wish, and already is my *briquet* in my hand, when a grim-faced tar (*un matelot*) approaches; he utters words which I cannot understand; then he points to the chimney in the middle of the vessel, on which is some writing (*un écriteau*): I read 'No smoking allowed ahaft the tunnel.' To comprehend what this will say I stare in vain, when luckily Brassbridge approaches, and I find that to smoke where we are is not permitted. With polite bows we resign our cigars—the sailor says something in his *argot* to Brassbridge, who laughs—and the affair is at an end.

"A thousand vessels now pass us—some up, some down the river. Many are filled with people who doubtless go to be married, for on them are written the words 'Bride' and 'Bridegroom;' others bear the names of flowers, of stars, of insects, of mermaids, and of tritons (watermen): of these last are a great many. Now we stop to take in more passengers; then onwards we shoot again; on each side rising

towers and chimneys, and the spires of countless churches. At last we pass under Londons-Bridge, where a changed and wonderful scene presents itself. It is no longer the small serpent steamers like that we are in which now we see, but water-giants, whose sides no man can climb. These lie so thickly together that never can they be removed from where they are. For miles and miles it is the same thing; hardly can we discern the city for the multitude of ships, with their tall masts like trees and naked branches. Brassbridge explains everything: without him nothing should we know. Near Londons-Bridge is Billingsgate, where they speak the purest English, similar to the French at Blois; also the ladies there have a great celebrity: they are the *poissardes* of London, and call each other 'fish-fags.' Next comes Tower of London, shining with weathercocks; then 'Pool,' black and dirty with coal-ships—the Englishman's treasure; afterwards, Wapping Old Stairs, celebrated for a beautiful Miss Molly, about whom, in a quavering voice, Brassbridge sings a stanza, interrupting himself to point out where begin the Docks, which now I find are vast reservoirs filled with ships. It is a miracle that we dash ourselves against nothing; but to guard against accident, the captain watches from his paddles-bosk. Now he waves his right hand—now his left; then he says something, which a shrill voice repeats to the fire-burners below; and by these signs and sounds our progress is regulated with an admirable precision.

"Presently our course is stopped, and Brassbridge says, 'This is Tunnel!' We bid adieu to our vessel, and go on shore. We pass through a narrow passage, where sits a pikeman red with heat, and then into a bureau, where for each person is paid a penny—the price of to enter. We then open a door and behold a profound vault, so deep that to peep down it we are almost afraid. But a wide staircase like a corkscrew leads to the bottom, and we hurry down. Arrived at the entrance of Tunnel, our emotions are sublime. Before us are two vast orifices, to the end of which no man can see. In one of these, brilliantly lit with gas, we enter. There is a strange damp smell, like nothing we have ever known; but courageously we move on, though Pigeonneau and Tiby are white with sickness, as when they came to Dover. Brassbridge blows his nose, and says 'It is a mouldy hole;' and adds, that 'after this we must have a drop of brandy' (*une goutte*). On one side of the way are small shops, where these amphibious people, who never see the light of day, sell numberless objects of fantasy—perspectives of Tunnel, engravings, medals, cakes and *bouillons*, gingersbeer, peacocks of spun-glass, and Townbridge-ware. One asks us to be weighed, another to be electrified; and a third invites us to stop and drink hot coffee, which never, from the smell, should I judge to be what it is called. In the middle of Tunnel is a concealed band of music playing lively airs. Here, for a moment, we pause to look backwards and forwards—a faint light at each extremity showing us how far we have come. We salute the memory of the daring engineer, in whose name we recognise our countryman; and for sixpence a-piece (*douze sous chaque*) we buy a medallion with his likeness—a *souvenir* from Tunnel not to be forgotten. At the further end, on the side of the river, the name of which by us is quite unpronounceable (Rotherhithe), is a skilful artist, Sir Catlin, who takes 'a correct likeness in two minutes' for another sixpence. I only of the party consent to sit for my portrait, which I carry away in my pocket. We return as we came, still wondering at the mighty excavation, down the hollow sides of which we see the water trickling, and hurry on. We ascend

the broad staircase; Brassbridge, who is stout, panting and blowing. 'Thank God!' he says, when he gets to the top; 'thank God, that's over!' Not much less rejoiced are Pigeonneau and Tiby. Now it is that Brassbridge insists on the *petit verre* of which he had spoken in Tunnel. To a splendid edifice, which Brassbridge calls 'a gin-palace' (*palais de Genièvre*), we go, and from curiously thick glasses are served with brown and fiery brandy, of which none drink with pleasure, only Brassbridge, Choppin, the *ex-brigadier de gendarmes*, and Jannetan, whose father is a *marchand de vin* in the Rue St. Denis.

"Now we descend to the river, waiting for the steamer which shall carry us to Blackwall. As before, Brassbridge insists on paying for the tickets. Not long is it before one arrives, and, like 'old stagers' (*vieux routiers*), quickly are we on board. There was life in that brandy, although so hot. To describe all we see is not possible. As the fish in the river, so are the ships upon it: the Englishmen call them all 'craft' (*rusés*), on account of the cunning manner in which they get along. More docks, more vessels; never will they finish! On the left hand is Isle of Dogs (*L'Ile de Chiens*), where all is smoke and steam, cement and cast-iron, pitch and tar and timber; on the right are Detfort Docks, floating hospitals (*ambulances à l'eau*) and galleys (*bagnes*); then Greenwich, once a palace of *la Reine Elizabeth*, now dedicated to ancient sailors (*invalides*) who lose their limbs in their terrible combats with our great nation. Here, Brassbridge says, is a noble park, which we partly see, where great *fêtes* are held twice in the year, at which all the 'fashionables' of London assist. It is sorrowful to us to know that it is no longer the season; and Babil, who himself instructs in the dance (*enseigne la danse*), laments it loudly (*à haute voix*). But Brassbridge, who, like most of his countrymen, is *tant soit peu philosophe*, declares 'there is a time for all things,' and directs our eyes to a point of land before the vessel's head, asking if we see that? To this an assent is given, and we learn that there is Blackwall, where we shall dine; but first he says we must see the junk (*la Jonque Chinoise*) of which we have heard so much. Speedily we reach the pier, and again are we on firm earth, though water is on every side. *Nous sommes plus Hollandais qu'en Hollande.*

"Before we go to see this Chinese wonder, Brassbridge leads to 'Brunsuiks Hôtel,' which is to London a *restaurant* such as was formerly to Paris the *Rocher de Cancale*. Here our kind host demands if we will refresh ourselves, to which in the negative we reply, and he then orders dinner 'to be ready in an hour.'

"We part for the junk. It is stationed but a short distance from where we landed. We pass another grand gin-palace, where, with pipes and pewter pots, and purple noses, East Indiamen (as the sailors here are called), are drinking *rum* and *porter*, seated before brown tables of mahogany (*acajou*), and toasting their sweethearts (*leurs maîtresses*). Behind this building are more docks, filled with vessels whose masts reach to the sky, and from whose bosoms are poured the riches of every clime. To see them there is not time, and over a moving bridge (*un pont volant*) we advance to where some figures, fantastically painted, like the *Bains Chinois* on the *Boulevard des Italiens*, assure us is the place we seek. Already we see the masts of the junk, but more than that a high enclosure of boards will not permit. Brassbridge, with nimble feet and ready purse, pays the admission—one *schelling* each—before we

know it; but in our mutual looks there is an understanding of a *revanche* which we have in store.

"We pass through a small pavilion into a garden, not unlike one of the *guinguettes* at the Paris barriers, and the junk itself is plain to our eyes. The *coup-d'œil* is indeed surprising. I call to mind my classical recollections at the *Ecole des Arts et Métiers*. Do I behold an ancient *trirème*, with its lofty prow and still loftier poop? or are we again in the middle ages? It is neither; for on the flags which float from the masts are the dragons of a country which was old when Greece and Rome were young; on the hull of that vessel are monsters painted which only in Eastern imaginations have existed. To sail this ship without rolling over into the ocean would seem impossible; but yet it is here, and three years ago it was in China. An easy slope leads us upon the deck, where, in shapeless tunics and wide pantaloons of serge, with short feet mounted on *chopines*, with the hair twisted round the head and creeping down the back like a black snake, with faces round as moons and brown as chocolate, and eyes that make sharp angles, with nearly invisible noses, stand several natives of that country which is called Celestial. Angels, indeed, are they, but of an opposite kind to those of the Frenchman. These men are grouped round the *cuisine*, where they boil the rice upon which they live; a tame diet, but enough for their energies. Better than the interior is the outside, whereon are painted many gastronomic scenes: cooks with frying-pans, active *marmitons*, and rejoicing guests! To make them fall over each other headlong appears the painter's intention. Next we see the grand *salon*, hung round with lanterns of all colours, and the walls painted with birds and beasts. The golden goddess Chin-Tee, with her twenty-four arms, each bearing some instrument of war or pleasure, sits at the upper end under a rich canopy. Around the *salon* are a thousand *objets* which show themselves to the eyes, but remain not with the memory. The most pleasing remembrance is of the daughters of the Emperor of China, who smile at us from their pictures, as if they would say, Why do not the gentlemen of Paris come to Pekin? *Chez nous il y a déjà bien assez de Pekins! Pourquoi n'y en a-t-il des Pekines!*"

Our translator has purposely abstained from rendering this passage in English.

"We now go on 'upper deck,' where there are more goddesses—to our regret they are only of painted wood: here also are many cases filled with the curiosities which create a museum. Above this another *salon* presents itself, in which we find a noble Chinese, He-Sing, who sells his signature for sixpence; and near him is Sam-Sing, who for five pounds (*cent vingt-cinq francs*) will paint your portrait. For myself I prefer the one that already was made in Tunnel, feeling but small inclination to sit to an artist who paints back-handed (*à l'envers*) and shows himself capable of misrepresenting the features of Europeans *à la Chinoise*. How these *magots vivants* can either write or paint is to me a profound secret, for to all their fingers are nails three inches long, sharp and horny as the claws of birds. To tell what was thought of all the things we see by Peloton and Tiby and Malingre (who greatly resembles the small-faced, wrinkled artist, Sam-Sing) is too much for this place; Brassbridge, who walks arm-in-arm with Choppin, for whom he seems to have formed an affection, is ready to burst with laughter. 'My God!' he cries at every moment, and sharply digs his fist in the ribs of the stout *brigadier*, who laughs yellowly (*rit jaune*) in reply. At last we have done; and

leaving the mandarins to fish for snails, or salmon, or else what they can catch with their ever-ready rods and lines, we depart the junk, and 'make play,' so Brassbridge says, for Brunswiks Hotel.

"We enter a vast apartment set round with numerous tables, as at the *Café de Paris*, or the *Trois Frères Provencaux*, only the looking-glasses and *pendules* are wanting. *En revanche*, on one side it is all window. The table for Brassbridge is in the centre of the *salon*, where it projects towards the river; thus we are enabled to see both up and down: on one hand is Isle of Dogs, with Greenwich, a noble prospect in the distance; on the other Bugsby's-Hole (where formerly the pirates were hung in chains), and the warlike establishment of Woolwich, the Vincennes of London. Smiling waiters with white neckcloths tied in stiff horizontal bows claim from us our hats and walking-sticks, and we seat ourselves at table (*nous nous attablons*). We feel that this will prove a real English dinner (*un véritable dîner Anglais*); and mutually we congratulate, for hunger is now added to our other sensations.

"Civilisation, we see, has already made some progress in this country, for to eat a *potage* we are first invited. But it is the good intention only, not the execution, that we can praise; for in this *potage*, dark and stiff and indescribable, no man could find it difficult to set his spoon upright. Brassbridge, with a burning, purple face, eats it eagerly, stopping only to poke his right hand neighbour, Choppin, in the side, and say to him, 'Capital turtle, ain't it?' to which Choppin, with eyes that run water, says, 'Yes, yes,' and appears to choke. However, we all eat some, though with green fat our jaws are almost sticking together. 'To help it down,' as Brassbridge says, the waiters bring round punch of an icy coldness. This we gladly swallow, and find it excellent; it lifts our spirits, and already we begin to enjoy our condition. Round the *salon* I look at the numerous parties assembled to dine. Many ladies are there, for which pleasure I was unprepared; and amongst them I observed a handsome miss, with blue eyes and hair of gold, smiling greatly whenever she gazes in the direction of where I sit. It is not possible for me to doubt of the cause, and expressively I return her glance, at which she still more sweetly smiles. It is now confirmed what I have always heard, that the English ladies are not fierce ones (*les dames Anglaises ne sont pas farouches*). But to myself this knowledge I keep, for fear that Tiby, or Pigeonneau, or Babil, who are sitting on the same side with me, should observe also, and struggle with me for a prize I intend to win. A fine fortune with that charming miss will crown my desires.

"These thoughts pass quickly through my mind; but now they receive another direction, for the waiters return loaded with dishes, with which the table is filled. They raise the covers, and at once all the fishes of the sea are before us. How to speak of them is the hardest task; to eat them requires alone the perseverance of a famished epicure. Salmon is there drest many ways; first, plainly, in the huge block, which Brassbridge eats, and persuades Choppin to do the same, with a sauce made of melted butter (*beurre fondu*), the juice of cockchafers, called 'soy' (*hannetons pilés*), and 'Harvey,' another unknown liquid, invented by the well-known author of the "*Meditations*;" then in cutlets; then *en croquettes*, in pudding, and *à l'Indienne*, the last with fiery preserves which burn up our throats, and make us loudly call for more iced punch. There also are eels—some fricasseed, some fried, and others stewed. A rare fish, in which we delight, is called 'water-souchy,'

made from flounders (*des limandes*), of which the river is full. Besides these are soles and turbot, and many more kinds, which to our astonishment are served up with sauces which with pleasure we would eat on the *Boulevard des Italiens*. This mystery is afterwards explained by learning that it is to a French cook these noble dishes are owing. To see that we can eat appears a great joy to Brassbridge, who himself sets a good example. 'At a fish dinner,' he exclaims, 'everybody should drink like a fish!' and quickly is poured out for us *du Sherry et du vin de Rhin*. Whenever I drink, cunningly I turn my eye and toast the charming miss, whom I still observe to smile.

"At length these dishes are cleared, but not half the fish are yet eaten. Upon the table are placed large plates of brown bread-and-butter (*tartines de pain bis*), and others holding lemons and cayennes-pepper (*le poivre rose de Cayenne*). We wonder at these preparations, but our wonder increases when all the space between is filled with some of the largest dishes ever seen, which are piled up with fishes so small that not one of them is equal in size to my little finger. We doubt our eyes, thinking what this may mean. We imagine them to be *sardines*, but Brassbridge, in his jovial way, soon undeceives us. 'Now then for the white-bait!' he cries, and with an enormous spoon he shovels a quantity innumerable into my plate. 'Petit poisson of the Thames,' he says, 'mangez, musseer, with brown bread-and-butter.' The waiters fly round with the dishes. We begin to eat, and never then shall we stop. The white-baits, hot and crisp from the fire, crackle and melt in our mouths, and are of a delicious flavour. Brassbridge calls for *Vin du Champagne*. It comes foaming into the broad-headed glasses; down go the white-baits, rendered *piquant* with lemon-juice; down go the brown *tartines*; and at every instant down goes the champagne. Glass after glass disappears, but while the white-baits take one direction the wine takes another; it mounts to our heads: our gaiety of Paris, absent for many days, comes back to us, and loudly we laugh and talk, attracting to us the regard of many. More boldly now I look at the beautiful miss, nor yet has she forgotten to smile. 'Sweet gal,' to myself I say, 'I shall marry you quickly.'

"At last impossible is it for us to eat more white-baits, and vainly the waiters present them. Where they come from, so many of them, is to us a miracle; where they go to, Malingre and Peloton can best explain, for their unbuttoned waistcoats proclaim them bursting. It is well that we pause, or perhaps never should we eat again; and yet such is the kindness of Nature, that in offering to man variety she doubles his powers. Science and experience have disclosed the fact, that long to pursue the same thing is to create disgust. For this reason a Frenchman runs from his wife, and an Englishman puts a rope round her neck and takes her to Smithfield Market to sell her. Owing to the same cause we regain our lost appetites at dinner. *Vive la variété!*

"The next *entrée* is of meats and fowls; *des côtelettes, des pâtés d'huitres et d'homard*, boiled hens, bacons, and again lamb's-ribs, with *sauce aigre-doux*. There is but one rule for a Frenchman to follow in dining in this country—to take every meat he is offered, and sternly to reject every native sauce. It is on that rock the reputation of English cookery is split open. Again we eat till hardly can we move our *macheires*, and Pigeonneau and Tiby are grey (*gris*) with drinking. This I observe to Brassbridge, who, laughing loudly, replies, 'Done brown, hey?' and pledges me in more champagne, over which I wink at the beautiful

miss. Sweet dishes and pastry follow; one of the last—a tart made of rhubarb—being always taken medicinally in England. Some people, I am told, prefer ‘dinner pills,’ which they carry in their pockets. Have we done yet? Not so; still more is there to come—*fromage de Chester*, vast and heavy as a rock of red granite; and, strangely ending so great a repast, is a salad. Brassbridge invites us to drink ale with this mountain cheese. There is a new kind—‘Stogumber’ (*quel drôle de nom !*) which he loudly praises; but to drink any now we are not capable. Finally the table-clothes are removed, the dessert and wine are placed, the Bordeaux is sent round; to which all do honour but Brassbridge alone, who says to me when I ask him if he shall take some, ‘No, musseer; I stick to port.’

“We now carry some toasts. Brassbridge gives the first to ‘The Queen, God bless her;’ then, ‘To the happy union between France and England’ (which, as I look towards the door, where the beautiful miss is now disappearing on the arm of an aged ‘gent,’ I know how to interpret); and then to ‘The party assembled on this occasion’ (when Brassbridge makes a speech, and says ‘on this occasion’ many times over). In return, we drink the health of Brassbridge, and after that we prepare to depart.

“To stand steady after such fast drinking is not easily accomplished, but we can very well see: some of us even see double. On the terrace in front of the stations-house many ladies and gentlemen are walking; amongst them is the handsome miss. In passing I salute, by raising my hat, and the rest do the same. The handsome miss and her papa, with others of their company, enter the stations-house: we also shall return to London. Again does Brassbridge take the tickets, and my friends enter with him the carriages. But I desire to have another look at the lovely miss, and I pass by the carriage into which she has gone. She is seated by the window. A bold and happy thought inspires me. Suddenly I recollect the portrait which was painted for me in Tunnel; I take it from my pocket, and while I gaze upon it for a moment the conductor of the train calls out to me to take my seat. With the quickness of a lightning flash I throw the picture on the lap of the lovely miss; I kiss my hand, and dart away. I am called to by Brassbridge as I go by, but observing a carriage-door open at the end of the train, I jump in, there to feed upon myself with pleasant recollections. In another instant the train is off, and soon I think shall I be in London once more, to see and follow to her home that beautiful creature. Presently the carriage stops—much sooner than I had expected. The door is opened, and with a light step I jump out; but what do I see? I am alone in a desolate place, with high walls round me, above which are the masts of ships, and lofty buildings full of blank windows; and far in front, along the line of rail, I perceive the train from which the carriage in which I sat has been cast off. I dash my hands into my face and utter loud cries, impossible for me to be heard but by a policeman, who comes to ask for my ticket. None have I to give him; it is Brassbridge who has them. He says I must go to the stations-house. ‘Where am I?’ I ask; ‘Is this London?’ A broad grin is on his face as he replies, with the calmness of the imperturbable English, ‘No; this is Poplar!’

“In madness I shake my fist at the train, and gloomily follow the policeman.”

SOAPEY SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A COUNTRY DINNER-PARTY.

"WELL, what sport?" asked Jawleyford, as he encountered our exceedingly dirty friend crossing the entrance hall to his bed-room on his return from his day, or rather his non-day, with the "Flat Hat Hunt."

"Why, not much—that's to say, nothing particular—I mean, I've not had any," blurted Soapey.

"But you've had a run?" observed Jawleyford, pointing to Soapey's boots and breeches, stained with the variation of each soil.

"Ah, I got most of that going to cover," replied Soapey; "country's awfully deep, roads abominably dirty:" adding, "I wish I'd taken your advice, and stayed at home."

"I wish you had," replied Jawleyford, "you'd have had a most excellent rabbit-pie for luncheon. However, get changed, and we will hear all about it after." So saying, Jawleyford waved an adieu, and Soapey stumped away in his dirty water-logged boots.

"*I'm afraid* you are very wet, Mr. Soapey Sponge," observed Amelia in the sweetest tone, with the most loving smile possible, as our friend, with three steps at a time, bounded up-stairs, and nearly butted her on the landing, as she was on the point of coming down.

"I am that," exclaimed Soapey, delighted at the greeting; "I am that," repeated he, slapping his much stained cords; "dirty, too," added he, looking down at his nether man.

"Hadn't you better get changed as quick as possible?" asked Amelia, still keeping her position before him.

"Oh! all in good time," replied Soapey, "all in good time. The sight of you warms me more than a fire would do;" adding, "I declare you look quite bewitching, after all the roughings and tumblings about out of doors."

"Oh! you've not had a fall, have you?" exclaimed Amelia, looking the picture of despair; "you've *not* had a fall, have you? Do let me send for a doctor, and be bled."

Just then a door along the passage to the left opened; and Amelia, knowing pretty well who it was, smiled and tripped away, leaving Soapey to be bled or not as he thought proper.

Our hero then made for his bed-room, where, having sucked off his adhesive boots, and divested himself of the rest of his hunting attire, he wrapped himself up in his grey flannel dressing-gown, and commenced parboiling his legs and feet, amid agreeable anticipations arising out of the recent interview, and occasional references to his old friend "Mogg," whenever he did not see his way on the matrimonial road as clearly as he could wish. "She'll have me, that's certain," observed he.

"Curse the water! how hot it is!" exclaimed he, catching his foot up out of the bath, into which he had incautiously plunged it without ascertaining the temperature of the water. He then sluiced it with cold,

and next had to add a little more hot; at last he got it to his mind, and lighting a cigar, prepared for uninterrupted enjoyment.

"Gad!" said he, "she's by no means a bad-looking girl" (whiff). "Devilish good-looking girl" (puff); "good head and neck, and carries it well too" (puff)—"capital eye" (whiff), "bright and clear" (puff); "no cataracts there. D—n her, she's all good together" (whiff, puff, whiff.) "Nice size too," continued he, "and well set up" (whiff, puff, whiff); "straight as a dairy-maid" (puff); "plenty of substance—grand thing substance" (puff). "D—n me, I hate a weedy woman—fifteen two and a half—that's to say, five feet four, 's plenty of height for a woman" (puff). "Height of a woman has nothing to do with her size" (whiff). "Wish she hadn't run off" (puff); "would like to have had a little more conversation with her" (whiff, puff). "Women never look so well as when one comes in wet and dirty from hunting" (puff). He then sank silently back in the easy chair, and whiffed and puffed all sorts of fantastic clouds and columns and corkscrews at his leisure. The cigar being finished, and the water in the foot-bath beginning to cool, he emptied the remainder of the hot into it, and lighting a fresh cigar, began speculating on how the match was to be accomplished.

The lady was safe, that was clear; he had nothing to do but "pop." That he would do in the evening, or in the morning, or any time—a man living in the house with a girl need never be in want of an opportunity. That preliminary over, and the usual answer "Ask papa" obtained, then came the question, how was the old boy to be managed?—for men with marriageable daughters are to all intents and purposes "old boys," be their ages what they may. Question proposed—"How was the old boy to be managed?" Was Soapey to take him as he had taken Mr. Depecarde—ask what he would come down with; or angle him, as he had done Major Spencer—play one piece of confidence off against another; or take the high horse, as he had often done, and decline being questioned himself.

Soapey became lost in reflection. He sat with his eyes fixed on the Jawleyford portrait above the mantelpiece, wondering whether he was the amiable, liberal, hearty, disinterested sort of man he appeared to be, indifferent about money, and only wanting unexceptionable young men like himself for his daughters; or if he was a worldly-minded man, like old Mr. Moneybags of Worthing, who, after giving him every possible encouragement, sent him to the right about as he would a servant. So Soapey smoked and thought, and thought and smoked, till, the water in the foot-bath again getting cold, and the shades of night drawing on, leaving the little fire the labour of illuminating the whole of the great gloomy apartment, he at last started up like a man determined to awake himself, and poking a match into the fire, lighted the candles on the toilette-table, and proceeded to adorn himself. Having again got himself into the killing tights and buckled pumps, with a fine flower-fronted shirt, ere he embarked on the delicacies and difficulties of the starcher he stirred the little pittance of a fire, and again folding himself in his dressing-gown, endeavoured to prepare his mind for the calm consideration of all the minute bearings of the question by a little light reading. He first tried "*Ruff's Guide to the Turf*," Leger horses, Derby horses, Oaks' fillies; but that did not suit him, and he soon changed for his old friend "*Mogg*." Then in idea he transferred himself to London, now

fancying himself standing at the end of Burlington Arcade, hailing a Fulham or Turnham Green 'bus; now wrangling with a conductor for charging him sixpence when there was a pennant flapping at his nose with the words "ALL THE WAY 3D." upon it; now folding the wooden doors of a Hansom cab in Oxford-street, calculating the extreme distance he could go for an eightpenny fare; until at last he fell into a downright vacant sort of reading, without rhyme or reason, just as one sometimes takes a read of a directory or a dictionary—"Conduit-street, George-street, to or from the Adelphi-terrace, Astley's Amphitheatre, Baker-street, King-street, Bryanstone-square any part, Covent Garden Theatre, Foundling Hospital, Hatton Garden, and so on, till the b-a-n-g, b-a-n-g, b-a-n-g of the gong aroused him to a recollection of his duties. He then up and at his neckcloth.

"Ah well," said Soapey, reverting to his lady love, as he eyed himself intently in the glass while performing the critical operation, "I'll just sound the old gentleman after dinner—one can do that sort of thing better over one's wine, perhaps, than at any other time: looks less formal too," added he, giving the cravat a knowing crease at the side; and if it doesn't seem to take, one can just pass it off as if it was done for somebody else—some young gentleman at Laverick Wells, for instance."

So saying, he on with his white waistcoat, and crowned the whole with a blue coat and metal buttons. Returning his "Mogg" to his dressing-gown pocket, he blew out the candles, and groped his way downstairs in the dark.

In passing the dining-room he looked in (to see if there were any champagne-glasses set, we believe), when he saw that he should not have an opportunity of sounding his intended papa-in-law after dinner, for he found the table laid for twelve, and a great display of plate, linen, and china, greater than any they had yet had.

Soapey then swaggered on to the drawing-room, which was in a blaze of light. The lively, pretty Emily had stolen a march on her sister, and had just entered, attired in a fine new pale yellow silk dress with a point-lace berthe and other hangings.

High words had ensued between the sisters as to the meanness of Amelia in trying to take her beau from her, especially after the airs Amelia had given herself respecting Soapey; and a minute observer might have seen the slight tinge of red on Emily's eyelids, denoting the usual issue of such scenes. The result was, that each determined to do the best she could for herself; and acting upon that principle, Emily proceeded to dress with all expedition, calculating that as Mr. Sponge had come in wet, he would very likely dress at once and appear in the drawing-room in good time. Nor was she out in her reckoning, for she had hardly enjoyed an approving glance in the mirror ere our hero came swaggering in, twitching his arms as if he hadn't got his wristbands adjusted, and working his legs as if they didn't belong to him.

"Ah, my dear Miss Emley!" exclaimed he, advancing gaily towards her with extended hand, which she took with all the pleasure in the world; adding, "And how have you been?"

"Oh, pretty well, thank you," replied she, looking as though she would have said, "As well as I can be without you."

Soapey, though a consummate judge of a horse, and all the minutiae

connected with them, and particularly dexterous at detecting the thimble-rig manoeuvre of a disinterested looker-on, was still rather green in the matter of woman; and having settled in his own mind that Amelia should be his choice, he concluded that Emily knew all about it, and was working on her sister's account instead of doing the agreeable for herself. And there it is where elder sisters have such an advantage over younger ones. They are always shown, or contrive to show themselves, first; and if a man once makes up his mind that the elder one will do, there is an end of the matter; and it is neither a deeper shade or two of blue, nor a brighter tinge of brown, nor a little smaller foot, nor a yet more elegant waist, that will make him change for a younger sister. The younger ones immediately become sisters in the men's minds, and retire, or are retired, from the field—"scratched," as Soapey would say.

Amelia, however, was not going to give Emily a chance; for, having dressed with all the expedition compatible with an attractive toilette—a lavender-coloured satin with broad black lace flounces, and some heavy jewellery on her well-turned arms, she came sidling in so gently as almost to catch Emily in the act of playing the agreeable. Turning the sidle into a stately sail, with a haughty sort of sneer and toss of the head to her sister, as much as to say, "What are you doing with my man?"—a sneer that suddenly changed into a sweet smile as her eye encountered Soapey's—she just motioned him off to a sofa, where she commenced a *sotto voce* conversation in the true engaged-couple style.

The plot then began to thicken. First came Jawleyford, in a deuce of a stew.

"Well, this is too bad!" exclaimed he, stamping and flourishing a scented note with a crest and initials at the top. "This is *too bad*," repeated he; "people accepting invitations, and then crying off at the last moment."

"Who is it can't come, papa?—the Foozles?" asked Emily.

"No—Foozles be hanged," sneered Jawleyford, "they always come—the Blossomnoses!" replied he, with an emphasis.

"The Blossomnoses!" exclaimed both girls, clasping their hands and looking up at the ceiling.

"What, all of them?" asked Emily.

"All of them," rejoined Jawleyford.

"Why, that's four," observed Emily.

"To be sure it is," replied Jawleyford; "five, if you count them by appetites; for old Blossomnose always eats and drinks as much as two people."

"What excuse do they give?" asked Amelia.

"Carriage-horse taken suddenly ill," replied Jawleyford; "as if that's any excuse when there are post-horses within half-a-dozen miles."

"He wouldn't have been stopped hunting for want of a horse, I dare say," observed Amelia.

"I dare say it's all a lie," observed Jawleyford; adding, "however, the invitation shall go for a dinner, all the same."

The denunciation was interrupted by the appearance of Spigot, who came looming up the spacious drawing-room in the full magnificence of black shorts, silk stockings, and buckled pumps, followed by a sheepish-looking, straight-haired, red apple-faced young gentleman, whom he announced as Mr. Robert Foozle. Robert was the hope of the house of

Foozle; and it was fortunate his parents were satisfied with him, for few other people would. He was a young gentleman who shook hands with every body, assented to any thing that any body said, and in answering a question, wherein indeed his conversation chiefly consisted, he always followed the words of the interrogation as much as he could. For instance: "Well, Robert, have you been at Dulverton to-day?" Answer, "No, I've not been at Dulverton to-day." Question, "Are you going to Dulverton to-morrow?" Answer, "No, I'm not going to Dulverton to-morrow." Having shaken hands with the party all round, and turned to the fire to warm his red fists, Jawleyford having stood at "attention" for such time as he thought Mrs. Foozle would be occupied before the glass in his study arranging her head-gear, and seeing no symptoms of any further announcement, at last asked Foozle if his papa and mamma were not coming.

"No, my papa and mamma are not coming," replied he.

"Are you sure?" asked Jawleyford, in a tone of excitement.

"Quite sure," replied Foozle, in the most matter-of-course voice.

"The deuce!" exclaimed Jawleyford, stamping his foot upon the soft rug; adding, "It never rains but it pours!"

"Have you any note, or anything?" asked Mrs. Jawleyford, who had followed Robert Foozle into the room.

"Yes, I have a note," replied he, diving into the inner pocket of his coat and producing one.

The note was a letter—a letter from Mrs. Foozle to Mrs. Jawleyford, three sides and crossed; and seeing the magnitude thereof, Mrs. Jawleyford quietly put it into her reticule, observing "that she hoped Mr. and Mrs. Foozle were well?"

"Yes, they are well," replied Robert, notwithstanding he had express orders to say that his papa had the tooth-ache, and his mamma the ear-ache. So much for leading a man, as the lawyers call it!

Jawleyford then gave a furious ring at the bell for dinner, and in due course of time the party of six proceeded to a table for twelve. Soapey pawned Mrs. Jawleyford off upon Robert Foozle, which gave him the right to the fair Amelia, who walked off on Soapey's arm with a toss of her head at Emily, as though she thought him the finest, sprightliest man under the sun. Emily followed, and Jawleyford came sulking in alone, sore put out at the failure of what he meant for *the grand entertainment*.

Lights blazed in profusion; lamps more accustomed had now become better behaved; and the whole strength of the plate was called in requisition, sadly puzzling the unfortunate cook to find something to put upon each of the dishes. She, however, was one of your real magnanimous-minded women, who would undertake to cook a lord mayor's feast—soups, sweets, joints, entrées, and all.

Jawleyford was nearly silent during the dinner; indeed, he was too far off for conversation, had there been any for him to join in; which was not the case, for Amelia and Soapey kept up a hum of words, while Emily worked Robert Foozle with question and answer, such as

"Were your sisters out to-day?"

"Yes, my sisters were out to-day."

"Are your sisters going to the Christmas ball?"

"Yes, my sisters are going to the Christmas ball," &c., &c.

Still, nearly daft as Robert was, he was generally asked where there was anything going on ; and more than one young la— But we will not tell about that, as he is only one of the very small deer of our story.

By the time the ladies took their departure, Mr. Jawleyford had somewhat recovered from the annoyance of his disappointment ; and as they retired he rang the bell, and desired Spigot to set in the horse-shoe table, and bring a bottle of the "green seal," being the colour affixed on the bottles of a four-dozen hamper of port ("curious old port at 48s.") that had arrived from "Wintle and Co." by rail (goods-train of course) that morning.

"*There !*" exclaimed Jawleyford, as Spigot placed the heavy richly cut decanter on the horse-shoe table. "*There !*" repeated he, drawing the green curtain as if to shade it from the fire, but in reality to hide the dulness the recent shaking had given it ; "that wine," said he, "is a quarter of a century in bottle, at the very least."

"Indeed," observed Mr. Sponge ; "time it was drunk."

"A quarter of a century!" gaped Robert Foose.

"Quarter of a century if it's a day," replied Jawleyford, smacking his lips as he set down his glass after imbibing the precious beverage.

"Very fine," observed Soapey ; adding, as he sipped off his glass, "it's odd to find tawny wine so full-bodied."

"Well, now tell us all about your day's proceedings," said Jawleyford, thinking it advisable to change the conversation at once. "What sport had you with my lord ?"

"Oh, why, I really can't tell you much," drawled Soapey, with an air of bewilderment. "Strange country—strange faces—nobody I knew, and—"

"Ah, true," replied Jawleyford, "true. It occurred to me after you were gone, that perhaps you might not know any one. Ours, you see, is rather an out-of-the-way country ; very few of our people go to town, or indeed anywhere else ; they are all tarry-at-home birds. But they'd receive you with great politeness, I'm sure—if they knew you came from here, at least," added he.

Soapey was silent, and took a great gulp of the dull Wintle, to save himself from answering.

"Was my Lord Scamperdale out ?" asked Jawleyford, seeing he was not going to get a reply.

"Why, I can really hardly tell you that," replied Soapey. "There were two men out, either of whom might be him ; at least, they both seemed to take the lead, and—and—" he was going say "d—n the people," but he thought he might as well keep that to himself.

"Stout, hale-looking men, dressed much alike, with great broad tortoise-shell-rimmed spectacles on ?" asked Jawleyford.

"Just so," replied Soapey.

"Ah, you are right then," rejoined Jawleyford ; "it would be my lord."

"And who was the other ?" inquired Soapey.

"Oh, that beast, Jack Spraggon," replied Jawleyford, curling up his nose as if he was going to be sick ; "one of the most odious wretches under the sun. I really don't know any man that I have so great a dislike to, so utter a contempt for, as that beast *Jack*, as they call him."

"What is he ?" asked Soapey.

"Oh, just a hanger-on of his lordship's: the creature has nothing—nothing whatever; he lives on my lord—eats his venison, drinks his claret, rides his horses, bullies those his lordship doesn't like to tackle with, and makes himself generally useful, as servants-of-all-work say when they advertise for places."

"He seems like a man of that sort," observed Soapey, as he thought over the compliments the two had paid him.

"Well, who else had you out, then?" asked Jawleyford. "Was Tom Washball there?"

"No," replied Soapey; "*he* wasn't out, I know."

"Ah, that's unfortunate," observed Jawleyford, helping himself and passing the bottle to Soapey. "Tom's a capital fellow—a perfect gentleman—great friend of mine. If he'd been out you'd have had nothing to do but mention my name, and he'd have put you all right in a minute. Who else was there, then?" continued he.

"There was a tall man in black, on a good-looking young brown horse, rather rash at his fences, but a fine style of goer."

"*What!*" exclaimed Jawleyford, "a man in drab cords and jack-boots, with the flaps of his hat rather turning upwards?"

"Just so," replied Soapey; "and a double ribbon for a hat-string."

"That's Master Blossomnose," observed Jawleyford, scarcely able to contain his indignation. "That's Master Blossomnose," repeated he, taking a back hand at the port in the excitement of the moment. "More to his credit if he were to stay at home and attend to his parish," added Jawleyford; meaning, it would have been more to his credit if he had fulfilled his engagement to him in the evening, instead of going out hunting in the morning.

The two then sat silent for a time, Soapey seeing where the sore place was, and Robert Foozle as usual seeing nothing.

"Ah, well," observed Jawleyford, at length breaking silence, "it was unfortunate you went this morning. I did my best to prevent you—told you what a long way it was, and so on. However, never mind, we will put all right to-morrow. His lordship, I'm sure, will be most happy to see you. So help yourself," continued he, passing the "*Wintle*," "and we will drink his health, and success to foxhunting."

Soapey filled a bumper and drank his lordship's health, with the accompaniment as desired; and turning to Robert Foozle, who was doing likewise, said, "Are you fond of hunting, sir?"

"Yes, I'm fond of hunting," replied Foozle.

"But you *don't* hunt, you know, Robert," observed Jawleyford.

"No, I don't hunt," replied Robert.

The "green seal" being demolished, Jawleyford ordered a bottle of the "other," attributing the slight discoloration (which he did not discover until they had nearly finished the bottle) to change of atmosphere in the outer cellar. Soapey tackled vigorously with the new comer, which was better than the first; and Robert Foozle, drinking, as he spoke, by pattern, kept filling away, much to Jawleyford's dissatisfaction, who was compelled to order a third. During the progress of its demolition, the host's tongue became considerably loosened. He talked of hunting and the charms of the chase—of the good fellowship it produced; and expatiated on the advantages it was of to the country in a national point of view, promoting as it did a spirit of manly enterprise, and encouraging our unrivalled

breed of horses ; both of which he looked upon as national objects, well worthy the attention of enlightened men like himself.

Jawleyford was a great patron of the chase ; and his keeper, Watson, always had a bag-fox ready to turn down when my lord's hounds met there. Jawleyford's covers were never known to be drawn blank. Though they had been shot in the day before, they always held a fox the next—if a fox was wanted.

Soapey being quite at home on the subject of horses and hunting, lauded all his papa-in-law's observations up to the skies ; occasionally considering whether it would be advisable to sell him a horse, and thinking, if he did, whether he should let him have one of the three he had down, or should get old Buckram to buy some quiet screw that would stand a little work and yield him (Soapey) a little profit, and yet not demolish the great patron of English sports. The more Jawleyford drank, the more energetic he became, and the greater pleasure he anticipated from the meet of the morrow. He docked the lord, and spoke of "Scamperdale" as an excellent fellow—a real, good, hearty, honest, English gentleman—a man that "the more you knew the more you liked ;" all of which was very encouraging to Soapey. Spigot at length appeared to read the tea and coffee riot-act, when Jawleyford, determined not to be done out of another bottle, pointing to the nearly-empty decanter, observed to Robert Foozle, "I suppose you'll not take any more wine ?" To which Robert replied, "No, I'll not take any more wine." Whereupon, pushing out his chair, and throwing away his napkin, Jawleyford arose and led the way to the drawing-room, followed by Soapey and this entertaining young gentleman.

A round game followed tea ; which, in its turn, was succeeded by a massive silver tray, chiefly decorated with cold water and tumblers ; and as the various independent clocks in the drawing-room began chiming and striking eleven, Mr. Jawleyford thought he would try to get rid of Foozle by asking him if he hadn't better stay all night.

"Yes, I think I'd better stay all night," replied Foozle.

"But won't they be expecting you at home, Robert ?" asked Jawleyford, not feeling disposed to be caught in his own trap.

"Yes, they'll be expecting me at home," replied Foozle.

"Then, perhaps, you had better not alarm them by staying," suggested Jawleyford.

"No, perhaps I'd better not alarm them by staying," repeated Foozle. Whereupon they all rose, and wishing him a very good night, Jawleyford handed him over to Spigot, who transferred him to Brown, who passed him to Snell, to button into his booby-hutch.

After talking Robert over, and expatiating on the misfortune it would be to have such a son, Jawleyford rang the bell for the banquet of water to be taken away ; and ordering breakfast half-an-hour earlier than usual, our friends dispersed to bed.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE F. H. H. AGAIN.

GENTLEMEN unaccustomed to public hunting often make queer figures of themselves when they go out. We have seen them in all sorts of odd

dresses, half foxhunters half fishermen, half foxhunters half sailors, with now and then a good sturdy cross of the farmer.

Mr. Jawleyford was a cross between a military man and a dandy, with a slight touch of the squire. The green-and-gold Bumperkin foraging-cap, with the letters "B. Y. C." (Bumperkin Yeomanry Cavalry) in front, was cocked jauntily on one side of his badger-pyed head, while he played sportively with the patent leather strap—now toying with it on his lip, now dropping it below his chin, now hitching it up on to the peak. He had a tremendously stiff stock on—so hard that no pressure made it wrinkle, and so high that his pointed gills could hardly peer above it. His coat was a bright green cut-away—made when collars were worn very high and very hollow, and when waists were supposed to be about the middle of a man's back, Jawleyford's back-buttons occupying that remarkable position. These, which were of dead gold with a bright rim, represented a hare full stretch for her life, and were the buttons of the old Muggeridge hunt—a hunt that had died many years ago from want of the necessary funds (80*l.*) to carry it on. The coat, which was single-breasted and velvet-collared, was extremely swallow-tailed, presenting a remarkable contrast to the barge-built, roomy roundabouts of the members of the "F. H. H.," or Flat Hat Hunt; the collar rising behind, in the shape of a gothic arch, exhibited all the stitchings and threadings incident to that department of the garment.

But if Mr. Jawleyford's coat went to "hare," his waistcoat was all for the "fox." On a bright blue ground he sported such an infinity of "heads," that there is no saying that he would have been safe in a kennel of unentered or unsteady hounds. One thing, to be sure, was in his favour—namely, that they were just as much like cats' heads as foxes'. The coat and waistcoat were old stagers, but his nether man was encased in rhubarb-coloured tweed pantaloons of the newest make—a species of material extremely soft and comfortable to wear, but not so well adapted for roughing it across country. These had a broad brown stripe down the sides, and were shaped out over the foot of his fine French polished paper boots, the heels of which were decorated with long-necked, ringing spurs. Thus attired, with a little silver-mounted whip which he kept flourishing about, he encountered Mr. Sponge in the entrance hall, after breakfast—a meal that we have not thought it necessary to say anything about. Mr. Soapey, like all men who are "extremely natty" themselves, men who wouldn't have a button out of place if it was ever so, hardly knew what to think of Jawleyford's turn-out. It was clear he was no sportsman; and then came the question, whether he was of the privileged few who may do what they like, and who can carry off any kind of absurdity. Whatever uncasiness Sponge felt on that score, Jawleyford, however, was quite at his ease, and swaggered about like an aide-de-camp at a review.

"Well, we should be going, I suppose," said he, drawing on a pair of half-dirty kid gloves, and sabreing the air with his whip.

"Is Lord Scamperdale punctual?" asked Soapey.

"Tol-lol," replied Jawleyford, "tol-lol."

"He'll wait for *you*, I suppose?" observed Soapey, thinking to try Jawleyford on that unerring criterion of favour.

"Why, if he knew I was coming, I dare say he would," replied Jawleyford slowly and deliberately, feeling it was now no time for flashing.

"If he knew I was coming I dare say he would," repeated he; "indeed, I make no doubt he would: but one doesn't like putting great men out of their way; besides which, it's just as easy to be punctual as otherwise. When I was in the Bumperkin—"

"But your horse is on, isn't it?" interrupted Soapey; "he'll see your horse there, you know."

"Horse on, my dear fellow!" exclaimed Jawleyford, "horse on? No, certainly not. How should I get there myself if my horse was on?"

"Hack, to be sure," replied Soapey, striking a light for his cigar.

"Ah, but then I should have no groom to go with me," observed Jawleyford; adding, "One must make a certain appearance, you know. But come, my dear Mr. Sponge, Mr. Soapey Sponge," continued he, laying hold of our hero's arm, "let us get to the door, for that cigar of yours will fumigate the whole house; and Mrs. Jawleyford hates the smell of tobacco."

Spigot, with his attendants in livery, here put a stop to the confab by hurrying past, drawing the bolts, and throwing back the spacious folding doors as if royalty itself were "coming out."

The noise they made was heard outside; and on reaching the top of the spacious flight of steps, Soapey's piebald in charge of a dirty village lad, and Jawleyford's steeds with a sky-blue groom, were seen scuttling under the portico, for the owners to mount. The Jawleyford cavalry was none of the best; but Jawleyford was pleased with it, and that is a great thing. Indeed, a thing had only to be Jawleyford's, to make Jawleyford excessively fond of it.

"There!" exclaimed he, as they reached the third step from the bottom. "There!" repeated he, seizing Soapey by the arm, "that's what I call shape. You don't see such an animal as that every day," pointing to a not badly-formed, but evidently worn-out, over-knee'd bay, that stood knuckling and trembling for Jawleyford to mount.

"One of the 'has beens,' I should say," replied Soapey, puffing a cloud of smoke right past Jawleyford's nose; adding, "It's a pity but you could get him four new legs."

"Faith, I don't see that he wants anything of the sort," retorted Jawleyford, nettled as well at the smoke as the observation.

"Well, where 'ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise,'" replied Soapey, with another great puff, which nearly blinded Jawleyford. "Get on, and let's see how he goes," added he, passing on to the piebald as he spoke.

Mr. Jawleyford then mounted; and having settled himself into a military seat, touched the old screw with the spur, and set off at a canter. The piebald, either mistaking the portico for a booth, and thinking it was a good place to exhibit in, or that he had done enough work the day before (Leather, we may here add, by way of parenthesis, having taken the change out of him with a second fox after Mr. Sponge had gone home), the piebald here proceeded to die in the most approved form; and not all Soapey's "Come-up's" or kicks could induce him to rise before he had gone through the whole ceremony. At length, with a mane full of gravel, a side well smeared, and a "Wilkinson & Kidd" sadly scratched, the *ci-devant* actor arose, much to the relief of the village lad, who, having indulged in a gallop as he brought him from Lucksford, expected his death would be laid to his door. No sooner

was he up, than, without waiting for him to shake himself, Mr. Soapey vaulted into the saddle, and seizing him by the head, let in the Latchfords in a style that satisfied the hack he was not going to canter in a circle. Away he went, best pace; for, like all Mr. Soapey's horses, he had the knack of going, the general difficulty being to get them to go the way they were wanted.

Soapey presently overtook Mr. Jawleyford, who had been brought up by a gate, which he was making sundry ineffectual passes and efforts to open; the gate and his horse seeming to have combined to prevent his getting through. Though an expert swordsman, he had never been able to accomplish the art of opening a gate, especially one of those gingerly-balanced, spring-snecked things that require to be taken at the nick of time, or they just drop to as the horse gets his nose to them.

"Why arn't you here to open the gate?" asked Jawleyford, snappishly, as the blue boy bustled up as his master's efforts became more hopeless at each attempt.

The lad, like a wise fellow, dropped from his horse, and opening it with his hands, ran it back on foot.

Jawleyford and Soapey then rode through.

Canter, canter, canter, Jawleyford went, with an arm a-kimbo, head well up, legs well down, toes well pointed, as if he were going to a race, where his work would end on arriving, instead of to a fox-hunt, where it would only be beginning.

"You are rather hard on the old nag, arn't you?" at length asked Soapey, as, having cleared the rushy, swampy park, they came upon the macadamised turnpike, and Jawleyford selected the middle of it as the scene of his further progression.

"Oh no!" replied Jawleyford, tit-tup-ing along with a loose rein, as if he was on the soundest, freshest-legged horse in the world; "oh no! my horses are used to it."

"Well, but if you mean to hunt him," observed Soapey, "he'll be blown before he gets to cover."

"Get him in wind, my dear fellow," replied Jawleyford, "get him in wind," touching the horse with the spur as he spoke.

"Faith, but if he was as well on his legs as he is in his wind, he'd not be amiss," rejoined Soapey.

So they cantered and trotted and trotted and cantered away, Soapey thinking he could afford pace as well as Jawleyford. Indeed, a horse has only to become a hack, to be able to do double the work he was ever supposed to be capable of.

But to the meet.

Scrambleford Green was a small straggling village on the top of a somewhat high hill, that divided the vale in which Jawleyford Court was situated, from the more fertile one of Farthinghoe, in which Lord Scamperdale lived.

It was one of those out-of-the-way places at which the meet of the hounds, and a love feast or fair, consisting of two fiddlers (one for each public-house), a few unlicensed packmen, three or four gingerbread stalls, a drove of cows and some sheep, form the great events of the year, among a people who are thoroughly happy and contented with that amount of gaiety. Think of that, you "used up" young gentlemen of

twenty, who have exhausted the pleasures of the whole world! The hounds did not come to Scrambleford Green often, for it was not a favourite meet; and when they did come, Frostyface and the men generally had them pretty much to themselves. This day, however, was the exception; and Old Tom Yarnley, whom age had bent nearly double, and who hobbled along on two sticks, declared, that never in the course of his recollection, a period extending over the best part of a century, had he seen such a "sight of red coats" as mustered that morning at Scrambleford Green. It seemed as if there had been a sudden rising of sportsmen. What brought them all out? What brought Mr. Puffington, the master of the Hanby hounds, out? What brought Blossomnose again? What Mr. Wake, Mr. Fossick, Mr. Fyle, who had all been out the day before?

Reader, the news had spread throughout the country that there was a great writer down; and they wanted to see what he would say of them—they had come to sit for their portraits, in fact. There was a great gathering, at least for the Flat Hat Hunt, who seldom mustered above a dozen. Tom Washball came, in a fine new coat and new flat-flipped hat with a broad binding; also Mr. Sparks, of Spark Hall; Major Mayo; Mr. Archer, of Cheam Lodge; Mr. Reeves, of Coxwell Green; Mr. Bliss, of Boltonshaw; Mr. Joyce, of Ebstone; Dr. Capon, of Calcot; Mr. Dribble, of Hook; Mr. Slade, of Three-Burrow Hill; and several others. Great was the astonishment of each as the other cast up.

"Why, here's Joe Reeves!" exclaimed Blossomnose. "Who'd have thought of seeing you?"

"And who'd have thought of seeing *you*?" rejoined Reeves, shaking hands with the jolly old nose.

"Here's Tom Washball in time, for once, I declare!" exclaimed Mr. Fyle, as Mr. Washball cantered up in apple-pie order.

"Wonders will never cease!" observed Fossick, looking Washy over.

So the field sat in a ring about the hounds, in the centre of which, as usual, were Jack and Lord Scamperdale, looking, with their great tortoiseshell-rimmed spectacles, and short gray whiskers trimmed in a curve up to their noses, like a couple of horned owls in hats.

"Here's the man on the cow!" exclaimed Jack, as he espied Soapey and Jawleyford rising the hill together, easing their horses by standing in their stirrups and holding on by their manes.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Lord Scamperdale, turning his horse in the direction Jack was looking, and staring for hard life too. "So there is, I declare!" observed he. "And who the deuce is this with him?"

"That ass Jawleyford, as I live!" exclaimed Jack, as the blue boy now hove in sight.

"So it is!" said Lord Scamperdale; "the confounded *humbug*!"

"This boy'll be after one of the young ladies," observed Jack; "not one of the writing chaps we thought he was."

"Shouldn't wonder," replied Lord Scamperdale; adding, in an under tone, "I vote we have a rise out of old Jaw. I'll let you in for a good thing—you shall *dine* with him."

"Not I," replied Jack.

"You *shall*, though," replied his lordship, firmly.

"*Pray* don't!" entreated Jack.

"By the powers, if you don't," rejoined his lordship, "you shall not have a mount out of me for a month."

While this conversation was going on, Jawleyford and Soapey, having risen the hill, had resumed their seats in the saddle, and Jawleyford, setting himself in attitude, tickled his horse with his spur, and proceeded to canter becomingly up to the pack; Soapey and the groom following a little behind.

"Well, Jawleyford, my dear fellow!" exclaimed Lord Scamperdale, putting his horse on a few steps to meet him as he came flourishing up; "Well, Jawleyford, my dear fellow, I'm delighted to see you," extending a hand as he spoke. "Jack, here, told me that he saw your flag flying as he passed, and I said what a pity it was but I'd known before; for Jawleyford, said I, is a *real* good fellow, and has asked me to dine so often that I'm almost ashamed to meet him; and it would have been such a nice opportunity to have volunteered a visit, the hounds being here, you see."

"Oh, that's so kind of your lordship!" exclaimed Jawleyford, quite delighted—"that's so kind of your lordship—that's just what I like!—that's just what Mrs. Jawleyford likes!—that's just what we all like!—coming without fuss or ceremony, just as my friend Mr. Sponge, Mr. Soapey Sponge here, does. By-the-way, will your lordship give me leave to introduce my friend Mr. Sponge—Mr. Soapey Sponge, my Lord Scamperdale." Jawleyford suiting the action to the word, and manœuvring the ceremony.

"Ah! I made Mr. Sponge's acquaintance yesterday," observed his lordship drily, giving a sort of servants' touch of his hat as he scrutinised our friend through his formidable glasses; adding—"To tell you the truth," addressing himself in an under tone to Soapey, "I took you for one of those nasty writing chaps, who I abominate. But," continued his lordship, returning to Jawleyford, "I'll tell you what I said about the dinner. Jack, here, told me the flag was flying; and I said I only wished I'd known before, and I would certainly have proposed that Jack and I should dine with you, either to-day or to-morrow; but unfortunately I'd engaged myself to my Lord Barker's not five minutes before."

"Ah, my lord!" exclaimed Jawleyford, throwing out his hand and shrugging his shoulders as if in despair, "you tantalise me—you do indeed. You should have come, or said nothing about it. You distress me—you do indeed."

"Well, I'm wrong, perhaps," replied his lordship, patting Jawleyford encouragingly on the shoulder; "but however, I'll tell you what," said he, "Jack here's not engaged, and he shall come to you."

"Most happy to see Mr.—*ha—hum—haw*—Jack—that's to say, Mr. Spraggon," replied Jawleyford, bowing very low, and laying his hand on his heart, as if quite overpowered at the idea of the honour.

"Then that's a bargain, Jack," said his lordship, looking knowingly round at his much disconcerted friend; "you dine and stay all night at Jawleyford Court to-morrow; and *mind*," added he, "make yourself agreeable to the ladies."

"Couldn't your lordship arrange it so that we might have the pleasure of seeing you both on some future day?" asked Jawleyford, anxious to

avert the Jack calamity. "Say next week," continued he; "or suppose you meet at the Court?"

"*Ha—he—hum.* Meet at the Court," mumbled his lordship—"meet at the Court—*ha—he—ha—hum—no*; that won't do—got no foxes."

"*Plenty* of foxes, I assure you, my lord!" exclaimed Jawleyford. "*Plenty* of foxes!" repeated he.

"We never find them, then, somehow," observed his lordship, drily; "at least none but those beggars in the laurels at the back of the stables."

"Ah! that will be the fault of the hounds," replied Jawleyford; "they don't take sufficient time to draw—run through the covers too quickly."

"Fault of the hounds be hanged!" exclaimed Jack, who was the champion of the pack generally. "There's not a more patient, pains-taking pack in the world than his lordship's."

"Ah—well—ah—never mind that," replied his lordship, "Jawleyford and you can settle that point over your port to-morrow; meanwhile, if your friend Mr. What's-his-name here, 'll get his horse," continued his lordship, addressing himself to Jawleyford, but looking at Soapey, who was still on the piebald, "we'll throw off."

"Thank you, my lord," replied Soapey; "but I'll mount at the cover side." Soapey not being inclined to let the numerous Flat Hat Hunt field see the difference of inclination that occasionally existed between the gallant brown and himself.

"As you please," rejoined his lordship, "as you please," jerking his head at Frostyface, who forthwith gave the office to the hounds; whereupon all was commotion. Away the cavalcade went, and in less than five minutes the late bustling village resumed its wonted quiet; the old man on sticks, two crones gossiping at a door, a rag-or-anything-else-gatherer going about with a donkey, and a parcel of dirty children tumbling about on the green, being all that remained on the scene. All the able-bodied men had followed the hounds. Why the hounds had ever climbed the long hill seemed a mystery, seeing that they returned the way they came.

Jawleyford, though sore disconcerted at having "Jack" pawed upon him, stuck to my lord, and rode on his right with the air of a general. He felt he was doing his duty as an Englishman in thus patronising the hounds—encouraging a manly spirit of independence, and promoting our unrivalled breed of horses. The post-boy trot at which hounds travel, to be sure, is not well adapted for dignity; but Jawleyford flourished and vapoured as well as he could under the circumstances, and considering they were going down hill. Lord Scamperdale rode along, laughing in his sleeve at the idea of the pleasant evening Jack and Jawleyford would have together, occasionally complimenting Jawleyford on the cut and condition of his horse, and advising him to be careful of the switching raspers with which the country abounded, and which might be fatal to his nice nutmeg-coloured trousers. The rest of the "field" followed, the fall of the ground enabling them to see "how thick Jawleyford was with my lord." Old Blossomnose, who, we should observe, had slipped away unperceived on Jawleyford's arrival, took a bird's-eye view from the rear. Naughty Blossom was riding the horse that ought to have gone in the "chay" to Jawleyford Court.

Soapey having inveigled the brown under lee of an outhouse as the field moved along, was fortunate enough to achieve the saddle without disclosing the secrets of the stable; and as he rejoined the throng in all the pride of shape, action, and well-groomed condition, even the top-sawyers, Fossick, Fyle, Bliss, Archer, and others, admitted that he was not a bad-looking horse; while the humbler-minded ones eyed Soapey with a mixture of awe and envy, thinking that literature must be an uncommon good trade to stand such a horse.

"Is your friend What's-his-name, there, a workman?" asked Lord Scamperdale, nodding towards Soapey as he trotted Hercules gently past on the turf by the side of the road along which they were riding.

"Oh, no," replied Jawleyford, tartly. "Oh, no—gentleman; man of property—large property."

"I did not mean was he a mechanic," explained his lordship drily, "but a workman; a good 'un across country, in fact." His lordship working his arms as if he was going to set-to for a tussle.

"A first-rate man!—*first-rate man!*" replied Jawleyford; "beat them all at Laverick Wells."

"I thought so," observed his lordship; adding to himself, "then Jack shall take the conceit out of him."

"Jack!" hollloed he over his shoulder to his friend, who was jogging a little behind; "*Jack!*" repeated he, "that Mr. Soapey Something—"

"*Sponge!*" observed Jawleyford, with an emphasis.

"That Mr. Soapey Sponge," continued his lordship, "is a stranger in the country: have the kindness to take *care* of him. You know what I mean?"

"Just so," replied Jack; "I'll take care of him."

"Most polite of your lordship, I'm sure," said Jawleyford, with a low bow, and laying his hand on his breast. "I can assure you I shall never forget the marked attention I have received from your lordship this day."

"Thank you for nothing," grunted his lordship to himself.

Bump, bump; trot, trot; jabber, jabber, on they went as before.

They had now got to the cover, Ticker Gorse, and ere the last horsemen had reached the last angle of the long hill, Frostyface was rolling about on foot in the luxuriant evergreen: now wholly visible, now all but overhead, like a man buffeting among the waves of the sea. Save Frosty's cheery voice encouraging the invisible pack to "wind him!" and "rout him out!" an injunction that the shaking of the gorse showed they willingly obeyed, and an occasional exclamation from Jawleyford, of "Beautiful! beautiful!—never saw better hounds!—can't *be* a finer pack!" not a sound disturbed the stillness of the scene. The waggoners on the road stopped their wains, the late noisy ploughmen leaned vacantly on their stilts, the turnip-pullers stood erect in air, and the shepherds' boys deserted the bleating flocks;—all was life and joy and liberty—"Liberty, equality, and foxhunt-ity!"

"*Yo—i—cks*, wind him! *Y—o—o—icks!* rout him out!" went Frosty; occasionally varying the entertainment with a loud crack of his heavy whip, when he could get upon a piece of rising ground to clear the throng.

"*Tally-ho!*" screamed Jawleyford, hoisting the Bumperkin Yeomanry cap in the air. "*Tally-ho!*" repeated he, looking triumphantly round, as much as to say, "What a clever boy am I!"

"*Hold your noise!*" roared Jack, who was posted a little below. "Don't you see it's a *hare*?" added he, amidst the uproarious mirth of the company.

"I haven't your great staring specs on, or I should have seen he hadn't a tail," retorted Jawleyford, nettled at the tone in which Jack had addressed him.

"Tail be ——!" replied Jack with a sneer; "who but a tailor would call it a tail?"

Just then a light low squeak of a whimper was heard in the lowest, thickest part of the gorse, and Frostyface cheered the hound to the echo. "*Hoick* to Pillager! *H—o—o—ick!*" screamed he, in a long drawn note that thrilled through every frame, and set the horses a-capering.

Ere Frosty's prolonged screech was fairly finished, there was such an outburst of melody, and such a shaking of the gorse-bushes, as plainly showed there was no safety for Reynard in cover; and great was the bustle and commotion among the horsemen. Mr. Fossick lowered his hat-string and ran the fox's-tooth through the buttonhole; Fyle drew his girths; Washball took a long swig at his hunting-horn-shaped monkey; Major Mayo and Mr. Archer threw away their cigar ends; Mr. Bliss drew on his dogskin gloves; Mr. Wake rolled the thong of his whip round the stick, to be better able to encounter his puller; Mr. Sparks got a yokel to take up a link of his curb; George Smith and Joe Smith looked at their watches; Sandy McGregor, the factor, filled his great Scotch nose with Irish snuff, exclaiming, as he dismissed the balance from his fingers by a knock against his thigh, "Oh, my mon, aw think this tod will gie us a ran!" while Blossomnose might be seen stealing gently on, on the far side of a thick fence, thinking to shirk Jawleyford, and get a good start into the bargain.

In the midst of these and similar preparations for the fray, up went a whip's cap at the low end of the cover; and a volley of "*Tallyhos*" burst from our friends, as the fox, whisking his white-tipped brush in the air, was seen stealing away over the grassy hill beyond. What a commotion was there! How pale some looked! how happy others!

"*Sing out, Jack! for heaven's sake, sing out!*" exclaimed Lord Scamperdale; an enthusiastic sportsman, always as eager for a run as if he had never seen one. "Sing out, Jack; or, by Jove, they'll over-ride 'em at starting!"

"*HOLD HARD, gentlemen,*" roared Jack, clapping spurs into his grey, or rather into his lordship's grey, dashing in front, and drawing the horse across the road to stop the progression of the field. "*HOLD HARD, one minute!*" repeated Jack, standing erect in his stirrups, and menacing them with his whip (a most formidable one). "Whatever you do, *pray* let them get away! *Pray* don't spoil your own sport! Pray remember they're his lordship's hounds!—that they cost him five-and-twenty underd a-year—two thousand five underd a-year! And where, let me ax, with wheat down to nothing, would you get another master if he was to throw up?"

As Jack made this inquiry, he took a hurried glance at the now pouring-out pack; and seeing they were safe away, he wiped the foam from his mouth on his sleeve, dropped into his saddle, and catching his horse short round by the head, clapped spurs into his sides, and galloped away, exclaiming,

"Now, damme, we'll all start fair!"

Then there was such a scrimmage! such jostling and elbowing among the jealous ones; such ramming and cramming among the eager ones; such begging pardons among the polite ones; such spurting of ponies, such clambering of cart-horses! All were bent on going as far as they could—all except Jawleyford, who sat curvetting and prancing in the patronising sort of way gentlemen do who encourage hounds for the sake of the manly spirit the sport engenders, and the advantage hunting is of in promoting the unrivalled breed of our cavalry horses—Bumperkin Yeomaury ones, to wit.

His lordship having slipped away, horn in hand, under pretence of blowing the hounds out of cover, as soon as he set Jack at the field, had now got a good start, and, horse well in hand, was sailing away at their sterns.

"*F-o-o-r-r-a-rd!*" screamed Frostyface, coming up alongside of him, holding his horse—a magnificent thoroughbred bay—well by the head, and settling himself into his saddle as he went.

"*F-o-o-r-rard!*" screeched his lordship, thrusting his spectacles on to his nose.

"*Twang—twang—twang,*" went the huntsman's deep-sounding horn.

"*T'weet—t'weet—t'weet,*" went his lordship's shriller one.

"We are in for a stinger, my lurd," observed Jack, returning his horn to the case.

"I hope so," replied his lordship, putting his horn in his pocket.

They then flew the first fence together.

"*F-o-r-r-rard!*" screamed Jack in the air, as he saw the hounds packing well together, and racing with a breast-high scent.

"*F-o-r-rard!*" screamed his lordship, who was a sort of echo to his huntsman, just as Jack Spraggon was echo to his lordship.

"He's away for Gunnersby Craigs," observed Jack, pointing that way, for they were good ten miles off.

"Hope so," replied his lordship, for whom the distance could never be too great, provided the pace corresponded.

"*F-o-o-r-rard!*" screamed Jack.

"*F-o-r-rard!*" screeched his lordship.

So they went flying and "farrarding" together; none of the field—thanks to Jack Spraggon being able to overtake them.

"*Y-o-o-nder* he goes!" at last cried Frosty, taking off his cap as he viewed the fox, some half mile ahead, stealing away round Newington hill.

"*Tallyho!*" screeched his lordship, riding with his flat hat in the air by way of exciting the striving field to still further exertion.

"He's a good-un!" exclaimed Frosty, eyeing the fox's going.

"He is that!" replied his lordship, staring at him with all his might.

Then they rode on, and were presently rounding Newington hill themselves, the hounds packing well and carrying a famous head.

THE CLOSING OF THE OPERA.

HERE we are again at the end of August, and we find one more Opera season behind us—one more quiet opportunity to sit down (anywhere but in our opera-box), and, with folded arms, to survey the merits, the perils, and the triumphs of the great LUMLEY.

It is a trite observation, that men in power seldom repose on beds of roses; but the position of the operatic manager in this respect is particularly tantalising. He is obliged to occupy his whole time in erecting bowers of roses for his patrons, without reserving one solitary leaf for himself. He plucks the flowers from his bountiful garden, showers them upon his friends, and then rests as well as he can upon the thorns.

The season just over has been remarkable, both for its perils, and for the good fortune with which these have been surmounted. Every now and then we have had the darkness which comes over one when entering a tunnel, followed by the sudden flash of light which salutes one on leaving it. Even before the season, lowering clouds began to show themselves; and some people were wicked enough to prophesy that the Opera-house would not open at all. That great, magnificent building at the corner of the Haymarket was to remain mournfully locked up throughout a whole summer, uncheered by the voice of the singer or the echoing foot of the *danseuse*. The dismal prognosticators little knew the vitality of the establishment or of Lumley. You might as well attempt to check the growth of an oak by laying a few pounds' weight on its summit, as try to arrest the energies of that untiring genius by a handful of adverse circumstances. The Opera *did* open at its appointed time; Alboni, one of the most charming vocalists in the world, was at first the *prima donna*. A neat success was achieved by Madame Giuliaui, who afterwards appeared as a very superior *Adalgisa*, and Easter was reached with safety.

However, the period before Easter, as we have learnedly shown long ago, tries no point. Splendid victories are not then to be gained; and if there is a loss, it is not very compromising. "What will he do *after* Easter?" asked the respectable body of croakers.

The success of Mademoiselle Parodi in "Norma" was the first achievement, and was important enough to attract the attention of the town; but the grand feature of the time immediately after Easter was the re-appearance of Mademoiselle Jenny Lind. We mean the re-appearance as an acting vocalist—not at the "classical concert," which even the nightingale could not render palatable to the yawning *habitues*. There were to have been six of these lugubrious entertainments, but the failure of "Zauberflöte" was at once detected, and Jenny preferred a resumption of theatrical costume to a toilsome succession of ineffective performances. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm which greeted her *Amina*—not even that which first welcomed her in 1847. Jenny Lind has certainly firm hold on the heart of the public, which is rarely attained by an artist. She has succeeded in gaining, not only the admiration, but the love of the English nation. This fact is to be tested, not only by the applause that has made the theatre reverberate every night of her performance, but by conversations without the walls. Enter any vehicle for land or water travelling, and you will find Jenny Lind a

popular theme for discussion. Her artistic merits and her charitable acts are alike talked over with fervour; and persons profess to have heard Jenny Lind, who never entered the doors of the Opera-house to hear any other performer.

The period during which she remained before the public this year was short and brilliant. When she had departed, the croakers again raised their voices. "What is to be the attraction now?" Nothing could be more delightful than the performance of Alboni in the several characters in which she appeared after the departure of Jenny; still, as we observed last month, it was universally felt that a strong excitement was necessary to fill up about six weeks of the season.

We have said already, and the public has seen with its own eyes, how completely the difficulty was solved by the return to the stage of the Countess de Rossi. To all those who look back to the season of 1849, her re-appearance will come out among other events as the great feature of that season. She stands at present as the grand object of public attention; her biography is the *brochure* of the day; and a brilliant provincial career will be the sure sequence of her London triumph.

Madame Sontag may be considered especially the favourite of the aristocracy. By her connexions and by her manners she belongs essentially to the highest class, and every part that she undertakes she construes from the ladylike point of view. If, as in *Susanna*, she has to assume the archness of the *soubrette*, she is most careful that the archness shall involve nothing of pertness or vulgarity. It is her tendency always to soften down the less refined peculiarities of character, and to give an idealised version, in which, however, there is nothing insipid. Her singing is the very *perfection of perfection*; and probably no vocalist who has ever trod the stage has attained to such a degree the power of distinctive articulation and shadowing. The "Deh vieni," in "Figaro," was a perfect luxury of song.

As for the dancing department, we beg to thank Mr. Lumley for the abolition of that heavy recreation, the grand ballet, which cost a world of money, and produced a world of weariness. An idea neatly set forth by means of dancing, and gracefully decorated with costume and one or two scenes, is all that is required by the epicurean votaries of Terpsichore. Out on the heavy processions, and the lifeless pantomime, and the dull comic fathers, who in vain labour to get humour out of stage-conventionalities, and the long stories which nobody understands! One or two striking *tableaux*, like those in "Les Plaisirs d'Hiver," where ballet fun is carried to its highest pitch—one neat, "spicy" little combination, with Carolina Rosati as the principal figure—and we shall be perfectly satisfied.

So now we take leave of the Opera for the good year 1849, hoping that in 1850 we shall again look upon Sontag, Parodi, and Rosati, and still find ourselves admiring the spirit, tact, and integrity of our old friend Mr. Lumley.

THE THEATRES.

A REVIEW of the theatres at present would be a critique on the aspect of closed doors. We see manifestations precursory to renewed activity in September, but nothing is at present fairly above ground.

LITERATURE.

THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.*

LIKE Canada, the Cape has for some time back been a hotbed of colonial controversy. When war broke out in Kafirland in 1846, popular accounts unanimously concurred in representing wars with the Kafirs as being invariably caused by the most unprovoked and wanton aggression on the part of a set of wily, treacherous, and ferocious savages; while, on the other hand, the colonial press, and certain missionary writers belonging to what has been called the "Philanthropist" party, unhesitatingly placed the whole blame at the door of "the rapacious, encroaching, and insatiable colonists."

The work now before us, written by two most competent individuals, Colonel Napier and Mrs. Ward—both some time resident at the Cape and in Kafirland, both trained by habits of observation and reflection to judge for themselves, and both distinguished in the world of literature—is devoted in its earlier parts to combating the misrepresentations of the so-called philanthropists, and to exposing the errors that have been entailed by the false position in which such views have placed the colonist and the native.

Upon the arrival of both the above parties the old system had again been brought into play—a mistaken philanthropy was again in the ascendant; and the consequence was that, instead of fighting, truces, palavers, proclamations, and protestations were the order of the day; "and these crafty barbarians, after having worsted us in the field, now fairly outwitted us in the cabinet."

We have already related from Mrs. Ward's "Five Years in Kafirland," how the chiefs, Sandilla and Macomo, gained time by their protestations, until, when it pleased them to throw off their disguise, the commissariat was nigh exhausted, the summer heat intolerable, and the herbage dried up, so that the advance of the army was rendered more and more difficult. We also alluded to that extraordinary act, called "Registration," which enabled any Kafir possessed of a ticket to claim back the colonists' cattle which had been recovered by force of arms. Colonel Napier speaks of this truly absurd and unjust regulation in language similar to that held previously by Mrs. Ward.

Colonel Napier and Mrs. Ward also alike argue, first, that the Kafirs are mis-called aborigines, for they took the land they hold from the Bushmen; and secondly, that these people have, instead of being ill-treated and oppressed, invariably met with too much leniency and kindness, alike from the government and the colonists; have been assisted in time of need, and saved by us from the devastating irruptions of hordes of the same race; and that, instead of evincing gratitude for these good offices, the Kafir has returned their kindness by treachery of the deepest dye, the murder of the settlers, the destruction of their homesteads—in fact, by plunder and rapine on the most sweeping scale.

The author and the editress alike proclaim the injustice of impeaching a community or a system for the errors of individuals; but they do not hesitate to say that there have been among the missionaries illiterate men, who, under the mask of religion, have spread discontent, distrust,

* Past and Future Emigration; or, the Book of the Cape. Edited by the Author of "Five Years in Kafirland." T. C. Newby.

and idleness about them. The appointment, happily, of a bishop and of accredited ministers will be the first step towards weeding this sacred vineyard of such ignorant and vicious men.

It was the same mistaken philanthropy, which has always been legislating in favour of the savage to the neglect of the colonist, which brought about a few years ago the emigration *en masse* of a large portion of the Dutch Boers; whereby the colony lost many thousand of her ablest defenders, who preferred encountering all the dangers and privations of the wilderness, to being left neglected and unprotected, plundered with impunity, and, "lastly, insult being heaped on injury, not only cruelly calumniated, but actually turned into ridicule."

In that which concerns the observations and suggestions for the defence of the eastern frontier of the Cape of Good Hope, as they were written before the new machinery had been set to work in Cape Colony by Sir Harry Smith, it will be needless to refer to them now beyond observing, that they contain many practical suggestions which might be made available in the present day, and without which the proposed colonisation of the eastern frontier could scarcely be effected with safety. Upon this subject, and that of emigration generally, the information is very full and distinct. Labour is to be provided by means of convict emigration in the west, much to the discomfiture of the existing colonial population; our authors direct the attention of the reader, therefore, more to the eastward, where, they say, "the soil and climate conspire to promise a more copious and varied fertility." England is now fully awakened to the absolute and paramount necessity of emigration, as a means by which she can alone be relieved of the burden of a poor and overwhelming population; and it is to be hoped that the stores of information as to the capabilities of the Cape, here conveyed to us, will not be lost to the country at large.

ADVENTURES OF A GREEK LADY.*

THE Greek lady who here relates her adventures is a person to whom much interest is attached. The daughter of Sciote and Candiot nobles, she accompanied her father to the court of Naples, where she attracted the attention of the late Queen Caroline, who adopted her as her own daughter. Such a close intimacy revives subjects of now by-gone discussion; but the imprudent conduct, to say the least of it, and the vagaries of Caroline of Brunswick, were seldom placed in a clearer and yet less offensive form before the public. It is needless to say that this *protégé* sides devotedly with her royal protectress; yet she relates examples of the relations that existed between the notorious Bergami and her royal highness that are, even according to her own words, of a very suspicious character. Such most especially is the account of the dinner-party at Genoa, at which the princess appeared leaning on her pseudo-lacquey's arm, and placed him at her right hand. Well may the English portion of the company have been filled with dismay! Equally and glaringly improper was the princess's conduct at Patras.

When only five years of age the little Countess Stephano was affianced to a young Scot named Donald, an officer in the English navy. The ceremony of the betrothal, she intimates, was performed with great solemnity, and the princess settled a handsome dowry on her *protégé*. Consi-

* *Adventures of a Greek Lady*, the adopted daughter of the late Queen Caroline. Written by Herself. 2 vols. H. Colburn.

dering that such things as the betrothal of children is unknown in this country, it reflects highly on Captain Donald that he adhered through life to this engagement, and that he was ever kind, attentive, and affectionate to the Greek lady; who herself, with the vanity so peculiar to the Eastern character, avows that, "brought up as I had been in the courtly circle of an accomplished princess—introduced by her to many of the most distinguished persons of the age, and having been the companion of her travels through the most interesting regions of the earth, it can scarcely seem surprising that my tastes, and indeed my whole turn of thought, rose somewhat above the ordinary level. The consequence was, that I did not look forward with much of happy anticipation to the time when I should be called upon to enter into a less brilliant position of life."

There was not much promise of happiness here; and indeed the career of the Greek lady, from the time that she parted from her protectress, appears to have been solely devoted to the display of herself and costume throughout Europe and America. At Glasgow she says,

My Greek costume, and my power of conversing in various languages, interested several gentlemen of the company, who had travelled in those parts of the world which I had visited with the Princess of Wales. Some of the ladies present did not, however, appear to be quite pleased with the marked notice directed to me. Lady E——D—— was particularly piqued, and did not disguise her dissatisfaction, though without departing from those rules of politeness which are always observed by well-bred persons. That the umbrage she felt on this occasion was not either slight or transient, is certain; for, in after years of my life, some passages of that lady's conduct towards me savoured strongly of vengeance.

These points of attraction, as well as others frequently alluded to in the pages before us, brought about many offers of marriage; at Montreal, for example, from an officer of marines; and when in India, she says, "That I am not a begum, or Indian princess, is no one's fault but my own," a native prince, one Allum ud Doulah, having made a formal proposal for her hand. Upon the death of Captain Donald, the persecutions the poor countess underwent to force her into the apparently much abhorred state of marriage are really painful to peruse! Whether these confessions, by their extreme personality, and the peculiarly Oriental turn of mind of their author, do not go beyond what is strictly permissible, we will not venture to say, as a lady and a foreigner is in the case; but there can be no doubt that the mixture of *naïveté*, ingenuousness, and vanity which belong to them, impart to these said confessions a rich and rare interest. On one point the Greek lady's memory, we suspect, has played her false; it is when she says that Bergami was not with the princess at St. Omer's. *

BELL'S WAYSIDE PICTURES.*

THIS very tasteful book must become popular with tourists. Strong appreciation of the beautiful, quick sense of the peculiar and characteristic, and lively perception of social anomalies, are the distinguishing features of the mind of the author of "Wayside Pictures through France, Belgium, and Holland."

Landing at Havre, a first and truly French scene presented itself to Mr. Bell—four Frenchwomen at breakfast, eating, drinking, laughing, and screaming all together with indescribable volubility.

"It was," he says, "a striking sight, upon first landing from England—staid, decorous, conventional England—to come suddenly upon such a party in a public room: four ladies, without a gentleman, ordering the waiters with a loud

* Wayside Pictures through France, Belgium, and Holland. By Robert Bell, Author of the "Life of Canning," &c. R. Bentley.

confidence that defied criticism, and feasting away at the top of their animal spirits. Of course, that was only the first image which involuntarily forced itself upon us, to be displaced by a moment's reflection; since the universality of such usages may be accepted as evidence of a more advanced stage of civilisation than exists in England in reference to the conduct of women—little as we are disposed to exchange our retreating manners for this boisterous fearlessness."

It is impossible to follow Mr. Bell in his zigzag paths through town and city, in and out of wood and glen, by mill-stream, village, and hill-side, losing himself in all manner of places, but still touching with the same interest

— shattered towers, dusk woods,

The hives of men, or whispering solitudes.

The fortifications of France, he justly remarks, and the mercantile spirit enclosed by them, are antagonistic principles, and cannot subsist together. The government of France might as well issue an edict to stop all the clocks and watches in the kingdom at a particular moment every day, for the purpose of regulating the sun, as build fortifications to restrain the free action of industry. All such hindrances must vanish, as knowledge makes head against ignorance, and discovers to us surer safeguards than bastions and dykes. The passport system is a similar contradiction to the spirit of the age, and cannot, even as a source of revenue, continue to co-exist with railroads and steam-packets.

Mr. Bell remarks of the Seine, as compared with the Rhine, that both are dotted all over with traditions, but they are of a different order. On the one, ruined castles of great land-pirates, mouldering in a legendary atmosphere of love and rapine; on the other, the monastery reigns paramount over the château: but where strongholds exist, their traditions are those of knights who won their spurs in legitimate fields, and who, in spite of the vicissitudes of civil and foreign wars, transmitted honourable names to their posterity. Next come antique Norman towns—Rouen and Caen at the head—with annihilated old churches; towns whose history is as much mixed up with English tradition as with that of the Normans themselves; and then the diligence, the interior of which has so long been a complete comedy-in-little of French life, but soon destined to disappear before its potent rival, the railway carriage. To these again succeed the fairy legends of Normandy, "full of a humanising tenderness, which falls in gracefully with the sombre earnestness of the popular temperament." Vaux de Vire, and its lyrists—Ville Dieu, and its pious galantic-show—Norman caps, and the faces under them—economical Avranches—Mont St. Michel, its chivalrous legends, and its memorials of war and prison—St. Malo, "the gustiest spot on the whole coast"—Dinon, and its hero Du Guesclin—the habits and superstitions of the Bretons—the great green Loire, with populous Nantes, and reminiscences of the Duchess of Berri—and Angers, and the war of La Vendée; which lead the way to Saumur, the town which Mr. Bell especially recommends to the settler, "the paradise of the demi-fortune," he expressively calls it. From Saumur to Blois and Orleans is now, it is needless to say, but a step.

And here dropping the curtain on France, Mr. Bell carries the reader, by a sudden change of scene, to "drowsy, stately old Antwerp,"—to Malines, the centre of the railroad system in Belgium—to Bruges, to Brussels, to Waterloo, down the Meuse to Liège, and thence by the Rhine to Holland. This will suffice to give an idea of the variety presented in these Wayside Sketches, though not of the interest imparted to them by the author.

Mr. Bell's remarks upon the English abroad especially deserve perusal; and we sincerely hope they may fall in some places, not as seeds cast upon the wind, to be blown away, but to take root, and work reform.

THE FORTUNES OF WOMAN.*

IN future times the historian will probably look to the "novel" literature of the day for the expression of shades of feeling and manners, which are lost sight of in the lapse of more important events. In such a case the times we live in may admit of strange representations. The Romans presented in serious history as they are in the pages of the poet of Aquinum, would not be more extravagant. The woman whose fortunes are depicted by the clever pen of Miss Lamont, for example, is, at least at the outset, a vain, worldly, and unprincipled person in an inferior station of life. Such moral, or rather immoral, idiosyncrasy, enables her to push her way amidst all sorts of difficulties, to thrive where others would faint, and to come not only unstained, but improved by practice and experience, from all kinds of corruption, mental and corporeal. Such experiences would not be even tolerated from a pen of ordinary calibre: there must be power, to grapple with vice and to render its hideousness manifest; there must be tact and discrimination, to distinguish between errors that spring from position and circumstances, and such as have their origin in a corrupt heart; there must above all be talent, to depict the darker phases of human nature (quite as common as the brighter) alike with vigour and fidelity. These powers Miss Lamont possesses in an eminent degree, and "The Fortunes of Woman" will earn for her high repute in an artistic point of view. The character of the work may be judged of from a few examples. The daughter of a milliner who absconds from her husband with a Lord Walfield, the heroine enters life, after burying her broken-hearted father, as an attendant at Harrow Hall, of which she is destined to be ultimately the mistress, and where "with small flatteries to the lower in the female department, and with ready impertinences to the men," she soon became a favourite. The marriage of one of the young ladies takes the soubrette to London, where she obtains much worldly advice from her runaway mother. By the aid of this experienced person, our heroine rises from lady's maid to be a teacher "in a titled family, without any other pretensions or qualifications than her own impudence." This situation is soon exchanged for another, with a family with whom an episode of romance is associated, the lady being a wife divorced under circumstances of a very painful character. Our heroine's deficiencies are, however, soon found out in her new situation; but her dismissal is anticipated by her being carried off by force by another profligate lord, who compels her attendance, and afterwards makes her assist in the secret burial of a young person whom the said lord has seduced and then deserted, and who had been induced thereby to commit suicide. To the narrative of this terrible catastrophe the author adds:—

At this awful price did he (Lord Oldston) purchase that severity of rectitude, that austerity of manners, which ever after characterised him. He ultimately married a lovely and amiable lady, who was entirely ignorant of this fatal error of his youth. But alas! there is many a man who takes the hand of an innocent and excellent wife, with crimes on his conscience which should lie as heavy as Lord Oldston's; yet, because he has not had with his own hand to dig the grave of his victim, does not feel that he has made the grave which he too surely has.

The next scene in which our accommodating heroine is engaged, is as companion to a countess; but this situation she also soon exchanges for the more promising one of companion to a city heiress, with whom she visits Clifton, Bath, &c.; and at each fashionable place of resort she

* The Fortunes of Woman: Memoirs, edited by Miss Lamont. 3 vols. Henry Colburn.

labours with great assiduity to entangle one of her heiress's numerous rejected suitors. Her success in these schemes was so great, that the relationship with Lord Arthur Ernton and Mr. Snatt is kept up to the end; and on this strange and eventful relationship depends the gist of what little story is connected with that which is more properly a series of social sketches. As a last act of expiation, our heroine makes one great sacrifice in resigning power over the Harrow estate; and Mr. Snatt, who had wedded the heiress before marrying "the companion," has the enjoyment of his first wife's property only for his life; but we are assured that the discovery that each made with regard to the other has not in any way affected their mutual happiness.

MADAME SONTAG.

THE memoir of this accomplished lady and distinguished singer which has just appeared* is exceedingly well-timed, and deserves to be universally read, as well for the truthful simplicity which pervades the narrative, as for the accuracy of its details, which we are ourselves in a condition to verify. There have been three phases in Madame Sontag's professional life, and in all of these she has been eminently successful: first, when as a girl of fourteen she redeemed the fortunes of the great Imperial Opera at Prague; next, when she made her *début* in the Italian Opera at Vienna, and commenced that triumphal career which terminated in her elevation by marriage to the rank which she so well adorned; and lastly, when, casting aside all considerations of false delicacy, she devoted herself with womanly true-heartedness to the endeavour to repair, by the professional exercise of her genius, those family misfortunes which it was not in her power to avert. A moral victory was gained by the attempt; and though the experiment was to the last degree hazardous, the result has exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine of her early admirers. Madame Sontag's fame stands at the present moment as high as when, twenty years back, she astonished and delighted all who heard her; and the certain success which she has achieved is a guarantee for its continuance. The public is deeply indebted to Mr. Lumley for the earnestness and zeal which he has shown in securing the services of so great an attraction as Madame Sontag, and we trust that he too will have his reward. We find by the country papers that Madame Sontag is gathering crowds to hear her in all the large provincial towns. With fresh laurels on her brow, we shall hail with unfeigned pleasure her re-appearance at her Majesty's Theatre for the season of 1850.

BEFORE AND AFTER.†

A MODEL town—Staggerton by name,—with its characteristic population, is placed before us in the present work, in a series of entertaining sketches and stories. To make the contrast more striking, the little country town is presented as it was before and after the Reform Bill; and the whole is supposed to be narrated by the whilom sub-editor of the *Staggerton Recorder*. The editor's daughter, who claimed the tender attentions of all her father's sub-editors as a matter of course, and brought them to account by a little bit of stereotyped poetry, although

* A Memoir of the Countess de Rossi (Madame Sontag). London: Mitchell, Old Bond-street.

† Before and After. 2 vols. T. C. Newby.

not a very refined, is still a humorous sketch. The interest of "The Home Wreck" is made to hang upon an objectionable theme—a young lady losing her lover because she has suffered from the ravages of small-pox. John Hawker, who had not courage to tell his wife of the generous disposal of ten pounds, and the calamities that ensue, are more lively. Aunt Bridget is also a gem of a character.

After the Reform Bill had passed, and Staggettton was in the hands of the 10*l*. householders, we are told—

The very charity-boys appeared to be gradually losing their awe for the beadle. Small shopkeepers grew big with political importance, and aldermen grew thin with loss of power and dignity. They whose nod had made mere mortal men shake in their shoes, were now snubbed by all manner of empirics at public meetings. The country people had lost their influence, and did not even offer to insult the new constituency by putting forward the nominee who had sat in Staggettton since the time of Pitt.

The unknown son of a rich German merchant having been fixed upon by the incorruptible patriots of Staggettton, the progress of the election, which by an accidental mistake devolves for a time upon a London undertaker, is narrated in the most farcical manner. With reform, however, novel ideas and purposes of life were opened up to the Staggettton population. They began to doubt very much the wisdom of their ancestors. There were gas companies, mechanics' institutes, lectures and societies innumerable; but the final blow was the erection of a cotton-mill. The county oligarchy was aghast, and Aunt Bridget said it plainly foretold the end of the world. The manner in which love, however, effects an alliance between the wealthy manufacturer and the poor but proud aristocrat of Crumble Hall, opens the field for a pretty little bit of romance. Next comes a railway; and the steadfastness with which Mr. Burroughs fought for Camomile Villa, has probably had many parallels in the history of these great undertakings. The income-tax is equally cleverly illustrated by Aunt Bridget, who, to win an attorney, condescends to pay tax for a great deal larger income than she really possesses. But it is impossible to give an idea of all the varieties of character which belong to a country town like Staggettton. The railway took many of its young geniuses to London; and the evils of a little knowledge are well portrayed in the mistakes and misfortunes which are to be met with on the onset of a career, looked upon at the distance, and with the enthusiasm of youth, as all success and glory. The "monster,"—for so, the author tells us, he has been designated ever since two charitably disposed old ladies, not knowing that he was editor of a morning newspaper, scandalised him for keeping late hours,—“the monster” who has perpetrated all these good things is, we believe, Mr. W. H. Wills, a contributor to *Punch*.

C R A Y F O R D.*

THIS is a novel of the domestic social school, written partly in the form of letters; and it exhibits the foibles, follies, and the redeeming qualities of the middle classes, with considerable unction and spirit. The author is at once phrenologist, poet, and metaphysician, most erudite if not apt at quotation, and full to overbrimming “of wise saws and modern instances.” The folly and vanity of placing too much value on the opinion of others, and the evils of bad temper, are made to contrast well with the advantages of knowledge and the practice of charity, as more particularly exemplified in the Crayford family; while numerous life-like sketches of character assist in imparting interest to probably a first effort of a pen, which experience will soon teach to rely more upon itself, and not to overload a purely literary work with much reading.

* Crayford; or, the Force of Influence. 2 vols. T. C. Newby.

MOOLTAN.*

THE siege of Mooltan will occupy, with the striking events which preceded and accompanied it—the barbarous murder of the commissioners, Agnew and Anderson—the gallantry and, still more, the consummate ability of Edwardes—the incompetency of the first reinforcements, and the resolute resistance of the Dewan Moolraj—with the ultimate capture of this great city of 80,000 inhabitants, and the destructive explosion of its powder magazine—a remarkable page in history. The whole is tintured with that air of romance which is peculiarly eastern:—Agnew and Anderson, wounded and deserted, sitting beneath the lofty dome of that isolated edifice so well depicted in the present work, only to be hacked to death by the swords of their frenetic assailants,† Edwardes, at the head of a Mohammedan regiment, in which there was not a single white man but himself, arming the Suleiman mountaineers, collecting revenue, subsidising his troops from the enemy's resources, and, assisted by Courtlandt's reinforcements, beating the Dewan in pitched battle. Then the little steamers—force-runners of civilisation—the *Comet*, *Meanee*, and the *Conqueror*, coming up the Chenaub, the *Planet* and *Nimrod* up the Sutlej, bearing men, guns, and ammunition. What a contrast to the times of Alexander, of Mahmud Ghizni, and of Tamerlane! Columns of infantry and cavalry were advancing at the same time by land. Then comes the storming of intrenchments, a bloody action, which was followed by Shere Sing going over to the enemy, and the forced raising of the siege. At length further reinforcements arrive from Bombay, and the siege is recommenced. The Bengal regiments push the enemy from their securest positions in the suburbs; the Bombay division storm the great mound of Mundi Awa. The mortar batteries are next opened; the Bombay portion of the besieging force using gun-cotton instead of powder. The next day, the heavy guns open on the Delhi Gate, where a breach is first made, and the batteries are partially manned by blue-jackets. It was the forenoon of the 30th, when the battery was suddenly stopped by a catastrophe which was of so terrific a character as to silence the entire siege—as if every man in the force had paused to take breath after a tremendous surprise. This was the explosion of the chief powder magazine in the fort. Two graphic sketches exhibit Mooltan to us—at the moment of the explosion, and as it was a quarter of an hour afterwards, when a dark cloud hung over the devoted city like a canopy. The fortress was next stormed at two points; the Bombay Fusiliers carrying the breach at Kuni Burj, or “tower,” the 32nd Regiment being thwarted at the Delhi Gate by the city wall, about thirty feet in height, which had been overlooked! At the storming of the fortress we once more see the blue-jackets prominent at the batteries. The villain Moolraj in custody of a part of H.M.'s 32nd Regiment, and the funeral of Agnew and Anderson, form an appropriate conclusion to this very interesting and peculiarly tale-telling series of sketches.

THE MARINE BOTANIST.‡

THIS is one of those useful and delightful little books, of which, as of Dr Harvey's “Sea-Side” book, too much cannot be said in praise. It is only the other day that we saw on a drawing-room table a number of zoophytes, including *Flustra*, *Sertularia*, *Serpula*, *Corallines*, &c., tastefully disposed in a basket on paper, and backed by the brilliant *Plocamium coccineum*, *Polysiphonia formosa*, and other seaweeds, grouped together as a mass of sea-plants. It is true that the vegetable nature of the stony structure of our British *Corallines* is a matter of discussion; but with such little books as these in hand, when the annual visit to the sea-side comes round, more accurate views will be entertained of the nature of the common productions of our sandy shores. Miss Gifford's work forms at once an excellent and a prettily-illustrated introduction to the study of algology; and it will serve as a competent guide to the collection and preservation of species.

* Mooltan. A Series of Sketches during and after the Siege. By John Dunlop, M.D., Assistant-Surgeon of H.M.'s 32nd Regiment. W. S. Orr and Co.

† There is an inconsistency in the text attached to these sketches, where we are informed, at one place, that Agnew's severed head was carried before the Dewan, who threw it into Sirdar Khan Sing's lap, after which it was exposed to the grossest indignities; and in another we are told that, on disinterring the bodies, the skeletons were said to have been perfect—the head of each being found with the body.

‡ The Marine Botanist: an Introduction to the Study of Algology; containing Descriptions of the commonest British Seaweeds, and the best Method of Preserving them; with Figures of the most remarkable Species. By Isabella Gifford, Darton and Co.

PORTLAND ISLAND AND BREAKWATER.*

EXPERIENCED seafaring men are, as we have seen, particularly in modern times,[†] as liable to timid counsels and exaggerations as Gaul-haunted landmen. It was observed by the great Lord Rodney, of glorious memory, in a letter to Governor Thicknesse, dated Bath, 1787, "If Cherbourg harbour is completed, then the British Channel is no more; it will be the French Channel." Yet Cherbourg has been completed, notwithstanding Earl Howe's expedition; and it is not only the central advance-post with regard to England, but it possesses the means alike of protection, of attack, and of defence. All these advantages will, however, we are happy to say, be, to a certain extent, counterbalanced by the breakwater and defences now commenced at Portland. If the parliamentary report recommending an extreme length of a mile and a quarter is to be adopted, instead of Captain Clinch's proposal of three miles, or Mr. Harvey's of about two and a quarter, there will be incompleteness at the outset, but still a step will have been taken in the right direction; and so great and so manifest are the advantages of a harbour at Portland, both to the trade and power and security of Great Britain, that we have no fear of the ultimate results. The late Mr. John Harvey, the original proposer of a breakwater, stated that a length of two miles and a quarter was necessary to completely shelter Weymouth pier, harbour, and bathing-place, when it blows hard from the south-east. The breakwater and works at Cherbourg were thirty years in the execution; while the same authority tells us, that a work of greater magnitude as a capacious roadstead might be undertaken and accomplished at Portland within a period of five years. This is owing to the peculiar fact, that in order to work the quarries of Portland stone, it is required to remove, on an average, fourteen feet thick of the upper or cap-stone, to arrive at the bed of fine saleable stone. This cap-stone, now an incumbrance, is the best possible material for a breakwater; and in Mr. Harvey's time there were already twenty millions of tons, or more than is required for the proposed breakwater, ready at hand and free of expense. We are happy to find, from one of the little publications before us, that the inhabitants of Weymouth and Portland have entered into a subscription to present the son of Mr. J. Harvey with a suitable testimonial. The breakwater, of which his Royal Highness Prince Albert has lately laid the foundation, will secure to the navy of England the full and uncontrolled sweep of the British Channel; presenting a middle station and refuge between Portsmouth and Plymouth, in a harbour of four square miles, surrounded by superior facilities for dockyards, ship-building, military arsenals, and depots. Portland Isle, always, by its peninsular form, the wildness of its scenery and unadorned rusticity, its quarries, hamlets, people, and customs, a place well worthy of visit, will now become one of the most important and rising stations on the coast.

NATIONAL EVILS AND PRACTICAL REMEDIES.†

MR. BUCKINGHAM labours in the present work to establish the benefits of association, in contradistinction to Communism, the evils of which he clearly and eloquently denounces. The first of the great evils which afflict society—the very root, indeed, from which all the others may be said to spring—is ignorance. According to Mr. Buckingham, the second great evil that afflicts the earth, and demands the care of all who love their country to arrest it, is intemperance. The third great evil, from which all countries suffer in a greater or less degree, is national prejudice. The fourth great evil which hinders the progress of nations, is restriction on the free interchange of commodities in commercial monopolies, instead of free-trade. The fifth, is war. The sixth, competition; or, rivalry and opposition instead of union and co-operation. The seventh, the helpless and hopeless condition of the unfortunate.

That these are all great national evils, we are quite ready to admit; but that Mr. Buckingham has discovered really *practical* remedies for them, cannot be so readily acceded. For example, Mr. Buckingham would, to remedy the third evil, not only abolish custom-houses, passports, and quarantine establishments, but he would also advocate the adoption of a universal language. Very desirable, no doubt; but can such a suggestion be called a practical remedy? So also free-trade, adopted by one country and not by another, is as pernicious and foolish as the disarmament of one nation would be whilst its rival preserved its olden attitude. With regard to Mr. Buckingham's plan for a model town, and an associated com-

* The Hand-Book to the Island of Portland. Weymouth.

Remarks on the Subject of an Asylum Harbour for Portland Roads, &c. Weymouth.

† National Evils and Practical Remedies, with the Plan of a Model Town, &c. By James S. Buckingham. 1 vol. Peter Jackson.

munity, it is, like everything he proposes, ingenious and plausible, and based upon high principles of philanthropy. There nothing but Peace, Temperance, and Cleanliness are to dwell. The Vices are to be expelled, to the sole dominion of the Virtues. Labour is to be limited, education to be gratuitous, law and medicine likewise. Churches, yet freedom of conscience—walks, fountains, museums, and concert-rooms, are to diversify the aspect; Beauty is to go hand-in-hand with Convenience, and Pleasure with Health. It is a noble prospectus on paper; but who will venture to say, knowing the fallen condition of man, how it would work practically?

Several of the most important moral and political problems are also discussed at length in this extensive scheme, which, however visionary, is still, in its principles, a credit to its Author's head and heart.

PANORAMA OF THE NILE.

THE introduction of moving panoramas of scenery into this country by the Americans, has been most beneficial to the progress of knowledge. We know of nothing by which so much new and varied information can be obtained in so little time, and in so pleasurable a manner, as by one of these geographical paintings. The advantages of such pictures, it is to be hoped, will insure them popularity, increase in number, and improvement in style. The Rhine, the Danube, and a hundred noble rivers, await to be conveyed to the canvass. In the mean time, Egypt being nothing more than a narrow strip, watered by the Nile's overflow, almost all its great cities and temples visible from the river, and the oldest and largest buildings in the world being made to revolve before the spectator, it presented itself as peculiarly fitted for this kind of representation. Mr. Bonomi, an old and well-known traveller and artist, had the sketches necessary for the undertaking at hand; and, assisted by such distinguished artists as Messrs. Warren and Fahey, a panorama has been produced, the fidelity and accuracy of which can be relied upon; the wondrous architectural remains, the existing towns, the boats, inhabitants, animals, and plants, the river and land scenery, are all as true to nature and art as representations of the kind can well be. There is this great advantage in the panorama of the Nile, that it can be depended upon as a representation of that which is. Even the little guide-book has been written by a first-rate hand—by the author of the best history of Egypt.

* MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

A VERY large class of readers will be sorely grieved to find that that most amusing work of its class, *Pepys' Diary*, has come to an end with the fifth volume just published. It is as racy, if not more so, at the conclusion as at the commencement.—The twenty-first volume of Mr. G. P. R. James's works contains *Castelneau*, a story the interest of which is made to depend upon the education of a young woman by a man not tied to her by blood, and the results that ensue to both.—*Cherville's First Step to French*, and *Le Page's French Master for the Nursery*, are books exceedingly well adapted for what they propose—to facilitate a first acquaintance with the French language.—We have received and read with interest Dr. Loewe's two pamphlets, one *On the Supposed Jewish Medal found at York*, the other *On an Unique Cypic Gold Coin*.—The *Statement of Facts, &c.*, in relation to the proceedings instituted by her Majesty and the Prince Consort in reference to the royal etchings, relate to a subject objectionable, as one for discussion in these pages, on every ground.—Mr. Gilks has successfully shown what can be done, even on a large scale, in wood-engraving, in his illustrations of *Shakespeare's Seven Ages of Life*. Some of the original designs of this remarkably cheap publication are, however, very far from faultless.—Mr. Wright's *History of Ireland* has reached a fourteenth number.—M. Fancourt has favoured us with *A New Double System of Short Hand Writing*. Messrs. D'Almaine and Co. with Numbers I. and II. of a cheap yet valuable addition to the musical library, *Sir Henry Bishop's Edition of Handel's Works*. The first number, price sixpence, contains *Acis and Galatea*; the second, *Israel in Egypt*. Also two pretty melodies, "*Of what are you thinking, Jenny?*" and "*I'm thinking of thee, Jamie!*" and *Jeanie and Donald*, a ballad composed by G. A. Hodson.

WILD SPORTS OF THE FALKLANDS.

SKETCHED DURING A SURVEY OF THOSE ISLANDS.

BY CAPTAIN MACKINNON, R.N.

AUTHOR OF "STEAM WARFARE IN THE PARANA."

INTRODUCTION.

As the spring-tide of emigration appears to have set strongly towards the colonial possessions of Great Britain, it may not, perhaps, be superfluous, by way of introduction to the following sketches, to give a brief summary of prominent circumstances connected with the Falkland Islands since they were first occupied by an English governor (Lieutenant Moody), whose appointment took place in 1842, to which year the birth of the colony may be assigned. Soon after the governor's arrival, the intended site of the principal town was changed from Port Louis, at the head of Berkeley Sound, to Port Stanley, as a more convenient spot at which passing ships might call when in need of repair or victualling. For some time, however, the infant colony languished for want of maternal care; the government expenditure on its behalf barely sufficing to keep life within it. Still, though the islands were not so fortunate as to excite interest in England, it was far otherwise on the adjacent coasts of South America. The English merchants residing in the latter country, actuated by the keen foresight and enterprise of their nation, wisely turned their attention towards the only spot of land, within thousands of miles, that hoisted the British standard; and one of these merchant-princes immediately took steps to make an agreement with government to purchase a large extent of territory in the Falklands.

The following condensed extract from the report of the Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners for 1846, will give the material parts of the agreement. It is a curious and interesting document:—

"1st. Indenture, made the 16th day of March, 1846, between her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, of the one part, and Samuel Fisher Lafone, of Monte Video in South America, merchant, of the other part. Her Majesty Queen Victoria sells to Lafone that part of East Falkland lying south of the isthmus in Choiseul Sound. Also the islands in Choiseul Sound, and all other islands adjacent to the coast purchased; also Beauchene Island; also one town allotment of half an acre, and one suburban allotment of twenty-five acres in the principal town.

"2nd. For six years and six months from this date, Lafone to have absolute dominion over all wild cattle, horses, sheep, goats, and swine on the East Falkland.

"3rd. For the above advantages, Lafone is to pay her said majesty Queen Victoria 60,000*l.* by instalments in the manner following: 10,000*l.* within ten days (since paid); 5000*l.* on the 1st of January, 1851; 5000*l.* on each succeeding 1st of January, until the whole shall be paid in full.

"4th. Technical reservations of lands for government purposes, such as arsenals, ports, bridges, &c.

"5th. That Lafone is to deliver to the governor yearly in good health

the following stock : in 1847, 500 cows, 5 bulls, 4000 sheep, 40 rams, 20 horses. In 1848, 1000 cows, 10 bulls, 5000 sheep, 50 rams, 20 horses, 50 mares, 5 stallions, 30 sows, and 10 boars. In 1849, 1500 cows, 15 bulls, 5000 sheep, 50 rams, 50 mares. In 1850, 6000 sheep, 60 rams. The sheep to be all white ewes, good breed (not merinos), common and hardy, similar to those in the colony. The stock to be delivered at such good and safe ports as the governor may direct.*

In 1848, when a new governor was appointed, sixty houses had been erected at Port Stanley, besides the establishment of Mr. Lafone in the southern peninsula, and a small farm of sheep and cattle, belonging to Mr. Whittington, at the old settlement of Port Louis. The entire population numbered from 300 to 400 souls.

Towards the end of 1848, Captain Sullivan, R.N., having reached the highest step in his profession, and being deeply impressed with the great advantages to be derived from the establishment of a sheep-and-cattle grazing-farm in the Falklands, determined, as the chance of employment afloat was small indeed, to form a company for the above purpose on a large scale. An additional motive existed in the state of his health, which suffered so much from the cold and damp climate of England, that his physician advised his departure to such a climate as the captain had described the Falklands to be.

In so great a country as ours, an enterprise of so prominent a nature as the one in question is seized on with avidity, particularly by those who happen to have a large family of sons. The needful arrangements were therefore speedily completed, and a vessel of 375 tons (the *Australia*) was chartered to take out stock and materials necessary to set the venture "well afloat."

As the author is very much interested in the success of this enterprise, he is anxious to correct an error into which he fell some years ago, in reference to the seal-fishing of these islands, when, writing about the Volunteer Rocks off Berkeley Sound, and the South Sea Rocks slightly to the southward of the former, he stated that they are superior, in number of fur seal and extent of surface, to the island of Lobos in the Rio de la Plata, for which is paid a yearly rent of 80,000 dollars. In making this statement he was much mistaken, and regrets having fallen into an exaggeration.

Since the departure of Captain Sullivan's expedition, government has taken up the *Nautilus*, a vessel of 200 tons, to convey the necessary materials for repairing ships at the Falklands. This is, indeed, very much required, especially since the "golden dreams" from California

* This contract was based on a rough calculation of the extent of land in the southern peninsula. Thus, the length and width only were taken into account before the survey was completed. This rough estimate gave 300 square leagues, or about half a million of acres. It was found, however, from the peculiar indentation of the coast, that a considerable error had been committed, and that 93 square leagues formed a just calculation for the main-land. The islands would make 17 more: making altogether 110; being little more than half the extent considered in the bargain. It is but just, therefore, that some reduction should be made in the instalments. This is still a point of dispute between the contracting parties; the sooner, however, an equitable adjustment takes place, the better for the colony, whose energies are considerably retarded by this delay and uncertainty. The latest reports from the islands state that the governor is about to stop the works of Mr. Lafone: this would be a serious blow to the settlement.

have set all the rest of the world dreaming of mines of gold, which, says quaint old Burton, "is of all other a most delicious object. A sweet light, a goodly lustre hath gold, and we had rather see it than the sun. Intolerable pains we take for it. Long journeya, heavy burdens, all are made light and easy by it. The sight of gold refresheth our spirits and ravisheth our hearts. *It will make a man run to the Antipodes.*" Even before the existence of the Californian mania, the average number of vessels passing the Falklands both ways was five per diem. Most of these ships sighted the islands to verify their chronometers; and it is not too much to say, that if captains of vessels were generally acquainted with the facilities offered by the Falklands, such as the abundance and marvellous cheapness of provisions, the admirable havens (more like basins than harbours), the great facility of entrance and departure, and, though last not least, the ports being perfectly free, full ninety per cent. of the above-named vessels would call there, to carry out a proper system of economy on the long-voyage trade.*

Appropos of economy: a caution is here given to unwary persons who may desire to send out, by the hands of adventurers, seeds or other trifles to benefit the colonies. The author does not intend to accuse the *class* of shipbrokers, but merely to expose an instance of very sharp practice tending to injure our colonial possessions, and to bring disrepute on a body of respectable men. A small fig-drum, containing about twenty-five ears of black barley and a few seeds, weighing under five pounds, and of the value of 2s. 6d., was sent to the advertising agent of the *Nautilus*. In the course of two days a bill for shipment, customs, &c., was received, amounting to 1l. 4s. 6d. !—upwards of 500l. a ton.

With regard to the climate of the Falklands, it is a singular fact that this archipelago has always been characterised as barren, desolate, and tempestuous. Nothing can be more erroneous. The misrepresentations in "Anson's Voyages" have probably strengthened, if not created, the general prejudice; but there can be little doubt that this navigator's passage round Cape Horn manifested more zeal than judgment, particularly in keeping his squadron together, rather than appointing a rendezvous in the Pacific. It is notorious that his vessels were badly found and fitted; his crew was not only weak, but the majority untrained; and, to complete the list of evils, the very worst time of year was, by defective arrangement, forced upon them for rounding this prominent southern headland. Where so many elements of disaster exist, it is not surprising that misfortune should occur. The Falklands being in the vicinity, came in for a share of the misrepresentation which still retains a hold on the public mind. Captain Sullivan was employed seven years in minutely examining and surveying these islands. He was accompanied by his family, who not only enjoyed uninterrupted good health, but considered the climate better, on the whole, than Cornwall or Devonshire.

Voyagers frequently form erroneous impressions of climate from the temporary nature of their sojourn. This is remarkably exemplified in the journal of Darwin, who is generally an accurate author. He says—"The climate of the Falklands may be compared to that which is

* A large ship of 800 tons (the *Victory*) has been chartered by government to take out ninety pensioners and their families. This large and useful addition to the population of the islands will be of inestimable benefit.

experienced at the height of between one and two thousand feet on the mountains of North Wales, having, however, less sunshine and less frost, but more wind and rain." After this assertion had been proved to be totally incorrect, and after the evidence of Captain Sullivan's letters, it is surprising that in the second edition of "*A Naturalist's Voyage*," the author should have appended the following foot-note to p. 189:—

"From accounts published since our voyage, and more especially from several interesting letters from Captain Sullivan, R.N., employed on the survey, it appears that we took an exaggerated view of the badness of the climate of these islands. But when I reflect on the almost universal covering of peat" (query, what has that to do with climate?) "and on the fact of wheat seldom ripening there" (incorrect), "I can hardly believe the climate in summer is so fine and dry as it has lately been represented."

Now the truth is, that the temperature of the Falklands is very similar to that of Devon or Cornwall, with this difference, that it is rather milder, much drier in summer, but very windy. The evaporation is excessive; so much so that, in this particular, it exceeds the Cape de Verds. This is, indeed, an extraordinary fact, especially when the latitude of the latter region is considered. So extreme a dryness of air may hereafter be turned to excellent account in the manufacture of salt; and should this anticipation turn out to be practically correct, a valuable article of commerce will be added to the productions of the Falklands. South America is now principally supplied with salt from Cheshire in England, and the Cape de Verds; the length of the voyage in both instances being much against a cheap and certain supply.

The Falklands are remarkably accessible to pedestrians (see Fitzroy, p. 247); and the earth is clothed with a variety of nourishing grasses, which are equally sweet with the delicate parts of the foliage of Indian corn. It is not at all surprising, therefore, that animals in these islands should grow to an enormous size, nor that their meat should be of very delicate flavour.

The tussock (see Ross's Voyage, p. 269), is a gigantic species of grass, frequently growing to the height of ten feet, and, where abundant, not only capable of sheltering, but absolutely concealing, herds of cattle or horses. Tussock is called "the glory of the Falklands." An instance is mentioned in Ross's voyage of two American seamen (deserters), who lived solely on the core of this grass for fourteen months; and, when reclaimed from their wild wanderings, were plump, healthy, and in excellent spirits! Cattle and horses are ravenously fond of tussock; so much so, that the author has a vivid remembrance of the wild cattle eating the dry thatch, composed of this material, from a small cabin he had erected as an armourer's forge. This was seen by him with a spy-glass from the deck of the *Arrow*, when the beasts were descried, reared on their hind legs, easily pulling down what the crew with so much trouble had completed.*

In 1839, the cattle were computed to be about 30,000 head. Their increase since that time must have been enormous, as they are now estimated at 200,000. The only way to account for this prodigious

* A small specimen of this grass is growing luxuriantly in the seed-warehouse of Messrs. Page and Son, above Bar, Southampton.

multiplication is, that since the former period, whalers and other marauders have been kept off from some of the stations, by the settlement and occupation of the islands. It is, however, to be regretted that in the remote parts great depredations are still committed on the cattle. This is beginning to be felt as a serious drawback to the outlay of capital. Pebble Island, for instance, and the islands adjacent, are admirably adapted for cattle-stations: unfortunately, however, this is the very locality now resorted to by marauders for stealthily obtaining beef, not merely for present supply, but for committing so wholesale a destruction as will enable them to salt down sufficient for a long cruise. It is pretty well known that in numerous vessels from England, America, and other places, a stock of salt is taken out for the purpose of curing a supply of provisions at the expense of these islands. The only way to prevent this pillage, which years of impunity have seemed to sanction, would be by stationing on the spot one or two small vessels—for example, two cutters, rigged as ketches, under a commander: these, constantly moving about, would not only scare away the light-fingered gentry, but a portion of the crews would be eminently useful in erecting buildings for government purposes, cultivating gardens, and making preparations for colonisation, either penal or otherwise. The expense would be little or nothing: say, one commander, one lieutenant, two second masters, twenty able seamen, twenty marines, and sixteen others—in all, sixty. These officers and men could easily navigate one ketch of 120 tons and another of sixty, and be a complete protection to the whole islands.

It is believed that these islands are frequently made use of by fraudulent persons much in the same manner as the Bahama banks are in the West Indian seas; that is to say, ships are purposely lost there to defraud underwriters. Many instances are known of vessels being "cast away" in the most unaccountable manner. In several instances ships thus lost in some of the basin-like harbours, have been sold for a "mere song," recovered at little expense, and are still bearing rich freights across the seas! The very fact of a naval officer being on the spot would prevent such disgraceful proceedings, and save thousands yearly.

The undeservedly bad name borne by the Falklands, tempts fraudulent adventurers; but were people in general well informed as to the admirable and safe ports in these islands, the utmost surprise would be expressed at ships being lost there. As it is, the unprincipled master has a certainty of a *safe* and comfortable wreck; preserves his life and as many private stores as he may think necessary; loudly trumpets forth the dangerous nature of the islands; and thus disarms and silences suspicion. From the enormous increase of trade in this direction, the author ventures to predict that the underwriters in England will be thoroughly fleeced in insuring vessels round the Horn, and that the islands will be innocently accused of being the cause; but he asserts advisedly that no well-found, well-managed ship need be lost on the Falklands.

As a corroboration of the apparently marvellous increase of animals alluded to above, the following is quoted from the narrative of a voyage by Lopez in 1586, published in the third volume of "*Hakluyt's Voyages and Travels*:" "Of all the men Don Pedro left behind him, there were

but 200 left alive, who, in the ship's boats, went higher up the river; leaving in the place called Buenos Ayres their mares and horses. But it is a wonder to see, that of thirty mares and seven horses, which the Spaniards left there, the increase in forty years was so great, that the country twenty leagues up is full of horses; whereby a man can conjecture the goodness of the pasture and the fruitfulness of the soil."

The following sketches are extracted from a diary kept by the author whilst surveying the Falklands in 1838 and 1839. On the site of the present town, Port Stanley, he shot five wild geese at one discharge. Before that time the harbour was unsurveyed, and consequently unknown; and the whole population, exclusive of the officers and men surveying, consisted of about one dozen persons!

PART I.

PLEASANT HARBOUR.—The barometer fell so fast, that the surveying party did not think it prudent to leave the vessel. Every preparation was made for a heavy gale; as we knew, by experience, that the weather-glass is a faithful monitor. At noon we began to feel the breeze; and by 2 P.M. we had as hard a gale of wind, accompanied by as fierce and powerful squalls, with numerous flakes of snow, as I ever experienced. Our situation was desolate in the extreme: to leeward, a range of rocky hills covered with snow, the harbour itself (a branch of Port Fitzroy) lashed by the furious gale into one sheet of foam; and to windward, a small islet covered with tussock, the long leaves of which, bending and bowing as in despair, added to the dreariness of the prospect; while the entrance to the harbour and the head of the bay were hidden from our view by large flakes of snow driving furiously past us. To deepen the effect of this dismal picture, we were conscious of being 104° of latitude from Old England; and that, in case of need, we were several hundred miles away from the nearest assistance. In spite of all this, we were perfectly comfortable and jolly, and cared not one farthing for the gale, as we had not only full reliance on our own resources, but abundance of "creature comforts," to say nothing of the appearance of our spritsail-yard, which was not merely decorated, but positively loaded, with game of all kinds.

Towards night, as usual, the gale abated. The next morning, after divisions, it being Sunday, divine service was performed (a ceremony omitted only on one occasion while Captain Sullivan and myself were aboard the vessel, when, during a very heavy gale of wind, we were battened down). After the ship's company had dined, some of the crew were allowed to land for a walk; but as no fire-arms were permitted to be carried on the Sabbath, it was customary to put the men on an islet, in order to avoid any danger from the wild animals which infested the mainland. On the day in question, about twenty were landed on the little tussock isle close to which we lay; and as certain of the officers, myself among the number, wished to go, we all went together, and soon began to amuse ourselves in the best way we could. These tussock beds are very singular places: they have been undisturbed for ages, and by the perpetual decay and renewal of the flags the whole place where they grow is covered with large lumps of vegetable matter as inflammable as tinder. The long thin leaves interlock above, and form,

here and there, little cloisters from five to twenty yards long in some places. The paths thus formed are trodden perfectly smooth by the numerous penguins, whose holes branch off in every direction.

As we were looking about us, one of our party suddenly observed that he smelt smoke. Though such a remark on an uninhabited island was of a nature to excite surprise, no one seemed to heed it till, in a few minutes, thick reeky volumes began to roll over our heads, when it struck me that some of our careless vagabonds had set fire to the weather-side. Off we started for very life, though we had only about 200 yards to go. The ground was excessively difficult, as some of the lumps above described were five feet high, and the flags on the summits many feet above our heads. The crackling of the flames was plainly heard, as if close to us, and we were nearly suffocated by the dense smoke. At length, after a desperate struggle, in which several shoes and caps were lost, we gained the beach, rushed into the boat, and pushed off. We were barely in time; for the next instant the little bank over which we had scampered was a mass of bright flame. Not a moment was lost in sending a boat round to the weather-side (the leeward being impracticable, on account of heat and smoke) to look for the rest of our men, about whom we were, of course, very anxious. The thoughtless fellows were found sitting quietly on the beach smoking their pipes, and looking with vacant pleasure on their work, not dreaming that some of their shipmates might, as the Americans say, have been "used up" by it.

The next morning, anxious to see the effects of the fire, I landed early, and having examined the ashes, ascertained that a very great number of birds had been destroyed by the conflagration. The island consists of about 300 acres, of which, I am convinced, there are not a dozen square yards without a nest of some kind of bird containing four or five eggs, or callow brood. In the portion of land wherein the fire raged, the young birds were roasted alive, besides a few seals, whose remains we found pretty well singed. The authors of this wholesale destruction said it was quite pitiable to see the larger birds, such as geese, caranchos, &c., flying round the flames that were consuming their young, and screaming with horror. Now and then one of them would fall in, either suffocated by the smoke or scorched by the heat.

A day or two subsequently, Captain Sullivan and myself landed with our guns on an exploring excursion. After about an hour's walk round a lake, during which we jointly bagged upwards of forty teal, we saw, on turning the corner of a gully, a huge bull half hidden among the bushes, as if fast asleep. Dropping on our knees, we crawled back some distance, for the purpose of changing our small shot for ball. Having thrown down our game and shooting-jackets, we stealthily advanced on all-fours, and crept up to a small bank within fifteen yards of the brute's great head, which lay fully exposed to us; then, resting our guns, we both fired our left barrels at a concerted signal, reserving the right. The beast did not move; and, to our mortification, we found, on a nearer approach, that we had valiantly been attacking a dead animal. It was some consolation, however, to discover that our two bullet-holes were touching each other in the centre of his brain. Knowing full well that we might reckon on a speedy detection of our exploit, and, consequently, on being well laughed at, we determined to ward off the expected ridicule by turning the tables on our shipmates;

accordingly, going on board with joyful countenances, we said (which was true enough) that we had shot a bull through the brain, and that he had not stirred afterwards. On hearing this, a party was formed, and saws, knives, and other butchering instruments were taken, for the purpose of cutting up the spoil, towards which, after receiving the necessary directions, they started in high glee; while we sat down to dinner, chuckling at our *ruse*, which, if it did not deceive our companions, had the desired effect in diverting the laughter from ourselves.

When we had completed the survey of Pleasant Harbour, we took the vessel some miles further up. As we advanced towards the head of the harbour, the beauties of the place opened on us. Sometimes the passage was so narrow that one might have thrown one's hat ashore on either side; and anon it spread out to a broad sheet of water. The whole scene was so desolate and dumb that, in giving the word of command, as the different windings made it necessary to shift the yards, my own voice startled me. The water-fowl, noiselessly parting on each side of our bow as the vessel came up to them, did not appear alarmed, but stared at us with grave astonishment. At eight o'clock we came to and moored in a large sheet of water, about ten miles from the harbour's mouth.

While enjoying my cigar on deck, and deriving pleasure from the soft, serene air of evening, I perceived two bulls grazing close to the shore just ahead of the vessel. The surveyors, who were engaged below laying down their work, immediately stopped business and came up. Having only one day's beef on board, we determined to attack the bulls; and, in a few minutes, four of us were pulling for the shore with well-loaded guns. Our proceedings had got wind on the lower deck, and all hands crowded up the rigging to see the battle. We landed under the bank, in such a position as not to be seen by our prey, who were quietly grazing all the time. Stealthily, like Indians, we climbed the bank, and jumped over the brow full before them. They immediately turned tail and fled. Captain Sullivan fired at the nearest brute as he turned, and, though at the distance of fifty yards, we could clearly hear the "thud" of the ball striking him, which it did about six inches behind the heart. This was a staggering blow, but did not prevent his running away. La Porte (our dog) was immediately slipped, caught the bull about three hundred yards inland, and flew at his flank, which caused him to face about and attack the dog. Time was thus given me to get within fifteen yards of the spot, when, lowering his head, the brute charged me. My right-hand barrel, however, damped his ardour, and he turned half round as if to fly. My second bullet now went clean through his body a few inches above the heart, and, for a moment, brought him on his knees. While I drew my knife in order to hamstring him, he suddenly rallied, and appeared to collect what strength was left him for one last desperate effort—always the most dangerous. At this moment Mr. Sullivan jun. came up and presented his gun, but the vile Brummagem snapped without going off; and we should have been in rather an awkward predicament, had not Captain Sullivan, with his remaining barrel, within five yards, laid the bull dead at his feet, the bullet passing through the centre of the brain, and coming out at the back of his head. The moment he fell, we were greeted by three loud cheers from the people at our mast-head, and, in a few minutes, had thirty stout fellows with us. After disembowelling our prey, we attached a strong line to his horns, and, with a sailor-song

from thirty hoarse throats, dragged him down to the water's edge, towed him off, and hoisted him in with a runner and tackle, not liking to trust his great weight to the yard.

As the survey detained us here several days, we had a good opportunity of exploring the immediate vicinity. Not a day passed without our seeing herds of cattle grazing around. To attack these would not be so dangerous an adventure as to encounter the outlying bulls, which, in number, are disproportionate to the cows. This, no doubt, has arisen from the great slaughter for food of the latter, whose flesh is preferable to that of the males—a slaughter committed by ships of all nations some few years ago, before the Falklands were under the English flag. I generally remarked that the outlyers were covered with gashes, received, probably, in many a hard battle; and that they laboured under the disadvantage of not having their horns pointed upwards, whereas the bashaws who lived in female society had remarkable advantages in that weapon of offence. This may be a wise ordination of nature, to prevent the great number of males from injuring the breed, which would certainly ensue were not some of the bulls turned out of the herd and kept at a distance by their more favoured brethren.

PART II.

HAVING seen that every thing was in order in our little vessel, I thought a good opportunity was before me to carry out one of the orders given by the Admiralty to my commanding officer—namely, to form little gardens in any convenient spot in the Falkland Islands. I therefore determined to seek out a locality adapted to so well-intentioned a purpose.

At half-past ten in the forenoon, I manned the dingy with four boys, and pulled along the shore, frequently landing as a favourable place seemed to present itself, each of which, however, on examination, proved impracticable. At length we arrived at a little creek, about forty yards wide, running inland. Up this we went, following the windings of the stream about a mile, when they terminated in a small rivulet running from a lake situated at a short distance. Leaving the boat in charge of three of my young crew, I landed with the fourth boy, and walked to the wild and sequestered mere, which presented a sight to charm the eye of a sportsman. The extent of the water—barely two acres—was thickly dotted with birds. Two majestic swans, with ebony necks issuing from snowy bodies, floated, with an air of haughty patronage, among innumerable geese, ducks, teal, and divers; but, to my great amazement, the feathered crowd, instead of appearing the least alarmed and skurrying off, drew towards us: unlike their *civilised* brethren, they were ignorant of the treachery of man.

I sat down on the brink of the lake, wondering whether, on my return, I should be able to convince people of the truth of that which I then beheld. Except the swans, the whole assembly of fowl approached gradually until some hundreds were within twenty yards of me. A chorus then arose from them, as if with one accord they inquired my business there, and sought to know in a friendly way why I disturbed their privacy. I may here remark, that the sounds they utter in a wild state are totally different from their notes when domesticated, and I should not

have recognised the species by the ear alone. The entire congregation appeared to be so tame and unsuspecting, that, reluctant to make my presence shunned by dealing death among them, I contented myself (although my double-barrel, loaded with No. 6, was lying across my knees), with taking the seal-club from my boy's hand, and shying it among the birds.

This had an effect contrary to what I expected : for, instead of being alarmed, they gathered, as if with curiosity, round the missile, and pecked at it. Never was so glorious an opportunity of making an immortal shot ! But again my humanity struggled with my love of sport : I could not kill the poor confiding creatures, who placed themselves almost within my grasp. At this moment a more legitimate opportunity offered : a flock of teal flew over my head from another place. Mechanically my gun jumped to my shoulder, and before I was aware of it, both barrels had done their work : five birds fell from the discharge of the first, and four from that of the second. For a few minutes, the flutter and confusion that followed on the lake was indescribable ; but quiet was soon restored, except that every now and then were heard little bursts of rapid chattering, as if excited by wonder.

Bagging my teal, I resumed my quest of a site for a garden, passing more than once the skeleton of a wild bull or cow—rather grim landmarks in a wild solitude. One of these strongly excited my attention. It lay in a pass over a small boggy rivulet at the bottom of a deep ravine. Here the poor brute must have stuck in trying to cross : the surrounding earth was torn up, and the vegetation destroyed as if by hoofs and horns. I was inclined to suspect that this might have been done by wild cattle, in horror at the terrible death of their fellow, who must have perished of starvation : his head was stretched out as in the act of belching. While “moralising this spectacle,” I quite forgot the purpose for which I landed ; and was only roused from my brown study, and warned of my distance from the boat, by the sudden trumpeting of wild bulls. I felt convinced we were chased.

Hoping to get back in a direct line, we ascended the side of the ravine, and made for a hill, on the summit of which was a little rock which, luckily for us, was scaleable only by hipeds. On gaining the base of this position, impregnable to quadrupeds, I climbed up, closely followed by my boy, who had hardly got a footing on the top, when we descried five huge brutes who closed in our little fortalice, and declared war by furiously tearing up the ground.

With all convenient speed I drew from my gun the charges of small shot, and loaded with ball ; but alas ! not expecting a fight, I had only four bullets ; and considering those not quite sufficient to physic five full-grown bulls, I determined to lay them by for a last resource, and await the chapter of accidents ; knowing full well that, should we not return by a certain time, a party would be sent to our assistance, who would soon deliver us by raising the siege. To beguile the time, I struck a light for my cigar, and reclining at my ease, expected the brutes would take themselves off. But no such thing : they did not even graze, but watched the rock as a cat would watch a mouse-trap. I could not help laughing to see my little companion every now and then lift up his head, reconnoitre the enemy, and extend his fingers from his nose according to the elegant method now in vogue of “taking a sight.”

We remained thus blockaded about three hours, when suddenly came on a furious squall of snow and sleet, which completely enveloped us all in the clouds. This being too good an opportunity to be lost, we swiftly and silently evacuated our position, and ran at least a mile without stopping, after which a rough walk of an hour and a half brought us down to the boat. I resolved that, in future land excursions, I would carry more bullets.

In the afternoon of the following day, I again landed, having our purser for my companion. While rounding an angle in the island, I saw, spread out fast asleep, a hair seal of about seven feet in length. Being anxious to observe the movements of one of these creatures, I halted, and quietly watched him. My friend had also seen the animal from another point of view, and, being armed with a boarding-pike, had stealthily approached him. The assailant, brandishing his weapon, had so earnest an expression of countenance, and seemed inspired by so knightly a determination (as though a new St. George was about to attack a new dragon), that I could not refrain from bursting into a loud laugh. This roused the seal, who, slowly raising his head, gazed round about with sleepy eyes. The next moment the purser's pike was stuck with right good will into the beast's hind-quarters, on which he scuttled into the water, followed by his persecutor, who, in his excitement, tumbled after him (repeating his digs) into the water, whence, what with my excessive laughter, and the thick kelp, I had some difficulty in extracting him. Thus ended our exploration for the day. In the thoroughly soaked condition of my friend, a speedy return to the ship was necessary.

As, about this period, we had not much experience in combating wild cattle, we deemed two persons with guns quite sufficient to attack one beast. When, however, we had gained a little more knowledge, we became cautious, and generally took with us three or four men well armed. Our first irrational valour arose from ambition of the honour of vanquishing a bull single-handed—an exploit attempted by Captain Sullivan and myself; after which, being satisfied with our experiment, we were in no hurry to repeat it.

One morning early the surveying party landed, and were soon lost in the windings of the creeks. About two hours after their departure I ascended, with my spy glass, to our mast-head, for the purpose of getting a better view, and could see the party on a distant hill building a mark. In a short time I observed them pointing their glass very earnestly in the direction of a particular spot, much nearer the vessel, towards which, having finished the mark, and put a pole on its summit, they started at a rapid pace. I conjectured that the object of their anxiety must be a herd of cattle. Immediately arming myself with my usual weapons, I pressed into the service my dog La Porte, together with a brave boy of the name of Popham, who afterwards always carried my second gun, and who never once flinched from putting it into my hand at the proper moment. Knowing, from the nature of the ground, that I should stand a much better chance of getting near the animals than was possessed by the surveyors, who must cross one or two creeks and approach their prey from an open plain, I landed, and marched in a direct line to the place denoted. After progressing about two miles, we observed, just over the crest of a hillock, a black ridge or eminence, like a bush or small rock,

which suddenly started into life, developing a huge head and pair of horns. It was a bull, grazing; and a magnificent creature he appeared to be. These wild fellows are very different from their species in a tame state. I cannot more fitly describe them than by saying they have a *terrible* aspect; so much so, that some of our men, and one officer, although as brave and careless of their personal safety as any could be, were never able to get over their dread of the gorgon-like visages of these beasts, which operated so powerfully on one or two occasions, as to prevent the individuals in question from venturing on the main land. This peculiar terror on the part of men of high courage, must, I imagine, have arisen from early impressions made in childhood, similar to the dread some persons have of being alone in a dark place.

While considering how best we might attack the brute, a herd of about forty or fifty was suddenly exposed to our view. Starting La Porte at them, and enjoining my brave young companion to keep close to me, we ran full speed towards the animals, the whole of which seemed panic-stricken, and scoured off. One bull took a direction across my path, at a distance of about fifty yards. I levelled my rifle at his fore shoulder, and heard (immediately after its sharp crack) the dull sound of the bullet striking him. This enraged the animal, when, turning his head at me, on he came at speed, with tail high above his back. In a moment I had changed guns, and, with my left knee on the ground, waited his approach. La Porte did all a dog could do to divert his course; but on me the bull had fixed his eye, and nothing could shake his purpose. I must confess I felt as if I should have been much safer anywhere else; but it was too late to think of that. The animal was within twenty yards when my first barrel opened on him. The ball entered his forehead, but not sufficiently deep to cause instantaneous death, or even to disable him for the moment. Regardless of pain, he still galloped forward, when, at ten yards, my remaining barrel pierced his left eye. Mad, and half blinded, he now swerved from me and rushed headlong on my boy, whom, without attempting to toss, he knocked down, trampled on, and passed over. Before he could turn, La Porte had him by the nose, and for a few seconds held him; but he soon threw the dog off, and came upon us streaming with blood. During the next two or three minutes we exerted every nerve and muscle to keep clear of his repeated, though weakened, charges, and only succeeded by La Porte's powerful assistance, who, when we were nearly caught, sprang upon him like a tiger.

At length the bull appeared to stagger slightly, and the dog pinned him. Drawing my hunting-knife—which, by the bye, I could shave with—I ran up, and was in the act of hamstringing him, when once more he threw off the dog and bounded at me. While making the third bound (and when I fancied I could feel his hot breath, he was so close), the tendon having been severed, the remaining cartilages of the leg gave way, and, with a loud bellow, he was stretched on the earth. The next moment my knife was sticking in his heart. After a little time we cut his throat and examined his wounds, each of which was mortal. He was of the low-quartered breed, but young. One of the surveying party, who afterwards came up, pronounced him to be only three years old.

We now collected our hats, guns, &c., which had been scattered around, and were beginning to compose ourselves, when, to our infinite discomfort,

two more bulls appeared over the rising ground, with tails up (a sign of mischief), and making direct for us. My first impulse was to load, and be prepared to receive our pursuers; but in the heat of the last battle I had dropped my powder-flask. Nothing therefore remained wherewith to defend ourselves but our knives, which we clutched desperately, taking up a position behind the carcase of our former antagonist. The brutes advanced furiously; flight would have been impossible; we deemed our case hopeless. At the moment when the bulls were within two hundred yards of us, we were unexpectedly cheered by a loud shout, and, with delight inappreciable by any one who has not been in a similar predicament, we saw all the surveyors hastening to our assistance, some with guns, others with boats' stretchers, and one with a very suspicious instrument, which looked marvellously like a theodolite-stand. This timely diversion had the desired effect. The bulls stopped short, and, our allies giving a shout, turned tail and fled.

We now cut up the carcase of the bull I had slain, carried the joints down to the boat, and then proceeded to prepare lunch. Four men were employed to collect "diddledee;"* one was sent with my rifle to procure a couple of geese, and another was employed in lighting a fire. In a very short time a heap of fuel was fiercely blazing, and a couple of geese lying beside it. Our cookery was not very elaborate: the man whom we deputed to officiate cut off the heads of the birds, pulled out the long wing-feathers, and rolling up the bodies in a heap of "diddledee," committed them to the flames. In about twenty minutes the geese were thoroughly roasted, and unceremoniously kicked out of the fire. Thus dressed, they looked exactly like two balls of cinder: this dirty appearance, however, vanished on skinning them, when they were as white as, and seemed much more delicate than, their tame brethren with all the sophisticated treatment of a scientific cook. The insides were not disturbed during the process of roasting, or rather burning, in order to prevent the juices of the flesh from being dried up. These birds, together with a few beefsteaks from the beast just killed, made (considering we were in the wilderness) a most sumptuous luncheon, salt and biscuit being always carried with us. After our repast we lighted our cigars, and being still further animated by a potent glass of grog,

Fought all our battles o'er again,
And thrice we routed all our foes, and thrice we slew the slain.

I am sure we enjoyed our entertainment in these primeval solitudes with greater zest than could have been felt in nine-tenths of the sumptuous picnics at Richmond or elsewhere—always excepting the irresistible charm of ladies' eyes, of which, alas! we were destitute. After spending a reasonable time in this wild pleasure, I returned to the vessel, and the surveyors resumed their work.

A few evenings after this, having surveyed the upper part of the harbour, we dropped down towards the entrance and moored abreast of a long narrow tussock islet. On examining this the next day, we discovered traces of pigs; and an officer having caught sight of one wander-

* A small shrub, of so inflammable a nature that it will burn fiercely even when soaked in water. The above name is given to it by the sailors.

ing along the beach "at his own sweet will" (an enjoyment seldom permitted to pigs), punished the vagabond by knocking him over in fine style at a distance of sixty yards, with no better weapon than a short ship's musket. This exploit set us all agog for pork—a delicacy which we esteemed the more, as relieving us from the *toujours bœuf*. Being thus haunted with delectable visions of griskins, spare-ribs, chines, black-puddings, sausages, &c., we planned, in our enthusiasm, an attack on the swine. To secure such a culinary luxury was an affair of serious importance, and we set about it seriously in the following manner; viz., first, a man with a boat's flag stuck on a boat-hook marched down the centre of the tussock; and though he himself was invisible in consequence of the great height of the leaves, his banner flaunted gaily above, and was plainly visible to all. Every now and then he sounded a little hunting-horn, which was responded to by hearty cheers from six men on either side, inspired by love of pigmeat, and armed with boarding-pikes, who were so spread out as to take up nearly the whole breadth of the island, thrashing and hallooing with all their might. About two hundred yards in advance stood myself, rifle in hand, backed by my boy with another gun; and on each side of me, at about eighty yards, were two of our best shots. "The deuce is in it," thought I, exultingly, "if we shan't revel in pork now, both fresh and to pickle." It was an invigorating anticipation. On came the beaters with shouts of expected triumph. They were formed, like the Spanish Armada, in a half-moon, the horns rather in advance; but, also like that redoubtable armament, our present enterprise ended in a ludicrous failure. The pigs were so stupid (poor wild, benighted creatures!) that they would not come to be killed and cooked. Our exquisite generalship was thrown away: we bagged only one little boar, and even that exploit was owing not to human but to canine agency. La Porte had seized the straggler firmly by the back, and held him there, squeaking terribly, till we came up and captured him alive. But though we could not achieve a success adequate to our gallant preparation and array of force, we consoled ourselves in the reflection that we had "done more—deserved it."

During our pig-hunt we were tantalised every moment by a clownish penguin, which would first pop out his head to survey us, and then stalk close by with grave and silent content. He evidently saw that the swine would outwit us, and participated in the triumph of the quadrupeds.

At length, a desperate rustling gave notice that something large was at hand; and immediately after, to our infinite disappointment, for we had calculated on the advent of a good fat hog, our waddled a sea-lion. The beast's huge logger-head was hardly visible, when it formed a target for our guns, of all which the contents crashed into his skull nearly at the same moment. Down he dropped immediately, and only showed that life remained by writhing for a few minutes.

On one of our excursions ashore, the following singular circumstance occurred. I have read in medical and other works instances of a similar nature—never witnessed one before. We had breakfasted early and hastily one morning, in order to have a long day before us, and at seven o'clock landed for beef. Having walked three hours, we wounded and, after a running skirmish of two miles, killed a fine cow. This was very fatiguing work. We then rested a short time, and began to retrace our

steps towards the shore, in doing which we shot a calf, thus adding considerably to our load. As I had only five persons with me, I did not take the usual precautions for keeping my party together; and, on stopping to rest, I found that a portly marine was missing. Taking the least tired of my men, I went back some distance to look for the absentee; and having paced two weary miles, was nearly giving up the search, when we observed a flock of caranchos poised nearly motionless in air. My companion shrewdly judged that the birds were balancing themselves over our lost one; and, on going up to the place, I found his suspicions correct. The marine was lying on his face as if fast asleep, while a couple of caranchos sat watching him within two feet of his head. Thinking this was only a lazy fit, and being tired and angry, I brought the whole weight of my rifle down on a well-covered part of his frame, causing, to my surprise, only a deep groan; and we ascertained that the fat lout had lost all power of movement, and could not even lift his arm. We were, therefore, under the necessity of carrying his heavy body back to our party, who were then at least six miles from the beach. On our arrival there, we tried to recover him; but, as he did not appear to mend, we were obliged by turns to carry him the whole way—and weary work it was. We did not get in sight of the vessel till past seven o'clock in the evening. The people on board, feeling rather alarmed at our protracted absence, luckily kept a good look out, and a boat was on shore nearly as soon as we arrived on the beach.

Having seen the patient, our doctor said that nothing but food would restore him; an opinion borne out by the fact, inasmuch as the man was as well as ever after a good meal. His total prostration up to this time forcibly impressed me, as he was a young and powerfully built man. I afterwards learned that this was not a very uncommon case, when violent and long-continued exercise was combined with an empty stomach. Had the man been left all night in the wilderness, he would, in all probability, have died. As it was, we lost, through the marine's illness, our calf and the prime parts of the cow which we intended to carry on board. When first we arrived at the Falklands I used almost to laugh at one of the orders given by Captain Sullivan, that no one belonging to the vessel should be allowed to go on shore without a companion; an order which I understand was rigidly enforced by Captain Fitzroy, whilst in command of the *Beagle*, which was only once broken, and then ended fatally. I am now convinced that it is a very necessary precaution, and, if strictly acted on in all uninhabited or unknown countries, would be the means of saving many valuable lives. Two or three instances have lately occurred of persons going out to shoot in health and spirits, and being found dead the following morning. Exhaustion and exposure to the weather have, in most cases, produced these melancholy results; but with common prudence and a companion there is little or nothing to fear, especially if one is well armed—a practice which I earnestly recommend to all persons who are desirous to return home with a whole skin.

As I was a passable shot, and an untiring pedestrian, I was invited by Captain Sullivan to accompany him to the top of Mount Pleasant, a hill about eight miles distant from our anchorage. The morning of November 30th being beautiful and calm, we determined to set out, and accordingly started after an early breakfast, having two men with us to carry

our instruments, &c. For the first half-mile we amused ourselves very well with shooting snipe, &c.; but we were speedily warned by the bellowings all round us that we should keep more on our guard, which we instantly obeyed, by loading our guns with ball and keeping close together. Thus prepared, we advanced about a mile farther, when four bulls drew out of a herd and manifested symptoms of resenting our invasion of their territory. Not liking the look of the enemy, we slunk back a short distance, and made a *détour* of nearly two miles to get clear. La Porte, however, suddenly dashed away, and for nearly twenty minutes was lost to us—much to our vexation, as he was a most puissant ally. Our pleasure, therefore, was proportionately great when we perceived him driving towards us a little calf, *baa-ing* most pitiably. The moment he was near enough, La Porte seized the animal's nose, and held it until we came up. Our first impulse was to let the poor thing go; but the dog, in his anxiety to secure his prey, had broken the upper jaw, and we therefore put an end to the creature's sufferings by killing it, marking the spot, that we might pick it up on our return.

After this, we marched on through the wilderness, still in battle array, and dispersed a small herd, out of which the dog captured another calf, but which, being uninjured, we let go again. At length we came to the bank of a large lake, whose wide unruffled gleam, quietly reflecting the sky, made the solitude look more solitary. Through this sheet of water we in vain attempted to wade, and were finally compelled to walk round its shore—a great addition to the fatigue of our journey, which, though in a straight line not more than eight miles, amounted, by these necessary deviations, to thirteen or fourteen, and principally among long, soft, springy grass eighteen inches high.

About one o'clock at noon, we reached the base of the mount, and sat down beside a streamlet winding along the bottom. After recovering a little from our fatigue, we commenced our ascent, and crossed once or twice a long line of those stones mentioned with much surprise by every traveller in this region. Some were so large that we could not have got on them without the help of a ladder. But what struck me most was, that when half-way up, we could hear, on listening intently, a stream rapidly running, and by the deadened noise, evidently some feet below the surface. Half-an-hour's more toil brought us to the top of the mount; but here our progress was arrested by a perpendicular wall of rock running to the height of nearly three hundred feet. After a long search, we found a practicable breach, and leaving our guns and other heavy articles behind, we scrambled up as well as we could—no easy matter, both from the nature of the rock and the incumbrance of the theodolite stand, which we intended to erect so as to take a round of angles from the very summit. At length we gained the apex, but so sharp was it that we could not fix the stand, and were obliged, cross-legged, to drag ourselves over a short ridge to a better place. This was rather nervous work, for my left leg hung over the perpendicular wall as completely at right angles with the surface of the earth as if it had been built with a plumb-line.

Here we had room to fix the stand, preparatory to making the "observations." We had now a perfect bird's-eye view of nearly the whole of the southern part of the east island from the range of Wickham Heights.

The prospect was grand on account of its extent, though I could not have imagined anything so apparently barren and comfortless: the grass seemed everywhere brown and parched, and innumerable lakes of all forms and sizes gave, with their wan gleam, a melancholy effect to the view. I tried several times, without success, to count the cattle in sight; but, after repeated attempts, gave up the endeavour. The temperature was bitterly cold, although a dead calm; and large icicles were hanging in various fantastic shapes from all the overhanging points of rock.

Before leaving the vessel, we had made arrangements with Mr. Bodie (the master) that we should announce our arrival on the summit of the rock by lighting a fire, the smoke of which would direct him to let fall the topsail, and to fire a gun, exactly five minutes after (to a second). By this sound we expected to get the distance. Collecting what material we could for ignition, and having settled ourselves in comfortable positions to watch with our Dollonds, the word was given to light the fire. In a moment a small column of smoke slowly ascended. (We afterwards heard that the effect, as seen from the vessel, was beautiful; the vapour being visible to the naked eye, and ascending like a tiny thread from the very peak of the mountain to a great height, until dissipated by the upper currents of air.) No sooner was this seen, than it was responded to by a dozen diminutive objects, descried through our glasses, climbing up the rigging like ants. A moment after, a small speck of white became visible, which announced to us the fall of the topsail. As the second-hand of Captain Sullivan's chronometer reached the five minutes, a thin puff of smoke appeared to spurt out of the vessel's side. All was now attention to catch the sound; but we were too far off.

During the time we remained up here, not a single noise disturbed the death-like silence, neither was the solitude invaded by any other living object than ourselves, excepting that a huge eagle alighted to plume himself on a pinnacle within twelve yards of the theodolite.

After descending with some trouble, we picked up our guns, &c., and commenced our return. The homeward journey was a painful one; as our two men, not being accustomed to such long walks, were knocked up, and the wild cattle, as though they knew we were fatigued, were bolder and fiercer than in the morning. One beast chased us to the edge of a morass, in which we were glad to take refuge. Finding from the nature of the ground that he could not get at us, he worked himself up into a state of madness, which was not at all allayed by a couple of ounces of lead which we sent into his body. Not wishing to be benighted, we hastened on, and having found the calf we had killed in the morning, got safely on board at seven o'clock to a capital dinner, of which the only fault was a total absence of vegetables.

A succession of heavy south-west gales, with snow and sleet, put a stop, during five days, to all out-of-door work. In the evenings we were much at a loss how to find amusement, as all the books in the ship had been read and re-read dozens of times. I hardly know how we should have diverted the *tedium vitæ*, had I not, before leaving England, luckily provided myself with several single-sticks and hilts from my esteemed friend Mr. H. Angelo, of whom I am proud to acknowledge myself a pupil; and whose skill in the art of offence and defence in the

use of the broadsword is above that of any other professor I ever met with. Our people took great delight in this exercise ; and, by imparting the knowledge I had acquired under Mr. Angelo, I so trained my men, that I flatter myself few of H. M. ships could have turned out a crew equal to the *Arrow's* ship's company in expertness with that thoroughly English weapon, the broadsword.

We were now beset by a succession of heavy gales. I only landed once, and that was abreast the vessel for an hour or two. With the assistance of the crew I managed to haul our little dingy over a small bank, and launch her again in a fresh-water lake, where in a very short time we bagged upwards of sixty teal, and double the number of various other birds not mentioned in the game-list.

On Sunday, the 10th of December, the gale had increased prodigiously. It was well for the little ship, which rode to three anchors, that the holding-ground and our ground-tackle were so good, for, with all our precautions, and though nothing was left to hold wind but the bare lower masts and hull, we were in momentary fear of going adrift. We could hardly hear the church service performed, even on the lower deck, with the hatches down, so loud was the roaring of the gale.

About sunset, as usual, the wind gradually sank to a hoarse murmur, and at midnight we had fine weather once more, the stars shining as brilliantly as if within the tropics. Such sudden alterations form one of the marked peculiarities of the Falklands.

The next morning, some time after the surveyors had departed, I was much surprised by observing a large column of smoke rising several miles to the southward. This, naturally enough, caused great excitement amongst us, as we knew our party had gone in an opposite direction. So strange an incident in an uninhabited island brought to my recollection Robinson Crusoe's discovery of the foot-print of a man on the desolate sea-shore. All manner of conjectures were hazarded, and truly some of them were wild enough. The next morning, as soon as I could spare them, I sent off four steady fellows, well armed ; but nothing could they discover save the remains of a fire, a few singed feathers, and a very old-fashioned rusty hatchet without a handle. Imagining some shipwrecked mariners might be near, we fired a blue light as soon as it was dark, and then a sky-rocket, but without any result. Who could the adventurers have been ?

Two days more were sufficient to finish the Choiseul Sound, and early on the following morning we sent both our boats sounding down towards the entrance. At two o'clock we followed them in the vessel. About twelve miles from the mouth of the sound we perceived a splendid little harbour on the northern shore, where we anchored for the night, intending to leave the next morning ; but unsettled and tempestuous weather detained us several days, which, though a grievous infliction to us at the time, was pleasant in its results, as we had a most gallant and satisfactory campaign in our Wild Sports in this part of the Falklands.

THE MIDNIGHT SPELL.

BY MRS. CHARLTON.

In the beginning of the year 1830, a group of men were assembled in one of the groves that intersect every part of India, whose appearance and occupation made them appear to belong to some remote age rather than to the present century. They were engaged in Pagan ceremonies, still followed by the Hindoos; and if any one had witnessed them they would have been filled with horror, for the rites they observed were those practised by the Thugs. One of the party was seated on a blanket spread for him, his face turned towards the west. The rest were seated on each side, looking in the same direction that he did, excepting one young man, whose air of surprise and curiosity proved that he was only a novice.

"My son," exclaimed the leader of the band, "you will be invited into the sacrifice of the Tipoonnee, and you must, therefore, pay the most profound attention to what we perform."

"Pray do not doubt my zeal, O my gooroo,* for it has long been my ardent wish to become perfect in these ceremonies."

"The Tipoonnee is of the utmost solemnity; and when you have taken your part in it, you will be prepared for the important work."

"To-night I am to taste the consecrated sugar," said the young man, "for the first time, according to your promise."

"You shall do so; and listen to our invocation while we address the goddess."

The leader of the band then made a small hole in the ground near the blanket, upon which was placed the sacred pickaxe, one especially consecrated to the service of the Thugs, a pile of sugar, and a piece of silver, as an offering; a little sugar was then put into the hole, and one of the assembly, raising his hands to heaven, said in a supplicatory tone,

"Powerful and mighty goddess, who hast for ages vouchsafed thy protection to thy votaries, we beseech thee to fulfil our desires—to him thy protection."

He then presented him with a piece of consecrated sugar, and his inauguration was complete.

The leader of the band then addressed the novice in the following words:—

"You have eaten the consecrated sugar, and are now a Thug! Were you to desire to forsake us you could not, such is the power it has, when consecrated as you have seen it, over the hearts of men."

"Do not suppose, my gooroo," replied the novice, "that it would be possible for me ever to change; though the youngest of the party, you will not find me the least zealous."

"I have no doubt of it, my son; for youth is ever eager, and men find apathy comes only with old age. My admonition did not proceed from want of confidence in you, but it was to strengthen your convictions. Be kind to those around you, affectionate to your relations, commiserate the poor, give alms to the needy; but remember that you have vowed destruction to all whom the goddess may throw in your way."

* Spiritual teacher.

"Your words have sunk into my heart," replied the novice; "never shall you have to complain of my flinching from my duty."

It might naturally be supposed that the horrible career of the Thugs would render them stony-hearted, insensible to compassion, and, in fact, more like malignant demons than human beings; but they have been found patterns of every domestic virtue—good sons, husbands, and fathers, and exhibiting so much generosity towards their kindred, that they often endure great privations to assist them. If the Hindoos exhibit so many good qualities under a system which prompts wicked deeds of the blackest dye, what virtues may we not expect from them if converted to Christianity?

The ceremonies were continued the next day; the leader of the band repeated incantations over the novice, who was not allowed to take meat, nor any nourishment but milk, while numerous sacrifices were made to the sacred pickaxe; every omen was observed, and as they sat under the trees, scarcely a bird alighted but there was a conclusion drawn from it, and the appearance of different animals was particularly observed. He was inquisitive respecting the meaning of these omens, and inquired of the gooroo, who replied,

"My son, when I was at your age these ceremonies were performed over me to make me fearless and cunning, valiant and active; able to ensnare all who came within my reach, and to avoid my enemies; to make me fortunate, and cause me to win fame."

"In all these you have succeeded?"

"Thanksgiving to the goddess, I never failed; and we may all entertain great hopes of you; everything is going on to my complete satisfaction, for I have not observed one unfavourable omen. We shall soon admit you to the most important business of our holy profession."

"What will that be?"

"I shall place the handkerchief in your hands, to give you some instructions in the art of strangling."

The next day the novice was requested to bathe with peculiar care, and was anointed with fragrant oil. They next made a mark on his forehead with vermilion, and declared him to be a votary of Bowanee.

The gooroo then gave him a handkerchief, having tied a large knot at one end, with a piece of silver inserted in it; this he held in his left hand, the plain end being in his right, and about as much space between them as would nearly compass a man's neck; the closed hands had the palms uppermost.

"Now," said he, "mark this; and when you throw the cloth from behind, and have got it tight, suddenly turn your knuckles into the neck, giving a sharp wrench to either side that may be most convenient. If done with precision, instant death ensues."

When at Hyderabad, the superintendent of Thuggee mentioned to me that a noted Thug had been sent to him as an approver, and that he could bring him to me if I felt inclined to see him. Wishing to see this monster, on the same principle that we desire to behold a shark, I availed myself of this opportunity, expecting to witness a man of hideous appearance, and representing in his outward aspect the reflex of a life of murder.

My surprise was great to see a benevolent and venerable-looking person enter the apartment, whose snow-white beard corresponded with

his air of benignity and placid demeanour. His manners were gentle and polite ; in fact, he had every outward sign of a particularly amiable character. He wore a green turban and a rosary round his neck, which showed that he had become a faqueer ; even Lavater must have acknowledged that his system of physiognomy would not hold good in India, where men do not act in conformity with their natural disposition, but from the dictates of a dark system of idolatry. The Thug in question informed me, with a bland smile, that he had killed a hundred men ; and on seeing me shrink from him with horror, he added that since becoming a faqueer he had quitted his former profession, but did not speak of it with the least confusion or remorse. He showed me the manner in which the fatal knot was tied, and how the handkerchief was used in strangling, precisely in the manner described above.

We must return to the novice. He required some practice before he could attain dexterity in his new profession ; but in a short time he soon satisfied the rest of the band that he was competent to perform his task. The next thing was to learn to be a sotha, as those Thugs were denominated who were employed to decoy travellers into situations where they could be easily strangled.

"It does not appear to me," observed the young man, "that there can be much difficulty in the character of a sotha."

"That is not the general opinion ; men are proud of excelling in it, for they require the greatest tact and powers of dissimulation, ability to support characters and disguises, a smooth tongue and polite demeanour. All men have not these qualities ; indeed, we may even consider them very rare."

"I am afraid, O my gooroo," replied the young man, "that it will require a great deal of experience before I can become a sotha."

"Do not be afraid, my son ; your manners are pleasing, and your juvenile appearance will produce the idea of a simple and artless being. It is my intention to send you this evening to a rich merchant, who is established at the neighbouring village for a day or two to rest on his journey."

"What am I to do?"

"You must entice him to join our party, that we may be enabled to strangle him."

"But how?"

"Have you never seen a spider preparing to catch flies?"

"Yes," answered the young man ; "first of all it weaves a net."

"And you must do the same. We hear the merchant is immensely rich, and greatly alarmed at the idea of robbers."

"Indeed!"

"Well, you must work upon his fears, and state that having heard he is passing by, we are anxious to proceed on our journey with him, to ensure our mutual protection. He will be immediately caught by this pretext, and when he has joined our party we can strangle him this very evening, by practising the gan-kurna."

"I never heard you speak of that ceremony."

"It is performed in the following way," replied the gooroo :—"One of the party feigns sickness ; the others say a charm will restore him, and beg the stranger to join in counting a certain number of stars : while thus engaged, it is easy to find an opportunity of strangling the newly-arrived guest."

These horrible instructions were obeyed ; the Thug went to seek the

Hindoo merchant, and accosted him in so pleasing a manner that he was completely deceived, and thought himself fortunate in meeting with protection on the road. On joining the rest of the party they invited him to share their supper, and he repaid this attention by relating so many stories about the manner in which his gold and jewels were secreted, that they thought the time would never come for them to get possession of them. Midnight had arrived—the beautiful midnight of a tropic clime; the stars shone refulgently, as if to raise men's minds to heaven, and realised Alfred Tennyson's description of the East—

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,
Breaths of tropic shade, and palms in cluster, knots of paradise.

Suddenly the youngest Thug, according to the preconcerted plan, began to feign illness, and threw himself on the ground, as if attacked by violent convulsions.

"I fear," exclaimed the benevolent merchant, "that he has got cholera."

"Indeed, we must hope not."

"Well, at all events," continued the merchant, "it would be better for me to unpack my camphor."

"Oh, pray do not trouble yourself," replied the gooroo; "it is only a fit to which he is subject, and his friends are able to relieve him by a charm of great virtue, which always proves highly efficacious."

"What charm is that?"

"A very simple one. We all count a certain number of stars, according to agreement, and soon after our companion becomes composed, and then in a short time perfectly well."

"That is wonderful."

"We will now attempt it," said the gooroo, "and perhaps you will kindly join us in counting the stars."

"By all means," replied the merchant: "How many have you fixed upon?"

"As the attack is violent to-night, we will count a hundred."

While thus employed, the unhappy merchant found a handkerchief thrown round his neck with the rapidity of lightning—the knot was fastened with a firm grasp—he struggled violently, but in vain; the agonies of death were soon over, and he fell upon the ground never to rise again. They hurried him to a grave already prepared by his inhuman murderers—a grave unknown, unhonoured, and unwept—his fate resembling that of thousands.

The crimes committed by Thugs on a vast scale would appear incredible in England, were it not for the official reports presented to government, and the circumstance of having discovered many of the victims, by opening the graves where the approvers declared them to be interred.

The peculiar construction of oriental society has, however, given great facilities for these murders, which never could have been perpetrated in any other land.

In a vast continent like India, which from the earliest periods has been portioned out into territories, the possessions of many princes and chieftains—each with supreme and irresponsible power in his own dominions, having a lax and most inefficient government, and at enmity with or jealous of all his neighbours—it may be conceived that no security could exist for the traveller upon the principal roads throughout the continent; no general league was ever entered into for his security; nor could any

government, however vigorous, or system of policy, however vigilant it might be in one state, possibly extend to all.

When it is also considered that no public conveyances have ever existed in India (the want of roads, and the habits and customs of the natives, beng alike opposed to their use)—that journeys, however long, have to be undertaken on foot or on horseback—that parties, previously unknown to each other, associate together for mutual security and companionship—that even the principal roads (except those constructed for military purposes by the Company's government) are only tracks made by the constant passage of people over them, often intersecting forests, jungles, and mountainous and uncultivated tracts, where there are but few villages, and a scanty population—and that there are never any habitations between the villages, which are often some miles apart—it will readily be allowed, that every temptation and opportunity exists for plunderers of all descriptions to make travellers their prey. Accordingly, freebooters have always existed, under many denominations, employing various modes of operation to attain their ends; some effecting them by open and violent attacks with weapons, others by petty thefts and by means of disguises. Beyond all, however, the Thugs have of late years been discovered to be most numerous, the most united, the most secret in their horrible work, and, consequently, the most dangerous and destructive.

Travellers seldom hold any communication with the towns through which they pass, more than for the purchase of the day's provisions; they sometimes enter them, but pitch their tents or lie under the trees which surround them: to gain any intelligence of a person's progress from village to village is therefore almost impossible. The greatest facilities of disguise among thieves and Thugs exist in the endless divisions of the people into tribes, caste, and professions; and remittances to an immense amount are known to be constantly made from one part of the country to another in gold and silver, to save the rate of exchange; jewels, also, and precious stones are often sent to distant parts, under the charge of persons who purposely assume a mean and wretched appearance; and every one is obliged to carry money upon his person for the daily expenses of travelling. It is also next to impossible to conceal anything carried, from the unlimited power of search possessed by the officers of customs in the territories of native princes; or to guard against the information their subordinates may supply to Thugs, or robbers of any description.

It has been ascertained, by recent investigation, that in every part of India many of the hereditary landholders, and the chief officers of villages, have had connexion with Thugs for generations, affording them facilities for murder by allowing their atrocious acts to pass with impunity, and sheltering the offenders when in danger; whilst in return for these services they received portions of their gains, or laid a tax upon their houses, which the Thugs cheerfully paid. To almost every village (and in towns they are in a greater proportion) several hermits, fakeers, and religious mendicants have attached themselves. The huts and houses of these people, which are outside the walls, and always surrounded by a grove or garden, have afforded the Thugs places of rendezvous or concealment; while the fakeers, under their sanctimonious garb, have enticed travellers to their gardens by the apparently disinterested offers of shade and good water. If England has many crimes to answer for during her sway over India, she has proved a blessing at least on one account, the suppression of Thuggee.

THE SPIRIT OF CHANGE IN SOUTHERN EUROPE.

BY JAMES HENRY SKENE, ESQ.

In the many changes of ministry which have taken place in Greece, there have been at least forty persons, not natives of the kingdom, who have held the high position of secretary of state; and the judges, the other civil functionaries, and the *employés* of the public offices, were for the most part Greeks of Turkey, by reason of their better education, until the late decision of their chamber of representatives turned them out, in order to put Moreotes or other natives in their places, who were unworthy of trust, and incapable of fulfilling the duties required. The best and highest officers of the Greek army are either foreign Philhellenes, Roumeliotes from Souli and other places of European Turkey, Albanians, or young men from Constantinople, who have been educated as cadets at the military schools of Germany. The navy, it is true, possesses many natives of celebrity; but Hydra has already been named as an honourable exception to this statement; and, moreover, there are several of the most distinguished naval officers who are Ipsariotes, or Greeks of the other Turkish islands. There are some poets and authors of great merit in Greece; and yet not one of them is of native origin. The professors of the University of Athens are about thirty in number, and are, or ought to be, the most remarkable for their acquirements in their respective branches of learning and science; but they are almost all considered as foreigners, although belonging to the race of Greeks. The best lawyers, physicians, or surgeons, if not Germans, are Ionians or Smyrniotes; and the island of Scio provides the principal merchants and bankers. Of the artisans, the majority are Ionians, Smyrniotes, or Vlachs from Epirus. The Cyclades furnish the carpenters and masons, who are native free Greeks; but the migrating craftsmen of the Turkish provinces also spread all over the Greek kingdom, and most of the shepherds are Vlachs. The blacksmiths in general are gipsies; the oil-pressers are chiefly from Aivali or Cydonia in Asia Minor; many of the gardeners are Sciotes [or Maltese; and most of the common labourers are Bulgarians, with the exception of the street-porters, who are Maltese.

Hence it appears that the native free Greeks, generally peasants, do not contribute much, if we except in agriculture and other country occupations, to the prosperity of the kingdom; so that a general emigration from Greece of the so-considered foreign Greeks would be as detrimental to her as it would be profitable to their native localities.

Not only is it fortunate that Thessaly, Epirus, and Macedonia were not within the line of separation, as events have now most unexpectedly proved, but it is almost to be regretted that the kingdom of Greece had not been confined to the Morea. The unity of the government would have been more complete; the disputes between the Moreotes and the Roumeliotes would have been avoided; and, supposing that the failure had still occurred, Attica, Bœotia, Etolia, Acarnania, Phocia, Locris, Phthiotis, and the beautiful island of Eubœa, would have had a second chance.

An appeal to England or to Europe in favour of the provinces which

have remained under the Turks, although Christians, and notwithstanding that they have powerfully co-operated in the struggle for independence, may possibly be met by the expressions of dislike and disgust which have of late been constantly lavished on the character of the Greeks. The accounts of them given by most travellers have put an end to the admiration and consequent sympathy which were felt towards them during their combat for independence; and it cannot be denied that there are some grounds for the opinions so spread. Formerly, everything that was Greek derived a halo from their ancient fame and history; whereas now, the bare truth becomes even more repulsive than it really deserves to be, from the unmasked selfishness and venality which exist. But the fact of some of them not being patterns of morality and honesty, does not deprive the remainder of their claims as being unfortunate. Their sufferings in the Turkish provinces are real, and the remedy is possible; and these two statements, if they are admitted as axioms, should suffice to induce those who have it in their power to seek out the means of relieving them.

It is not necessary to arrogate for the Greeks any very eminent virtues and excellences of character, to entitle them to compassion for the positive and palpable misery which, as rayahs to the Turk, they evidently undergo. It is taking the effect for the cause, to assert that the Greeks should obtain no sympathy so long as they remain deceitful, treacherous, and selfish: on the contrary, this very turpitude is a claim on the kind offices of humanity; for it is the natural result of their degraded position, and of the wrongs which they have long endured, and still suffer under their infidel oppressors. These vices are the only arms left to them with which they can avoid the cruel exactions to which they are subjected; and they might reasonably look to brother Christians to aid them in throwing off the cause as well as the effect of this baseness, which obscures their better qualities, by placing them above the necessity of resorting to it in self-defence.

Allowing, however, for the sake of argument, that the Turk is more honest and worthy than the Greek, this can be no reason for permitting the one to oppress and grind down the other; or that fellow-Christians, more fortunate than the Greek in the enjoyment of civilisation and independence, should not be roused to take the part of the oppressed against the oppressor. Without going to the chivalrous extreme of a crusade against Islam, liberal nations and enlightened statesmen can still do much towards the bettering of the actual condition of the Greeks who have been compelled to remain as Ottoman subjects; and researches might be instituted as to the means of alleviating at least their burden, if the yoke of servitude cannot be altogether removed, notwithstanding their brave efforts in the cause.

When we talk of the heroes of the Greek Revolution, their protectors may well blush when they reflect that, in establishing the independence of the present limited kingdom, they left enslaved the very provinces which furnished two-thirds of the combatants in that cause; and most of the leaders whose names were distinguished, with the exception of a few, such as Colocotroni, Mavromichali, and Botzari. Many of the distinguished characters, and among others Karaïskaki, Mavrocordate, Coletti, Ypsilanti, and Odysseus, besides thousands less conspicuous, either died in Greece or now live there as exiles.

Their native places and their kindred are still oppressed, and the more so, perhaps, on account of their own exploits. Have these, therefore, no claim now on the friendly hand which gave the signal for action in the Bay of Navarino? The events of that day filled the Greeks with joy, and confidence in the kind intentions of the allied powers towards them, and in their friendly assistance after they had so effectually destroyed the enemy's force which was destined for their extirpation. These powers constituted themselves the permanent protectors of the new state, and proceeded to negotiate with the sultan for the determination of the frontier line. The Macedonians, Epirotes, and Thessalians, who had been engaged in the war, indulged in the anticipation of the just fruits of their labours, which they had every apparent reason to expect, when their hopes became suddenly blasted by the publication of a protocol depriving them of liberty, country, and home. All their long sacrifices proved nugatory, and their trust in the protecting powers delusive.

Under these disastrous circumstances they repaired in crowds to Greece, trusting to the clause in the protocol, which secured to them at least an asylum there; and many others, who had not taken an active part in the War of Independence, settled also within the boundary of the new kingdom as a common refuge for the Greek nation in general; thus bringing to the country a mass of talent, enterprise, commercial industry and pecuniary funds. Those possessing the latter purchased land or embarked in trade, while others exercised such professions as their superior education fitted them for; and the necessary and natural consequence of this was, that the progress of the kingdom of Greece was far more accelerated than it could have been had it been left to the mere force of its native resources. But although fully understanding and appreciating these advantages, the native Greeks, ever devoted to their sordid interests, now repulsed the *strangers*, as they chose to call them, and threw back their betrayed country to the state of intellectual indigence and political insignificance from which it was on the point of emerging.

The reign of ignorance and prejudice in the persons of the Palicari chiefs, and the illiterate primates of the Morea, was renewed when it had already begun to disappear and give place to that of education and enlightenment; for everything that was modern and polished at Athens was owing to the new class of Greeks who had settled there; and many of them having been brought up in the different capitals of Europe, strove to raise the country to an approximate level with the nations of the West. Greece has receded to the state of incipient civilisation in which the declaration of her independence found her; and however much might with confidence have been expected from the unity of the Greek nation, it has again been severed anew.

A remarkable illustration of the character of the Palicari chiefs, and of that which they gave to their chamber of deputies, was furnished by one of them bearing the name of General Grizioti. Addressing Mr. Mavrocordoto, a Fanariote gentleman of good family, a scholar and man of high principle, in the assembly of representatives, he called him *ρυχοδιώκτης*, or an adventurer. Another member rose and answered, "If that adventurer had not come to Greece, you would have remained what you were before the revolution, a *χασάκης*, or butcher," which was in fact the previous calling of the general.

The Fanariotes, or Greeks of Constantinople, who have settled in the

free kingdom, have exercised a greater influence on the fortunes of the new country than any other class of the nation ; and yet they are considered as strangers. They are the most civilised and best educated of the higher ranks of society at Athens, but they are generally accused of being addicted to diplomatic chicane ; the Peloponnesians are also considered as very intriguing ; the Roumeliotes, or inhabitants of continental Greece, are the most warlike ; and the Hydriotes, Spezziotes, and in general the Greeks of the Cyclades, are the most honest and industrious. There are likewise Greeks of Smyrna, Corfu, and other countries, not included in liberated Hellas, who have played prominent parts in the political affairs of the kingdom, but they are not in so great a number as those of Turkey in Europe. The Fanariotes are entitled to the first place from their superior learning and talents, as well as from the important services which they have rendered to their adopted country. They are the descendants of the Byzantines of the Lower Empire ; and, having remained in a part of the city of Constantinople which was allotted to them by their Turkish conquerors, they devoted themselves to a peaceful life of study. Too proud to occupy themselves in trade, and being excluded from the other resources which were open to the Turks, they withdrew from society and lived in perfect seclusion. The patriarch and the archbishops of the Eastern Church also retired to the Fanar, and with the remnants of the imperial families and the most distinguished of the Greeks they formed a community which, if not totally independent, enjoyed at least an undisturbed exercise of the Christian religion.

The Turks, being prohibited by the Mahomedan laws from learning any language except those in use among the followers of the Prophet, soon found the impossibility of carrying on the public business with European states, which their domiciliation on the shores of the Bosphorus entailed on them, without the assistance of interpreters, and agents better versed than themselves in the subtle science of diplomacy. A total ignorance of the principles of civilised administration thus led them into frequent embarrassments, which their novel position rendered dangerous to their prospects of permanently retaining possession of their brilliant conquest. The necessity of organising and supporting a naval force especially placed them in a dilemma, from which their inadequate knowledge and skill in nautical affairs was incapable of extricating them ; and another difficulty which tended to weaken the unstable fabric of the Ottoman power, was the incompatible difference of character and habits which existed between the conquered people and their victorious rulers. The Greeks, active, cunning, and peculiarly remarkable for the keen perspicuity which enables them to penetrate the dispositions and discover the weak points of others, were more than a match for the dull and phlegmatic Turks. The craft and acuteness of the former not only eluded the weight of the superior strength with which they had to combat, but found the means of overreaching their oppressors in the many and heavy exactions demanded of them. The Turks were, therefore, induced to conciliate the Fanariotes, who were universally esteemed, and who were the only subjects of the Ottoman empire combining the necessary qualifications. Accustomed to rule the volatile and wayward inhabitants of European Turkey they proved most valuable councillors, while their knowledge of Christian languages facilitated the diplomatic relations existing between the Porte and the foreign ambassadors. The first ap-

pointment of a Greek to the important functions of dragoman or interpreter was in the latter end of the seventeenth century; and it was soon followed by that of secretary to the navy. In these high offices the Fanariotes acquired the favour of the Turks, and were progressively elevated in dignities and privileges until the year 1730, when the sovereignty of the tributary provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia was conferred on them. They retained the absolute monarchy of these countries for nearly a century, and only lost it at the commencement of the Greek revolution, which diverted their attention to the more worthy objects of the liberation of their country, and its organisation as an independent kingdom.

The administration of the Fanariote princes of Wallachia and Moldavia was of the most tyrannical and self-interested nature, extorting from the peasants and the Boyards, or nobles, a taxation totally out of proportion with the resources of the country, and thus enriching themselves at the expense of their subjects, whom they treated with the same despotic injustice which they experienced in their turn at the hands of the Turks.

The nominations to these productive governments were obtained by dint of intrigue and flattery; and the reigning prince was only enabled to retain his crown on his head, and consequently the latter on his shoulders, by the vigilance of a diplomatic agent at Constantinople, who was intrusted with the dangerous task of watching the motions of the Divan, and opposing countermines to the frequently attempted mines and manœuvres of his patron's rivals. The prince provided for their numerous relations by appointing them to the highest and most lucrative offices in the provinces, which thus formed the principal source of their riches. At the fall of a Hospodar, or reigning prince, the Fanariote functionaries would return to the Fanar at Constantinople with the spoils of the Boyards; and, being comparatively civilised, they were wont to indulge in a life of the most splendid luxury, which was only checked by the dread of attracting too much notice from the sultan; as the inevitable consequence would be a prison, the doors of which could not be thrown open otherwise than by an exorbitant ransom. They were of studious habits, and were frequently distinguished by profound learning, though it partook generally of an excessively scholastic nature, as described in the historical romances of "Anastasius" and the "Count of Paris," by Mr. Hope and Sir Walter Scott.

The descendants of this remarkable race are all to be found in Greece, and they occupy a pre-eminent position in the scientific professions, although they are treated as strangers. Many of their young men have been educated at Paris and in Germany, where they became imbued with democratical principles; and they constitute the centre and focus of the the spirit of change in Greece, for their ruling passion is the extension of King Otho's dominions.

The Greeks of the Fanar have therefore been deprived of their promised asylum. Is it not then incumbent on those who prepared it for them to endeavour to devise some means of making up for so disastrous a loss? Have they not a claim on the subscribers of the protocol? The failure of the intended advantage is certainly not owing to them, and the high protecting powers are undoubtedly free from all responsibility or blame in this; but will an appeal to them made under these circumstances remain unheard? Would it not be wisdom on the part of the great powers to satisfy the desire of change, as far as prudence will admit, before the

Greeks take the accomplishment of their wishes into their own hands, as the Italians have done? The Greeks ask for an extension of territory : let the Rayahs be placed on a better footing, and they will be silent. The Congress justified the exclusion of the greatest part of Greece from the new kingdom, by offering a home to those disposed to expatriate themselves from the enslaved provinces : but it has been since denied them, for the Greeks of the Turkish provinces, who availed themselves of the offer, find themselves on the contrary as exiles in a foreign land, though neighbouring to their own, but in reality as alien as if in another hemisphere, on account of the rigour with which the Ottoman authorities prevent their communicating with their native country.

Many of the young Greeks have become distinguished lawyers, and have gained considerable renown by their literary as well as their forensic acquirements ; and in most cases these have belonged to the Fanar. This name is derived from the lantern, or lighthouse, which stood in the quarter of the town inhabited by the remnants of the Byzantine families. After the fall of the Lower Empire, the principal Constantinopolitan Greeks retired to this part of the city ; and these are their descendants. They still retain the characteristics which are ascribed by the historian Anna Comnena to their ancestors : a prevailing taste for letters, and habits of constant study are peculiar to them.

"It is in the Fanar that we discover the purest remains of ancient literature," says a modern writer, the Hon. J. Douglas ; "and the patronage of its inhabitants has supported the few men of genius who have of late appeared among the Greeks." Mr. Conder says, "that among this class (speaking from private information of the highest respectability) may be found examples of every social virtue which can adorn human nature ; probity, hospitality, strict honour, purity of morals, and decidedly the most finished politeness and the highest tone of manners that are to be met with in any capital. Neither the Castilian nor the Parisian presents a finer specimen of the true gentleman than the Constantinopolitan Greek."

The Fanariotes rose to power in Turkey, from the absolute necessity under which the Divan was placed of employing them as dragomans. These high offices led to the still higher trust of provincial governments ; and Wallachia and Moldavia, of which the inhabitants had so little analogy with the Turks that an ordinary pasha found it difficult to rule them, were confided to the absolute sway of Fanariotes. They were thus made reigning princes ; and these honours almost became hereditary in some families (those of Soutzo and others) ; while they were recognised as such at foreign courts, and received the title of "Most Serene Highness."

When the revolution broke out, one of the principal Fanariotes, Prince Morousi, was beheaded, along with the unfortunate Gregory, Patriarch of the Greek Church ; and others took refuge in Russia, where they were received by the government with the greatest kindness and respect. The princes Ypsilanti and Mavrocordato, who were two of the most distinguished among them, came to Greece, and became the main supporters of the cause ; while the young Fanariotes all looked towards free Greece as their future country. They have now altered their views, however ; and by their ardent desire of seeing the Greeks of the Turkish Provinces more free, they have fostered the spirit of change in Greece, which tends directly to produce some violent and sudden

mutation of the respective conditions of the different portions of the Greek nation.

Those who have come to Greece from Turkey, as well from Constantinople as from the provinces of Thessaly, Macedonia, and Epirus, or from the Greek islands still included in the Ottoman Empire, are obliged to remain there in the mean time; and cannot return, because the Turkish government persecutes those who dare to cross the frontier after having fought against or left the dominions of the sultan. They have not only lost their lands, but in many cases their families, and have indeed had occasion to lament their hard fate for the last nineteen years. But now a change has arisen in the comparative fortune of the still enslaved provinces, and of free Greece, for the citizens of the latter can only look forward to the insignificance of a small and powerless state; while Thessaly, Macedonia, and Epirus, may confidently anticipate a far brighter lot, although uncertain as to the time of its consummation.

No less than seven different insurrections have taken place in the kingdom of Greece within the last two years, and five of them were raised by natives of the Turkish provinces who had entered the service of King Otho. The ultimate object is the extension of territory, although the immediate motive assigned has always been dissatisfaction with the government; and, of a truth, that element of change, as well as the former, is not wanting in Greece.

CHAPTER VII.

DISCONTENT OF THE GREEKS OF EUROPEAN TURKEY.

THE kingdom of Greece is peopled by 850,000 inhabitants. It thus contains but a small fraction of the Greek nation, which is supposed to number at least 5,000,000; and moreover, the population of the free kingdom being far from exclusively Greek, the proportion comes to be even still less. There remains, therefore, a numerous population of Greeks in the Turkish empire, of which the Ionian race, or those of Asia Minor, form a very considerable section; but these are in a totally different state from their fellow-countrymen of Turkey in Europe, on account of their having undergone a less harsh treatment, and passed through milder trials. They are not possessed of the same martial and stubborn character, and have been more easily subdued; while the less tractable spirit of the European Greeks has kept them in a state of perpetual resistance and hostility towards the Turks. The consequence of their yielding temper has been, that the Asiatic Greeks do not suffer an equal degree of oppression from the Turks with whom they live, humbly and submissively acknowledging their superiority, and kissing the rod that beats them. The component parts of the population do not therefore exist in the same state of conflict. They are confined in Asia Minor to the two great families of Greeks and Turks, because the Armenians, although in considerable numbers, do not form a united body of people. Rayahs like the Greeks; the latter have submitted so unequivocally to the dominion of the Turks that they have ceased to be a nation, and are now nothing more than the lowest class of the Ottoman population. With the Armenians, Christianity has not created any feeling incompatible with the habits and character of the Osmanli; and their example has, to a certain extent, reacted upon the Greeks of Asia Minor. This statement, however, is only appli-

cable to the lower orders of Armenians; for in the large towns there are merchants and bankers of that race who are well entitled to, and do in fact enjoy, the respect of all classes. In the Asiatic provinces of Turkey the Mahomedans are much more numerous than the Christians, and the minority is much more easily kept in subordination; as the influence of the bold Albanians, so powerfully felt by the Greeks of Europe, is wanting in Asia. There the Rayahs, both Armenian and Greek, rest comparatively satisfied with their servile lot; and being resigned to their helpless destiny, their nationality has disappeared, and their very language is almost entirely superseded by the Turkish. In the great commercial towns, such as Smyrna and Broussa, it is true, the Greeks are in a far different condition; but there the contact with civilised European nations, and the activity of trade, have so mingled the various castes, that the feeling of social inequality hardly exists. The Rayahs of the interior are an abject race, who console themselves for the humiliations of their position by the enjoyments of a fertile soil, rich pastures, and exuberant vineyards. The Greeks, therefore, of these Asiatic provinces of Turkey have no claim to the same degree of commiseration with those of Thessaly, Macedonia, and Epirus. They do not suffer so much, being more submissive, and the pressure upon them being from that reason milder and more endurable; and consequently their present condition does not call so loudly for relief from the great powers which rule the destinies of nations.

The European Greeks are now as much vilified as they were extolled during their War of Independence. The Turkish rule is even asserted to be more suited to their nature than any system of government of their own; and it is thought by some, that as Rayahs they are happier than they would be if free. And it must be admitted that this theme is supported by the experience of the Greeks who have been emancipated from Turkish bondage; for the free citizens of the Greek kingdom still talk of "the good old time of the Turks" in connexion with the taxation and other civil institutions of their state of independence. But this, be it observed, is an argument which only tells against the *kingdom* of Greece, without implying much in favour of Turkey; for it must be recollected that the Greek kingdom is misruled, and that the condition the European Rayah may hope to attain is far other than that which the free Greeks now possess. There are instances even now of greater happiness in Turkey than the peasant enjoys in Greece; but it should be kept in mind that these are exceptions to the general rule of the Rayah's circumstances. What is wished for by the Thessalians, Macedonians, and Epirotes is, that such a state should be insured to them all without exception; and it would not be of much consequence to any one but the sultan himself, whether it be under him or under a foreign prince. If it can be realised, therefore, without dismemberment of the Turkish empire, it will be so much the more desirable.

There is an example of the degree of prosperity at which the Greeks may arrive under a mild government, in one of the provinces of Asia Minor; and it is the more remarkable, as having occurred among the abject people, and under the absolute tyrants of that country; but the peasants in question were Epirote Greeks, and the Turk, under whom it took place, was "one among a thousand." Many of the inhabitants of European Turkey, and especially of the dominions of Ali Pasha, had taken a refuge from oppression in emigration: some of them were, for

that purpose, attracted to Magnesia in Asia Minor, by the great reputation for justice and humanity which Cara Osman Oglu, chief of that country, had acquired; and they settled in the plains watered by the rivers Hermus and Caicus, and soon brought them to a high state of cultivation and prosperity; thus renewing the peaceful and happy rule of the Pergamenian kings in this magnificent country under a Turkish

The industrious and, consequently, rich communities of Thessaly are also convincing proofs that the Greeks, under circumstances which are favourable for turning the natural resources of a country to an advantage account, do actually possess internal means of attaining wealth, happiness, and power. But in their present condition these are weighed down and buried under the superincumbent mass of ignorant tyranny and stupid persecution which form the principles of Turkish government.

The Greeks of the European provinces of the empire consider their happiest lot to be, when they are suffered to vegetate unnoticed by the Turks. This state of oblivion was enjoyed, for instance, by the islands of the Archipelago before the Revolution, as they were visited only once a year by the capitan pasha for the purposes of exaction. During the remainder of the year, their inhabitants never saw a Turk: and when the Rayah succeeds in thus eluding observation, he considers himself fortunate; but vexations and affronts are seldom tardy in reaching him: ruin and death hang over his head like the sword of Damocles; and the first opportunity of oppression and exaction speedily terminate his enjoyment of insignificance and oblivion. His family is then cruelly ill-treated, and his property is amerced. The slightest appearance of resentment, or even complaint, on the part of the sufferer, brings down upon him the most overwhelming oppression; and by prostrate humility alone can he save his fortune or domestic honour from farther injury. Let him not, therefore, be condemned by the observer for dissimulation and cowardice; for these are the only means he dare resort to for safety, and even sometimes for maintaining fidelity to his religion. But when we consider that an act of apostacy to his faith would place him in the enjoyment of peace, protection, and independence, let him rather be extolled for his constancy.

It cannot be denied, at the same time, that a long and intimate acquaintance with the Greeks rarely fails to destroy any enthusiastic admiration which their unparalleled and adventurous history may have excited; although it is, perhaps, scarcely fair to place them lower in the scale of morality than most other Eastern nations, which, although more or less free from the baneful influence of slavery, are generally imbued with similar characteristics. Undeniably the Greeks are a clever, lively, quick, and perspicacious race, apt and ready in the acquirement of arts and sciences, possessed of great versatility of talent, and capable of learning foreign languages with wonderful facility. Indeed it appears almost miraculous how illiterate men, such as are met with among the Greeks in the sea-port towns, should be able to acquire fluency in seven or eight different languages; and instances are equally frequent, in the better educated classes of Greeks, of their promptitude in mastering the difficulties of different arts. Among these latter, indeed, are to be found highly accomplished men, who do everything well, and with so much apparent ease to themselves as to prove how little effort is required to

enable them to excel. Their manners are fascinating in the extreme, but there is a tone of flattery in the voice, and a glance of insincerity in the eye, which generally destroys the charm they would otherwise possess ; and joined to their politeness is a degree of obsequiousness, which banishes cordiality and confidence, leaving an impression that their civilities are not disinterested. In fact, covetousness is the ruling passion of the Greek, and avarice is his greatest vice ; he delights in usury ; and generosity, in his estimate, indicates a weak intellect.

To the rich and powerful the Greeks are hospitable, and will often, even in the middling and inferior ranks of life, positively refuse any remuneration from strangers who come to their houses in towns where there are no inns ; but in this there is usually a lurking design of future profit, or of thereby securing a friend where protection may be required.

Sir J. C. Hobhouse observes on this subject, that " they are attentive, and perform the rites of hospitality with good-humour and politeness, though no person can be sure that a speech of one of this people, however inviting in its beginning, will not terminate in the horrors of a petition ;" and in this he forms a correct judgment.

Nevertheless it would not be quite fair to conclude that meanness and hypocrisy are failings inherent in the nature of the race, for these are always to be found in a higher degree where the chains of slavery gall the most ; and it is surprising to observe the wide difference which exists between the characteristics of the various portions of the Greek population, according as their treatment by the Turks is more or less favourable to the development of their better qualities. Fraud is the first lesson which the rayah teaches his child ; and as a trade or handicraft is taught in other countries in order to enable boys to gain their livelihood, they are required in Turkey to serve an apprenticeship in the necessary art of deceiving the Turks. Under such circumstances, nothing else can be looked for than what exists ; and a better moral character would be an inexplicable phenomenon with the Greeks of the northern provinces, as they now stand in respect to their masters, because every stimulus to honourable efforts, for the purpose of securing their possessions or gaining their bread, is denied them. Let them not, therefore, be blamed for bowing to the iron law of necessity, but let them rather be applauded because their faults are not greater ; for what are called the great vices of civilised nations are almost unknown among them : and this is a most significant fact, although we must admit petty pilfering and insincerity to be very frequent. The constant state of fear in which they live produces habitual deceit ; but notwithstanding these drawbacks, the Greeks are a nation eminently capable of improving themselves, although now degenerated, as must be the case with every people in proportion as they are deprived of their rational liberty and just rights.

Their regeneration must, however, be gradual. Precipitate measures cannot fail to prove abortive. The Greeks must be slowly and deliberately raised from the depths of degradation to the level of other nations. They must be first drawn out of the mire of slavery, and then they may by degrees be purified in the clear spring of liberal institutions ; for the evil must first be put a stop to, in order that there may be no counteracting influences which can nullify the effects of a beneficial change. Let the cause of the disease be removed in the first instance, and then the healing art may restore the suffering nation to perfect health. If a

judicious and cautious measure of relief were once to give the Greeks equal liberty with the Turks, time and their own character would do the rest. Were education to enlighten them, and if religious tolerance were established, their complete regeneration would become a necessary consequence; but the fruits of knowledge can only be brought to maturity by the lapse of years. Like the oak, their growth is slow; but when full blown, their size and strength are gigantic. In the mean time, all that is wanted for the Greek, is the abolition of the pernicious rayah system, which sinks him to the dust, and the liberty to profess what faith he pleases; indeed, it would be better for him, that the full enjoyment of pre-eminence over his present master should be at first withheld, and that he should not at once be constituted the sole lord of his soil. The kingdom of Greece has proved this; for reform is dangerous when it is not progressive, and when its path is not brightly lighted by the constant sun of experience, as well as by the fickle lamp of human reason. But if its seeds are once sown by a friendly hand, time will enable the now unfortunate Greek of European Turkey to reap its fruits, unaided; for it is proved beyond the possibility of contradiction, that the modern Greeks are susceptible of being raised by education to the highest intellectual eminence, by the fact that, with very few exceptions, all those who have had the opportunity and the means of instruction, have distinguished themselves.

As soldiers, the merits of the Greeks are not denied by their greatest detractors. Their style of warfare is peculiar, and adapted only to the kind of country which they inhabit, but as skirmishers and irregular light infantry they are incomparable. Their liking to the guerilla life has grown out of the ancient organisation of the Byzantine militia, or band of *Armatoli*. These were principally recruited by Albanians, but Greeks were also enrolled; and when turbulent spirits could not easily brook the insults to be met with in humble private life, they invariably had recourse to this military career. It often terminated, however, in the still more genial occupations of the *Klepht*. The terms *Armatoli* and *Klepht* have been often confounded, but there is a wide difference between them. The *Armatoli* are a species of road-police, commanded by a hereditary capitano; while the *Klephti*, literally robbers, are the followers of any roving adventurer who may "take to the hill," as it is expressed by themselves. In point of respectability, there is little difference between the road-guard and the highwayman—they are both regarded as soldiers; and the latter being generally superior in that respect, while no stigma is attached to the name of robber, public opinion is, therefore, in his favour. The *Klephti* are, on the contrary, respected; and several men of the greatest celebrity in the country, such as *Colocotroni*, *Ali Pasha*, and others, took pleasure in boasting of their having once exercised that calling. These marauders have generally acted as *Armatoli*; but the loose discipline even of so irregular a service is often burdensome to the free and ungovernable temper of the "*palicari*," and the commission of misdemeanours drives them to the less compromising career of the *Klephti*. They are hardy in the extreme, are able to bear great fatigue, and frequently go several days without food. They endure pain with fortitude, and when wounded, if it is not very severely, like *Spartans* they conceal the fact; and many have thus lost their lives by the mortification of a neglected sabre-cut or gun-shot. They have been known to fight for three successive days without eating, and watch all night in the fear

of a surprise. Their enemy in the aggregate is the Osmanli, and in detail they are ready to plunder any traveller, be he Greek, Turk, Frank, or Jew. If no resistance is made, they rarely maltreat their prisoners, whom they keep until a ransom is paid; but if they have any reason to suppose that their intended prey will show fight, and if they see that he is well armed, they generally shoot him from behind a tree or rock. They carry a rope round their waists, for the purpose of binding their captives; and they have the singular merit of rarely insulting or ill-treating females on such occasions. Indeed, a breach of this mountain code of honour is always punished by the ignominious dismissal of the offender from the band. A late incident corroborates this redeeming trait in the cruelty of the Klepht laws. A young lady, the daughter or one of Ali Pasha's secretaries, who was only called by his title of Bey-zade, being the son of the Fanariote Prince Hangeri, having eloped from Constantinople with his first cousin, with whom the Greek church prohibited his marriage, was taken by the Klephts. She was going to Constantinople under the charge of an elderly priest, in order to claim her father's inheritance after his death, when she was carried to the hills, and a ransom demanded for her. Many months elapsed before the sum could be realised and paid, but during the whole time she was treated with the greatest attention and respect. Their amusements, when they are not engaged in any of their more genial pursuits, are those of firing at a mark, in which they are very expert, and in general all athletic games. Running is of course their most valuable accomplishment; and some of them have risen to high rank from their excellence in this exercise, as Odysseus did, who was thence surnamed "Lightfoot." Such a school must necessarily produce first-rate soldiers.

The aptitude of the Greeks for trade is proved by their success in most of the commercial seaports of the Mediterranean. When the revolution drove the Greek merchants from their peaceful occupations at home, many of them repaired to Malta, Leghorn, Marseilles, Trieste, and even as far as Vienna, Odessa, and London. Possessed of little capital, but endowed with frugality, prudence, perseverance, and a rare degree of sagacity in business, they have risen in many cases to mercantile eminence, while a failure is almost unprecedented among them. The houses of Sina at Vienna, and Ralli in London, are instances of this. At Athens, however, those who had incurred the risks of traffic have been less fortunate, but the fault was not their own.

In short, the Greek nation is gifted with all the requisites for the formation of a powerful, rich, and happy people; and if the vices which have been generated by their past vicissitudes are slowly and carefully combated, they will eventually be eradicated. The faults with which the ancient Greeks are reproached, certainly exist to some extent in the modern Romaics; but the total difference of the moral and political state of mankind now, from what it was twenty centuries ago, will, it is to be hoped, overcome their baneful influence. The Greeks have their apologists, as they have their detractors; and in these times, when somehow people are not in the habit of judging for themselves, even when all the necessary data are provided, opinions on this subject are dictated by these reporters of excessive good or evil. Thus, some consider them to be the finest race of mankind, while others, in the most summary manner, pronounce them to be everything that is base and despicable: the truth,

however, will be found between these two extremes, not in the usual way of striking a medium, but by admitting that the Greeks are nothing that is very good for the present, although they possess every faculty for becoming so in future.

The aspersions cast on them by hasty travellers can neither be conscientiously denied nor successfully refuted; but they are elicited by the unhappy position of the people, and their causes will disappear under better circumstances. Those who know the Greeks more intimately admit the present evil, but expect the future good. Their failings are the unavoidable consequence of their history, which is without a parallel in the annals of the world; because vanquished nations have usually become incorporated with their invaders, whereas the Greeks have remained distinct from their masters, in manners, character, and language, having been stigmatised by the almost indelible stain of abject slavery:—their regeneration is possible, because the analysis of the moral state of the people brings to light the existence of bases whereon to found it. It only remains, therefore, to effect it by a gradual and cautious process.

In these speculations the inhabitants of free Greece are not taken under consideration, on account of their number being only a diminutive portion of the Greek nation; and the preceding remarks are applicable only to the Greek and Albanian population of European Turkey. Civil and religious equality with the Turks is what is wanted; that is, the abolition of the system of rayahs, and the establishment of religious tolerance. Many Mahomedan Albanians will then become Christians; and the energy of character which they possess, together with the Greeks, will soon place them on a level at least, if not on a higher footing than the Turkish population. But England has endeavoured latterly to influence the Turkish policy in a different sense, and has founded her own theory on a mistaken basis, which is the belief in social improvement without conversion. No effort has therefore been made to encourage a real and virtual liberty of religious faith; and the reaction of Mahomedanism on the civil and material interests of the population is still in operation. Its consequences are a total incongruity of the moral and political conditions of the different races which are thus thrown together; and in the present state of excitement which pervades every country in Europe, the discontent of the Greeks in Turkey displays itself in a manner foreboding an impending crisis.

THE GALLEY ISABELLE.

A MERRIE, merrie morninge,
Was Thursdave first of Maye,
When sailed ye galley Isabelle
All for Gibraltar baye.

Farewell, farewell, my bonnie barque,
Farewell, my merrie men;
Light hearts and heavy purses bringe
When you return from Spayne.

Then spake ye sturdie skipper,—
“Belay that! my merrie men;
“In Studland Baye we’ll lye this daye,
“And sayle to-nighte at ten.”

“Nay,” quoth an aged saylor,
“Nay, captayne, stave not here,
“But lett us bee nine leagues at sea
“Ere Friday’s dawn appear.”

“Now who is hee thus answers mee,
“Or dares my will gainsay?
“A curse on you and Friday too;
“I will lye here to-daye.”

In Studland Baye that daye they laye,
Full slowlie passed ye time;
And hour by hour, from Brownsea
tower,
They heard the sollemne chime.

They heard the chime of midnight,
And speedilye they spy'd
Their sturdie skipper's shallopp
Come plashing down the tyde.

"Make sayle, make sayle, my merrie
men,
"And heave her short a-peak!
"But who stands here, and quakes for
fear?
"Speak, man! what ayles thee?
speak!"

"Nay, chide not, gallant captayne,
"I shudder not for frighte;
"But none of mee will sayle with thee
"On this ill-omen'd night."

"Now curses on thy hoarie pate;
"No mutincers for mee—
"Come aft, come aft, my merrie men,
"And heave him in the sea."

They watched ye old man swimminge
A cabell's lengthe or twayne,
They saw his white hair streaminge,
And they saw him ne'er agayne.

The old man stretched out boldlie,
And the old man's arm was stronge;
But ye tide was ebbing swiftlie,
And the way was wearie longe.

Just then a soft northwest wind
Came tripping o'er ye sea,
We saw them fill and bear awaye,
That sud shipp's compaignie.

We saw them slowlie steeringe
For gloomie Finisterre:
We watched that strange, strange gallie
With many a wistful prayer.

We saw her sink her topsayles,
And our hearts misgave us sore,
That mortal eye would ne'er descry
That ghostlie gallie more.

Then gloomilye and slowlye,
Like some unluckie sprite,
Out steered the galley Isabelle
On that ill-omen'd nighte.

They saw the moonbeam glancing
On Darleston's rockie shore;
They heard on dark Sanct Alban's
The sullen billows roar.

They saw on craggie Portland
The beacons flashing twayne;
They saw the merrie morninge,
And their hearts grew light agayne.

Oh, merrie breaks the morninge
O'er ye billows bounding brighte;
And merrilie the moonbeams
Dance o'er the waves by nighte.

And merrilie and cheerilie,
Like a village queene in Maye,
The gallant galley Isabelle
Went dancing on her waye.

* * * * *

On board a statelie Bristol shipp
In stormie Biscaye Baye,
One night we heard strange musique
As all becalmed we laye.

We heard strange songes and laughter,
And ghostlie sounds of glee.
Our captayne crossed himself and sayd,
"There's mischief on the sea."

Uprose ye midnight moonbeam,
And close beneath our lee
There lay the galley Isabelle
Slow rolinge on ye sea.

We hailed her twice, we hailed her thrice,
We hailed both cleare and stronge;
But little heard or heeded they,
So loud their laugh and songe.

"Now shipp ahoy! Now shipp ahoy!!
How long bee ye from porte?"
Then sudden ceased their laughter,
And hushed was all their sporte.

We heard ye tiller creakinge,
So silent now were they;
We heard them softlie speaking
Of that ill-omened day.

At length outspake their captayne,
"We sayled on Friday week."
No more sayd hee, nor asked wee,
So saddlie he did speake.

And wearilie, oh, wearilie,
For a twelvemonth and a daye,
That captayne's bonnie sweetheart
Did nightlie watch and pray.

And oft by daye in Studland Baye
Her woe-worn form was seen;
And oft by nighte on Darleston Heighte
Her white robe's glist'ning sheen.

And oft with fear, what time we hear
Saint Alban's billows roar,
We praye for her whose grave lies
there,
On Darleston's rockie shore.

SUPERNATURAL STORIES.

THE Impossible is often only an unknown point in the future. That which we deem an impossibility in the present day may become even in a short time a familiar fact. We know that the discovery of the New World, and the travelling to it by steam, were each in their turn declared impossibilities, and yet are now familiar things. As it is with the physical, so it is in the moral world. A material philosophy keeps physiological discoveries in co-relation with mental phenomena; yet but a short time ago, all inquiry into the relations between mind and matter were deemed impossible and hopeless. Consciousness, it is now admitted, implies a brain, and nervous system; that nervous system being divided into parts—centres of function and threads of communication, such also imply diversity of influence. Nerves of voluntary, nerves of organic life were gradually disentangled from those which connect us with an external life; and nerves of involuntary motion were distinguished from nerves of sensation. The nerves belonging to special senses were detected; and the sense of taste was discovered to be in the same category as those of smell, sight, and hearing. The law, that size and amount of nervous tissue constitutes a direct element of functional power, became at the same time generally recognised. The brain, or encephalon, was recognised in man, not only to be the greatest nervous centre, but also the organ of the mental faculties. Whether the functions of the brain are performed as a whole or by separate parts, is not of much importance to the object we have in view. The distinctness of the external senses, and separateness of their organs—the comparative independence of the sentient, voluntary, and excito-motory system, would tend to show that action in this great centre is complex, not simple. This is the basis of the phrenological system; and the supporters of that system argue with much plausibility, that mental differences being innate, no general agreement could ever be arrived at as to what constitute fundamental or primitive faculties of the mind, so long as mental phenomena were studied apart from organisation. From that moment, psychology and physiology, marching hand in hand, left metaphysics at a remote distance. It was the light of modern civilisation succeeding to the darkness of the middle ages.

Power and energy being associated with the existence of a considerable quantity of cerebral structure in particular regions, the question presents itself, which has not yet been sufficiently inquired into, as to how far that power is like the function itself, independent and inherent. The intimate relations of assimilation with circulation, of nutrition and of functional power, and the harmony and mutual dependence in the higher animals of the different parts of the nervous system, forbid us to expect perfect independence or functional power inherent in any one centre independent of the other ordinary phenomena of life; but still this is subject to a certain modification, more marked in the lower animals, less so in a higher grade. The vitality of parts of a worm or eel is well known. Fowls, both cocks and ducks, have, when decapitated, been known to preserve so much excito-motive power as to run a distance. But in man the separation of one part from another entails almost instant death; that is to say, loss of sentient and motory power. But even this has

slight exceptions ; motory powers of a very marked character have been seen in cases of death from Asiatic cholera, and manifestations of sensibility after death are upon record.

The gradual death of the extremities previous to general dissolution, the mental faculties remaining almost unimpaired, has come under the observation of most people. The possible existence of sensibility in the brain itself after the loss of life in the whole of the trunk, as by its actual separation from the body, is a more delicate question. It is one also that involves inquiries of a philanthropic character. Much discussion has arisen as to the comparative certainty and least painful modes of vindicating the rights of society by the infliction of death. The immense volume of blood flowing from the trunk to the brain, and returning by other capacious vessels, and the great nervous relations existing between head and trunk, attest that decapitation must inevitably be followed by almost instantaneous loss of sensation to both head and trunk, and that it is upon the whole as merciful a mode of putting to death as any other that is accompanied by an act of violence. But as the act is performed by the guillotine, it is so instantaneous that there is reason to believe that the brain may be cognisant for the briefest space of time of its removal from the body : under particular circumstances, where there has been great self-collection, and the shock has not produced confusion of ideas, it is possible to conceive the brain reasoning upon the circumstance with a most distressing pertinacity, which would, however, very soon be cut short by the loss of blood. Suppose, then, another case in which the loss of blood was stopped by either accidental or intentional means; and it is not out of the range of possibility, that the consciousness of decapitation may be so prolonged as to allow even of time to communicate to the external countenance some expression of that which is for such few short and last moments—moments of supreme interest—going on in the mind. All have heard of the whole life-record of ideas, which are hurried together in the few last moments of a drowning man ; most have witnessed the supernatural lighting up of the mind of the dying young and innocent. What may not be the intensity of the last lightning-like impressions of the victims of violence, or the sacrifices of society—often, possibly, in its laws more vindictive than He who judges more by men's hearts than men's actions !

But passing over this digression, we must quote an instance from one who, though a writer of fiction, has, from a peculiar idiosyncrasy, made a particular, and in many instances a very successful study of crime and punishment, in connexion with the more obscure and oftentimes mysterious phenomena which are attendant upon both ; in which the possibility of consciousness after decapitation was accidentally and curiously illustrated.

The plaster-quarries of Montmartre are more familiar to English visitors in Paris than are the stone-quarries of the plain of Montrouge, to the south of the metropolis. Yet these latter quarries are very extensive, and form a continuation of those well-known catacombs from which old Paris was built. The population which inhabits these subterranean galleries has a peculiar character of gloomy ferocity. It seldom happens that there are riots in the capital, in which the quarrymen of Montrouge are not concerned. M. de Lamartine relates, in his "*History of the French Revolution*," how he availed himself of the combativeness of these

dwellers in subterranean passages, to strengthen the hands of the Provisional Government.

M. Alexandre Dumas relates the following story of one of these quarrymen. He was shooting one day on the plain of Montrouge, when he turned off for refreshment to the village of Fontenay.

It was striking one o'clock (he relates) when I reached the first houses of the village. I followed a wall that enclosed a property of some pretensions, and had arrived where the Rue de Diane terminates in the Grande Rue, when I saw coming towards me, from the direction of the church, a man with so sinister an aspect, that I stopped short and instinctively cocked both barrels of my fowling-piece.

But, pale, his hair standing on end, his eyes starting out of their orbits, his clothes in disorder, and his hands bathed in gore, the man passed by without noticing me. His look was fixed. His progress was like that of an object carried away by its own gravity along the slope of a mountain, yet his laboured breathing spoke more of dread than fatigue.

The man turned out of the Grande Rue into that of Diane, and hurried towards the door of that residence along the walls of which I had been walking for the last few minutes. The man stretched forth his hand some time before he could reach the bell-pull, which, when he succeeded in grasping it, he agitated violently; and this accomplished, he sat himself down upon one of the two corner stones which served as advance works to the gate. Once seated, he remained motionless, his arms hanging down, his head resting upon his breast.

I retraced my steps, so certain did I feel that this man had been the principal actor in some unknown and terrible drama.

Behind him, and on both sides of the street, were several other individuals, upon whom he had no doubt produced the same effect as upon myself, and who had come out of their houses to gaze upon him with a surprise similar to what I experienced myself.

A woman of about forty or forty-five years of age answered the bell by opening a little door cut in the panel of the gate.

"What, is it you, Jacquemin?" she said; "What are you doing there?"

"Is Monsieur the mayor at home?" inquired the man, whom she thus addressed, in a muffled voice.

"Yes."

"Well, then, Mother Antoine, go and tell him that I have killed my wife, and I am come to give myself up."

Mother Antoine uttered a shriek, which was echoed by two or three other persons who had approached sufficiently near to hear this terrible avowal. I myself took a step in a retrograde direction, and feeling a lime-tree behind me, leant back against it. As to the murderer, he had slipped from the stone down upon the ground, as all strength had left him after having pronounced the fatal words.

Mother Antoine had, in the mean time, disappeared, leaving the little door open; it was evident that she had gone to fulfil her commission and bring the mayor; and after the lapse of about five minutes the functionary made his appearance, accompanied by two other persons.

"Jacquemin," said the mayor to the quarryman, "I hope Mother Antoine is gone mad; she has come to tell me that your wife is dead, and that you accuse yourself with having murdered her."

"It is too true, Monsieur the mayor," replied Jacquemin, "and I wish to be tried as soon as possible."

"Come, you are mad!" said the mayor.

"Look at my hands," answered the man.

And he held out his two brawny arms, the left covered with blood up to the wrist, the right up to the elbow.

The two assistants approached the quarryman, and had some difficulty in lifting him up, so great was both his moral and physical prostration. The commissary of police and a surgeon were sent for; and when it was proposed that the examination should be proceeded with in the quarryman's abode, the latter exhibited the most extraordinary feelings of

terror and horror. He begged to be taken at once to prison. "Go to the house," he said; "you will find the body in the cellar, and near it, in a sack full of plaster, the head; but oh, for God's sake, do not oblige me to see it! Had I known I was to have been taken back to it, I would have killed myself." It is almost unnecessary to say how much these strange expressions increased the curiosity of all who were present; and our author followed the others to the house where the crime had been committed, and where, after actually seeing, as the quarryman had described, the body swimming in a pool of blood, and the head of the woman stuck upright in an open sack of plaster, the following examination of the self-accused took place.

"You acknowledge yourself to be the author of this crime?"

"Yes."

"Relate to us the causes, then, which led you to commit so heinous an offence, and the circumstances attendant upon its commission."

"The causes which made me do it—that is useless," answered Jacquemin; "they are secrets that will remain with me and her who lies there."

"But there is no effect without cause."

"The cause, I tell you, you shall not know. As to the circumstances, I will relate them to you. You must know, in the first place, that when people live below ground as we do, working in the dark, that when we think we have a grief we allow it to eat into the depths of the heart, and thus bad ideas suggest themselves."

"(Oh! oh!) interrupted the commissary of police, "you acknowledge premeditation, then?"

"What if I acknowledge everything; is not that enough?"

"Oh yes, go on."

"Well! the bad idea that came to me was to kill Jeanne. My thoughts were filled with it for upwards of a month; the heart opposed itself to the head, but at last a word that escaped from a fellow-labourer decided me."

"What was the word?"

"Oh, that is among the matters which do not concern you. This morning I said to Jeanne, 'I shan't go out to work to-day; I wish to amuse myself as if it was a holiday, and I shall go and play at bowls with some companions. Mind you have the dinner ready at the proper hour.'

"But—"

"Come, now, no observations; the dinner at one o'clock, do you hear?"

"Very well," said Jeanne, and she went out to fetch the material for the daily soup. During her absence, instead of going away to play at bowls, I took the sword which you found in the cellar and sharpened it on the back step. I then went down into the cellar and hid myself behind a barrel; and in doing so I said, 'She must come down into the cellar for the wine: when she does so we will see.' And then a voice repeated in me and around me the word which the quarryman had uttered the day before."

"But come, do tell us what this word was," repeated the commissary.

"Useless. I have already said you will never know it. After waiting some time I heard steps approaching. I saw a tremulous light, then the lower part of a dress, then the body, and next the head. I could see her head well, for she held the candle in her hand, and I repeated to myself the word my fellow-workman had cast in my teeth. All this time she kept getting nearer. Word of honour! one would have thought that she doubted that some evil awaited her, for she was frightened, and looked about her, but I remained quiet behind the cask. She then went down on her knees before the cask, put the bottle to the cock, and turned it. I, on my part, got up. You understand, she was on her knees; the noise made by the wine pouring into the bottle prevented her hearing any slight noise,—but I made none. She was on her knees like a guilty one, like a condemned criminal. I lifted up the sword, and—I do not know if she even uttered a shriek, but the head rolled away from the body. At that time I did not wish to die; I intended to make my escape. My idea was to make a hole in the cellar and to bury her. I rushed upon the head, which rolled on its side, while the body was agitated by convulsive movements on the other. I had a sack of plaster all

ready to hide the blood, and I took the head and placed it at once in the plaster. I had scarcely withdrawn my hand when—perhaps it was an hallucination—but I fancied that the head was alive. The eyes were wide open: I could see them well, for the candle was on the barrel; and then the lips—the lips began to move; and as they moved the lips said to me, ‘Wretch! I was innocent!’”

I do not know what effect this statement had upon others, but as to myself (says the narrator) a cold perspiration bedewed my forehead.

“Ah! that is too good!” exclaimed the doctor; “The eyes looked at you? The lips spoke to you?”

“Listen, doctor: as you are a philosopher, you believe in nothing that is supernatural, but I can tell you that the head which you see there said to me, ‘Wretch! I was innocent!’ And the proof that it said so to me is, that instead of endeavouring to escape, I went at once to the mayor’s to give myself up.”

“Examine the head, doctor,” said the commissary of police.

“When I am gone, M. Robert, when I am gone!” exclaimed Jacquemin.

“What! are you frightened that it should speak again, stupid?” said the doctor, as he took the light and approached the sack of plaster.

“M. Ledru!” exclaimed Jacquemin, “in the name of Heaven, let me be taken away to prison. I beg of you! I pray you!”

“Messieurs,” said the mayor, at the same time that he motioned to the doctor to wait a moment, “you have nothing more to ask the accused; he may be removed.”

“Thank you—thank you!” exclaimed the miserable man, as he dragged the two gendarmes with almost superhuman strength up the staircase. That man gone, the drama went with him. There remained nothing in the cellar but two things hideous to contemplate: a body without a head, and a head without a body.

The case here related is an extreme one. It is possible to believe that the blood, arrested in its descent by the plaster, gave to the head a moment of life and energy which may possibly have lent to it sufficient power to communicate to it expression; but the speaking must be laid to the hallucination of awakened conscience and pity on the part of the murderer, for the presence of the lungs would have been necessary to produce the emission of a whole sentence, like that which the murderer imagined himself to have heard. Our author, who, we have before said, has consulted learned authorities for explanations of events of a supposed supernatural character, quotes the celebrated anatomist Sömmerring, and the assertions of Alcher, and of Dr. Sue, in favour of sensibility after decapitation. The great physiologist Haller also relates, in his “*Elemens de Physique*,” t. iv. p. 35, that a decapitated head opened its eyes and looked at him obliquely, because he had touched the spinal marrow with the point of his finger. Weycard also relates in his “*Arts Philosophiques*,” p. 221, that he has seen the lips move of a head which had just been cut off. Our author also quotes Sömmerring as arguing the possibility of heads speaking. The passage is as follows:—“Several doctors, my colleagues, have assured me that they have seen a head separated from the body grind its teeth with agony; and I am convinced that if *the air still circulated in the organs of the voice, heads would speak*.” Not impossible; but in admitting the possibility of decapitated heads having actually spoken, M. Dumas is going altogether in advance of the position laid down by the distinguished anatomist.

A more curious case of sensibility of the head after death is an historical record in connexion with the last moments of the celebrated Charlotte Corday. M. Dumas gives the following version of this tradition of modern times, as related to him by an eye-witness:—

When the cart which conveyed the convict girl to the scaffold drew up, Charlotte jumped down, without allowing any one to assist her; and she ascended the steps of the guillotine, which had been rendered slippery by rain that had fallen the same morning, as quickly as a long red shift in which she was enveloped, and

the pinioning of her arms behind her, would permit her to do. When she felt the hand of the executioner placed on her shoulder to remove the kerchief from her neck, she turned pale for a moment, but a second afterwards a smile came to give the lie to that pallor; and to avoid the indignity of being tied to the infamous plank, she, with a sublime and almost joyous effort, passed her head through the hideous aperture. The knife came down, and the head separated from the body fell upon the platform and rebounded. It was then that one of the assistants to the executioner, Legros by name, seized that head by the hair, and out of vile adulation to the populace, gave it a blow. At this blow the whole face reddened—not the cheek alone which received the blow, but the two cheeks, and that with an equal glow; for sentiment still dwelt in that head, and it felt indignant at a treatment which was not included in the punishment awarded.

Every system, it may be observed, is founded upon conviction, and that conviction is based upon facts more or less authenticated. The attempts made by the sceptical to explain away as hallucinations the realities of individual experience, because the facts themselves do not carry conviction simply as recorded by others, are always legitimate where there are many obvious sources of error, or where the will to admit the truth of some popular superstitions or mysteries of a rarer description is over taxed. Few, for example, will be ready to give entire credence to the story of the worthy Vicar of Etampes, in which he details a wondrous act of sensibility on the part of a hanged man. The vicar in question, devoted to the church at an early age, had received from his mother a medal consecrated at the shrine of *Notre Dame de Liesse*. To the possession of this gift he was in the habit of ascribing an unusual amount of piety, for which he had gained credit, not only with the laity, but even among his ecclesiastical colleagues. At the period when this holy man flourished, Etampes and its environs were continually put under contribution by a daring successor of the Cartouches and the Mandrins, one *Artifaille*; whose wife, living in the Etampes, was on the contrary a model of propriety, and who spent her days praying for the conversion of her husband.

It happened that one evening, exhausted by his labours, the holy man fell asleep in his confessional, and was awoke at midnight by unusual sounds in the church. When sufficiently aroused to a sense of his position, he was enabled to discern that the noise he had heard came from a man who was busy striking a light close by the choir. He was a man of moderate height, carrying in his waistband two pistols and a dagger; and, casting at once a threatening and searching glance around, he prepared, his candle being lighted, to force open the tabernacle. This he soon accomplished, and he drew forth, first the holy pyx, a magnificent cup of old silver chiselled in the time of Henry II.; and next a massive chalice, which had been given to the town by Queen Marie Antoinette; and, lastly, two crystal bottles. He then shut the tabernacle, and drew from beneath the altar a *Notre Dame* in wax, crowned with a wreath of gold and diamonds, and the dress embroidered with precious stones.

Being determined that if possible such a sacrilegious robbery should not be thus quietly effected, the abbé issued forth from the confessional, and confronted the robber. The latter, on hearing footsteps approaching, drew a pistol from his girdle; but the tranquillity of the man of God awed even the rude bandit.

"Friend," said the holy man to the robber, "you shall not commit this sacrilege."

"Who will prevent me?" replied *l'Artifaille*.

"I will—not by physical force, but by persuasion. Friend, it is not for the church that I wish to save those things—the church can afford to buy other holy vessels; it is for your sake, who cannot purchase salvation from sin at any price."

"My good man, do you think that it is the first time that L'Artifaille has committed sacrilege? Besides, as to my soul, that concerns my wife; she is pious enough for two, and will save mine with hers."

"Yes, friend, your wife is a good and a pious woman, but who would die of grief did she know the sin you are now about to commit. For her sake and your own, I offer you 1000 crowns; 1000 francs to be given now, 2000 after I have sold my mother's heritage to obtain them, if you will restore those objects to their places."

"Your mother is rich, then?" observed the bandit.

"No; she is poor, and will be ruined; but she will give up her all gladly, if she knows it is to save a soul. Now, will you follow me to the presbytery?"

The bandit did as was desired, casting, however, many furtive glances around him, lest he should be betrayed into an ambuscade. Arrived at the presbytery, he remained at the door while the abbé went in to fetch the money. He soon returned, carrying a weighty bag.

"And now," said the bandit, "I give you six weeks to pay me the other two thousand; and you may place them in the hands of my wife, but you must not tell her how I came by them."

"It shall be done; and now go, brother, and sin no more." And the good priest turned away, and bending on his knees, he prayed humbly and earnestly for the conversion of the bandit. He had not finished his prayer before there came a knock at the door. "Come in," said the abbé, without rising; and when he did so, L'Artifaille stood behind him.

"Here," he said, "I bring you back your money. I do not want it, or your other two thousand." And so saying, he deposited the bag on the side-board.

"What do you want?" said the priest to the bandit, seeing hesitation depicted on his countenance. "What you have done is well: do not be ashamed to do better."

"You believe that, by the intercession of our Lady, a man, however guilty he may be, can be saved at the hour of death?" observed L'Artifaille. "Give me then, in exchange for my three thousand francs, a relic or chaplet, such as I can carry about with me, and embrace at the last moment."

The holy man did not hesitate; he took the consecrated medal, which had wrought so much good to himself, from his neck, and he gave it to the bandit. The latter pressed it to his lips, and hurried away.

A year elapsed before the good abbé heard anything more of the bandit. At the expiration of that period, he left his diocese for a short time to visit his mother; who being unwell, he remained with her for six weeks. Upon his return, he heard that the celebrated robber had been captured near Orleans, and having been condemned to death, had been sent to Etampes, as the principal scene of his misdeeds, and that he had suffered the last penalty of the law the very morning of his return.

Without stopping even to shake the dust off his shoes, the good priest repaired at once to the house of the widow; who, he was informed, had

been incessant in her applications during his absence. He found her engaged in prayer.

"Ah! M. l'Abbé," she exclaimed, on seeing her visitor, "you come too late; he died without confession. He would not confess to any other but you; and saying so, he embraced with fervour a medal which hung suspended to his neck."

"Was that all he said?" inquired the abbé.

"No; he told me that you would come to see me to-night, and he begged me as a last request—I dare scarcely tell you what strange favour!—actually that you should go where his body hangs, and repeat five Paters and five Aves. He said you would not refuse."

"And he said right," replied the holy man; "I shall go and do his last bidding. His soul may then be in repose."

The widow embraced the hands of the priest, and wept with gratitude.

It was about half-past ten o'clock in the latter days of April; the sky was clear, and the air refreshing. The good priest followed the city walls till he came to the gate of Paris—the only one that remained open at that late hour. The point to which his steps were directed was an esplanade which domineered over the whole town, and upon which, to the present day, are to be seen the traces of the scaffold, upon which in former times three gibbets were erected. But we shall now proceed with our story in the words of the narrator—the worthy abbé himself.

My heart beat. The feeling came over me that I was going to see, not that which I came to see, but something unexpected. Still I kept ascending.

Arrived at a certain height, I began to perceive the summit of the gibbet, composed of three pillars and their horizontal beams of oak.

I distinguished at the same moment the body of the unfortunate Artifaille driven to and fro by the wind, like a moveable shade.

Suddenly I stopped; the gibbet was now exposed to me from its summit to its base, and I perceived a mass without form, that looked like an animal on four legs, and that moved about. I stopped, and hid myself behind a rock. The animal was larger than a dog and more massive than a wolf.

Suddenly it raised itself upon its hind legs, and I discovered that the animal was neither more nor less than that which Plato designated as an animal with two feet and without feathers: that is to say, a man.

What could a man be doing under the gibbet at such an hour, unless he came with a religious heart, to pray—or with an irreligious heart, to commit some sacrilege?

Under any circumstance I determined to keep aloof, and to watch. At the same moment the moon came forth from behind a cloud, and shone brightly upon the gibbet. I could now distinguish a man distinctly, and see every movement that he made. The man picked up a ladder from the ground, and placed it against the upright that was nearest to the swinging body. He then mounted the ladder. The next moment he formed with the hanging body a strange group, in which the living and the dead appeared to be confounded in a mutual embrace.

Suddenly a fearful shriek resounded through the air. I saw the two bodies moving as if in conflict. I heard cries of help shouted by a voice which seemed to be struggling; and at the same moment one of the bodies detached itself from the gibbet, whilst the other remained suspended by the cord, beating with its arms and legs.

It was impossible that I should comprehend what was really taking place under the infamous machine; but certainly—work of man or work of the devil—something extraordinary had taken place—something that called for help, that claimed assistance.

I accordingly hastened forward. At the sight of a new comer, the struggles of the hanging man increased; whilst beneath him lay the body which had fallen from the gibbet, motionless and lifeless.

I ran first to the living. I hastily ascended the steps of the ladder, and, cutting

the cord with a knife, the hanging man fell to the ground, and I jumped down to him from the ladder. He was rolling on the ground in fearful convulsions, whilst the other body continued to be perfectly motionless.

I saw that the running-knot was still strangling the poor devil, so I knelt down, and with great difficulty loosened it. Whilst so doing I saw the man's face, and recognised that that man was no other than the executioner.

His eyes were starting out of their orbits; his face was blue, his jaw distorted. I placed him against a stone: gradually the fresh air revived him; he breathed more freely, and finished by looking at me. His surprise was not much less than mine had been.

"Monsieur l'Abbé," he said, hesitatingly, and with an effort, "is it you?"

"Yes, it is I. What were you doing here?"

He appeared to take some time to collect his ideas; and then, turning round, he looked at the corpse lying close by.

"Oh, Monsieur l'Abbé!" he then exclaimed; "let us hasten from this place. In the name of Heaven let us go!"

"Why so? I have promised to say five Paters and five Aves for the soul of the gibbeted man."

"For his soul, Monsieur l'Abbé! He is Satan personified. Did you not see him hang me?"

"Hang you! why, I thought it was you who had rendered him that particular service."

"Truly so; and I thought that I had hung him as well as a man could be hung; but it appears that I was deceived. I wonder, when he made me take his place, he did not take advantage of the circumstance to run away."

"Run away! why, he is dead and motionless. There is some mystery beneath this. Tell me what brought you here."

"Well, I suppose I must tell you, in confession or otherwise. The miscreant, then, do you know, Monsieur l'Abbé, would not confess, even at his last moments. He always asked for you on his way here, and again at the gibbet. 'Is the abbé not come?' he repeated at each step. 'No,' I answered. There is nothing so annoying as to be perpetually asked the same question. I put the cord round his neck, and bade him mount the ladder. 'Stop a moment,' he said, when he had got up about one-third, 'let me see if the abbé is not arrived.' 'You may look,' I answered, and I thought I had nothing to do but to push him off, but he anticipated me. 'One moment more,' he said; 'I wish to kiss a medal of our Lady, which is suspended to my neck.' 'Well, as to that,' I said, 'it is but fair—kiss away.' 'And my last wish,' he added, 'is to be buried with this medal.' 'Hum!' says I, 'all that is upon a man that is hung belongs to his executioner.' 'That does not concern me,' he insisted; 'I will be buried with this medal.' 'You will, will you?' said I, losing all patience; 'you may go to the devil.' And so saying, I threw him off, and jumping at the same moment upon his shoulders. 'Our Lady have pity!' he said; but the cord strangled the man and the sentence at the same time."

"Well, but all this does not explain to me why you came here this night."

"That is because that is the most difficult part of the story to relate."

"Well, I will save you the trouble; you came to take the medal."

"You are right. The devil tempted me. I said to myself, 'You will? That is all very good; but when night is come we will see.' So when night came I returned to the gibbet. I had left my ladder in the neighbourhood, and knew where to find it. After carefully looking around, and seeing that nobody was watching me, I placed my ladder against the nearest upright, I got up, and drew the corpse towards me."

"Well! and what then?"

"Why, I had got hold of the medal, and had just succeeded in drawing it off the neck, when, believe me if you will, the corpse seized me bodily, and withdrawing its head from the running knot, passed my head in instead of his, and just threw me off as I had thrown him off. That is exactly what happened."

"Impossible! you must be mistaken."

"Did you find me hanging, or not? Well, I promise you that I did not hang myself."

"And the medal? Where is it?" I inquired.

"You must search for it on the ground. When I felt that I was hanging, I was glad enough to get rid of it."

I accordingly sought for the medal, and was not long in discovering it. Having picked it up, I once more fastened it to the neck of the ex-bandit. At the moment that it came in contact with his chest, a shudder pervaded his whole frame, and he uttered a sharp and painful cry. The executioner made a spring on one side, and trembled like a leaf. I, however, insisted upon his replacing the corpse in its former situation. He at first refused, but by pointing out to him that the bad demon had left the corpse, I ultimately prevailed, and once more the body swung in the void, motionless and inanimate. I then went down on my knees and repeated the prayers which the sufferer had demanded of me. As I finished, midnight struck at Nôtre Dame.

"Come," I said to the executioner, "we have nothing more to do here."

We quitted the Esplanade together, my companion turning round every ten paces to see if the body was really there.

The next morning, when I woke up, I was told that the bandit's wife was waiting for me below.

Her face wore an expression of satisfaction, and of a mind relieved.

"M. l'Abbé," she said to me, "I have come to thank you: my husband appeared to me last night, just as it struck twelve by Nôtre Dame, and said to me, 'Go to-morrow morning to the Abbé's, and tell him that, thanks to him and to our Lady, I am saved!'"

In our times, when the marvellous and the supernatural are fast disappearing; when the superstitions which have chequered the horizon of the human mind in different ages have been found to have foreshadowed the revelation of important scientific truths; when the law of sensorial illusions has explained away the mysteries of second sight, ghosts, and dreams; when the phenomena of mesmerism, including mesmeric coma, sleep-talking, convulsions and insensibility, have explained satisfactorily the whole history of witchcraft and imputed demoniacal possession—we must not despair of some explanation being offered, even of the above strange and half ludicrous incident. There may have been a magnetic power in the medal which plays so important a part in the good abbé's story; but allowing a magnetic or mesmeric shock to have thrown the corpse out of the halter, why the executioner should have put his head into it, unless the same jerk that loosened the one threw it over the other, or that he was in such a dreadful state of trepidation as not to know what he was doing, would be difficult to say.

There are still those who believe that there is a class of superstitions which are purely imaginary, and the elements of which escape any mode of palpable demonstration. Such more particularly is the vampire tradition, which has been generally assumed to be a pure fiction. A well-known medical philosopher, Dr. Herbert Mayo, has, however, in a work recently published at Frankfort, and entitled "*Letters on the Truths contained in Popular Superstitions*," undertaken to vindicate the possible authenticity of even this most incredible and horrible of all traditions. Dr. Mayo does not actually go so far as to believe in vampires; but believing, as we do, that there is a certain amount of truth in every delusion—that as there can be no effect in the physical world without some fixed cause, so no belief will attain popularity without some cause for its prevalence,—he supposes that the bodies found in the so-called vampire state, instead of being in a new or mystical condition, were simply alive in the common way, or had been so some time subsequent to their interment; that, in short, they were the bodies of persons who had been buried alive, and whose life, where it yet lingered, was finally extinguished through the ignorance and barbarity of those who disinterred them.

Having premised so much, we must leave it to the reader to determine

how far in the following story the possible solution offered by the medical philosopher can be made to explain away the difficulties of the case. The story is told by Dumas, as related to him by a Polish lady, a native of Sandomir.

The year 1825 [says the narrator], witnessed one of those terrible struggles between Russia and Poland in which one would expect all the blood of a nation would be exhausted, as we sometimes see in the case of a family.

My father and my two brothers had taken arms against the new Tsar, and had gone to fight under the flag of Polish independence, always struck down, yet always raised up again.

One day I learnt that my youngest brother was slain; the next day I was informed that my elder brother was mortally wounded. At length, after a day, during the whole of which I had been listening in horror to the sound of guns and musketry, which kept coming nearer and nearer, I saw my father arrive with 100 horsemen, all that remained of 3000 men whom he had led to battle!

He came to shut himself up in our castle, determined to be buried under its ruins.

My father, who feared nothing for himself, trembled for me. Choosing ten from among the hundred men that remained to him, and collecting all the gold and jewellery that was at hand, he remembered that at the time of the second depopulation of Poland, my mother had found a safe asylum in the monastery of Sahasten, situate in the heart of the Carpathians; and he ordered the house steward to conduct me, under the appointed guard, to that monastery, which having preserved the mother, might also shelter the daughter.

I hastened to put on the dress of an Amazon, in which I was accustomed to accompany my brothers upon hunting expeditions. My horse was brought out; my father gave me his own pistols. Our last interview was not a long one: the Russians were approaching.

All night long, and during the whole of the next day, we kept along the banks of a tributary to the Vistula, and got twenty leagues from my ancestral home. This took us beyond the reach of the enemy. By the falling rays of the sun we had seen the snowy summits of the Carpathians. By the end of the next day we reached the outlying ranges of this great mountain barrier, and the day following entered into its rugged passes.

The scenery was magnificent—rocks, and wood, and water, in every kind of wild contrast. Ten days passed by without accident. We could already perceive the summit of Mount Pion, which lifts its head above all the surrounding family of giants, and on whose southern slope is the monastery of Sahasten. Three days more, and we were there. It was near the end of July: the day had been extremely hot, and we had just begun to enjoy the cool breeze of evening, when the sound of a gun was suddenly heard, and our guide, who was a little in advance, fell dead. At the same moment a loud shout was heard, and about thirty bandits showed themselves from among the rocks. Every one seized his arms; they were old soldiers that accompanied me, and they soon returned the fire of the brigands, while I set the example of endeavouring to force our way to a plain beyond. But this movement had been anticipated. While the bandits kept up annoying us on our flank, our further progress was soon disputed in front by a young man, who awaited us at the head of a dozen mounted followers. All these men were covered with sheep-skins, and wore great round hats like Hungarians. As to their leader, he was scarcely twenty-two years of age, of a pallid complexion, with large black eyes, and his hair fell in locks on his shoulders. He wore a Moldavian habit trimmed with fur, and fastened to the waist by a sash of silk and gold. A curved sabre glittered in his hand, and four pistols sparkled in his waistband. The bandits on foot kept up a continual fire with their long Turkish muskets; and as, the moment they had discharged their pieces, they threw themselves on the ground, they avoided the shots that were given in return.

One after the other, two-thirds of my defenders had fallen. Four that remained grouped themselves around me, resolved to die rather than forsake me. The young chief pointed expressively with his sabre to this little group, and in a moment a dozen muskets were directed towards us. At that instant another young man rushed down from among the rocks, shouting out in a loud tone of voice "Enough!" This arrival of unlooked-for help had more effect upon me than the combat. I fainted away.

When I came to myself, I found that I was lying on the grass, supported in the arms of the young man who had come to my assistance, whilst before me stood, his arms crossed over his chest, the young chief who had led the attack.

"Kostaki," said he who supported me, in good French, "you must withdraw your men, and leave this young woman to my care."

"Brother! brother!" answered the one to whom these words were addressed, and who appeared with difficulty to restrain himself, "brother, do not try my patience too far. I leave you the castle: leave me the forest. In the castle you are all-powerful, but here I am the master."

"Kostaki, I am the eldest; that is, I am master everywhere. I am of the blood of the Brancovans as well as yourself—royal blood, and am accustomed to command. This young woman shall not go to the cavern; she shall be conveyed to the castle, and given in charge of my mother."

"Well, Grégoriska," replied the other, "let it be so, but she shall not the less be mine. I find her pretty, and I won her by conquest."

Upon this the young man who supported me placed my head on a stone, and rose up to speak in Moldavian to the bandits. He about twenty-four years of age, tall, handsome, with expressive blue eyes and long light hair, indicating his Slavonian origin. But at the same moment Kostaki took me up in his arms, and calling for a horse, placed me upon it, and then vaulted into the saddle. But Grégoriska was as quick as he; and seizing the horse of one of the bandits, he hurried along without saying a word by the side of his brother.

It was a singular sight to see these two young men galloping along side by side without uttering a word, through woods, and amid rocks, and by frightful precipices. Nor was our perilous course stopped till I found myself in the courtyard of a Moldavian castle of the fourteenth century. The servants hastened forward on seeing the two young men arrive thus in charge of a female; and Grégoriska spoke in Moldavian to two of the women, who showed me the way to an apartment. This apartment, naked as it was, was in keeping with everything else in the castle. A large divan, covered with green baize, served as a seat in the day time, as a bed at night; as to curtains, either for the bed or for the windows, there were none. I had not been long in the room before my trunks were brought to me. Soon afterwards some one knocked at the door.

"Come in," I said in French.

"Ah, madame," said Grégoriska, as he entered, "I am glad to hear you speak French."

"I also, sir, am happy in understanding that language, since it enabled me to appreciate your generous conduct towards me."

"Thank you, madame. How could I do otherwise than be interested in a lady placed in such a situation? Might I inquire by what accident a lady of quality like yourself should thus be found in the midst of our mountains?"

The Polish lady related her history in a few words; and in return for her confidence, Grégoriska narrated that of his family.

"My mother," he said, "was the last princess of the house of Brankovan. She had wedded first Serban Voivode, whose son I am, and with whom I travelled throughout Europe. During our absence my mother had guilty relations with a Count Giordaki Koproli—half Greek, half Moldavian, and a chief of partisans; so we call in the mountains," added Grégoriska, smiling, "the gentry with whom you had to do in the pass. My father dying, left my mother free to wed the count; this was after the birth of Kostaki, the child of adultery, whose passions are his only law, and who knows nothing sacred in this world save his mother. The count did not dwell long in this castle, having been killed, it is said, by some of my father's followers. And at his death I returned to the home of my ancestors—for I loved my mother, notwithstanding her faults; and, as eldest, I was made master; but the indomitable creature you saw yields to me but a nominal obedience, and it was on that account I came to warn you to keep your room for a time, and not to attempt to leave the castle. Within, I will defend you with my life: once outside, I cannot answer for anything."

"Cannot I get, then, to the convent of Sahasten?"

"You would never be allowed to get there. Wait here a time. You shall be introduced to my mother, who is good and generous in her disposition, and a princess by birth—that is saying everything. She will defend you from the brutal passions of Kostaki, and you can then await events in safety."

After thus advising with me, Grégoriska led the way to the dining-room, where I was introduced to and kindly received by the Princess Brankovan. The prin-

cess was dressed in a semi-oriental costume of great splendour, and by her side was Kostaki, in the brilliant costume of a Magyar noble. Each took his place at dinner, Gregoriska seating himself next to me. He had also put on the dress of a noble Magyar, and from his neck hung the splendid nishan of Sultan Mahmoud. The repast was gloomy enough; Kostaki did not address his captive once, although his brother spoke to me several times in French—a language understood by both, but not by the princess. On retiring to my room at night I found a note upon the table; it was to the effect that I might sleep in tranquillity, and it was signed “Gregoriska.”

From this time henceforth I was fairly established in the castle, with both brothers in love with me. Kostaki had openly avowed his love; had declared to me that I should be his and no one else's; and that he would kill me before I should belong to another. The princess seconded the younger son, and was, if possible, more jealous of Gregoriska than Kostaki himself. Gregoriska on his side said nothing, but paid me a thousand little attentions. Before three months had elapsed, Kostaki had told me a hundred times that he loved me; and I hated him. Gregoriska had not spoken a word of love; yet I felt that whenever he asked me, I was his.

One night after I had retired to my room, I heard some one knock gently. I asked who was there.

“Gregoriska,” was the answer.

“What do you want?” I inquired, shaking from head to foot.

“If you have faith in my honour, open the door; I wish to speak to you.”

I admitted the young man, but trembled so that he led me to a chair. Taking my hand in his, “I love you,” he said; “Do you love me?”

“Yes,” I replied.

“If you love me, then, you will follow me. We have no safety but in flight.”

“I will follow you anywhere.”

“Listen then,” he said. “I have sold lands, and herds, and villages, to the monastery of Hango, so that I can support you in comfort, if not in affluence. To-morrow, at nine o'clock, horses will be in readiness a hundred paces from the castle. I will be here again at the same hour, and we will fly together.”

Saying this, Gregoriska pressed me to his heart, and bade me farewell. I could not sleep for thinking of my hoped-for escape. Day came: I went down to breakfast. Kostaki appeared to me to be even more gloomy and more morose than usual. Gregoriska ordered his horse after breakfast, and said he would not return till evening. Kostaki did not appear to take much notice of his brother's departure, but about seven o'clock, as it was growing dark, I saw him cross the court and go to the stables. I was anxious, and watched him. He soon came out with his favourite horse saddled, and mounting, he issued forth from the castle, and I saw that he took the road of the monastery of Hango. Then my heart shrank within me; I knew that he was going out to meet his brother.

I remained at the window till the darkness of night prevented me distinguishing one object from another. I then went down-stairs, convinced that the first news of either of the brothers would come to me there. The princess was then giving her orders for supper as usual; nothing in her countenance betrayed that anything extraordinary was going on. As to me, I shuddered at every noise. A few minutes before nine, the usual supper-hour, I heard a horse gallop into the yard. I knew that only one rider would return, but which was it to be?

I heard steps in the antechamber the door opened, and Gregoriska walked in calm and quiet, but his face pale as death.

“Is it you, Gregoriska?” said the princess mother; “Where is your brother?”

“Mother,” Gregoriska replied, with a calm voice, “my brother and I did not go out together.”

At the same moment, a loud noise was heard in the court, and a valet rushed into the saloon, exclaiming,

“Princess, Count Kostaki's horse has just come into the castle without rider, and covered with blood!”

“Oh!” muttered the princess; “it was thus that his father's horse also came in one night,” and, with a resolute threatening look, she took up a light and descended into the courtyard. Looking at the saddle, she saw a large stain of blood on the pommel. “I expected it,” she said; “Kostaki has been killed face to face—in a duel, or by one assailant.”

She then gave orders for the attendants to go out by the gate of Hango, and search for the body. As if convinced that the search would not be long, she re-

mained in the court. Gregoriska stood near her; I, by Gregoriska. Soon the torches which we had watched disappearing in the distance were seen again; but this time they were grouped around a common centre. Ten minutes more, and by their light we could distinguish a litter, and on it a body. The heart-broken mother said nothing, but motioned that the corpse should be borne into the hall.

The attendants being dismissed, there remained the princess, Gregoriska, and myself alone with the corpse. The princess had turned the gory hair from off the dead man's brow, and contemplated it for some time in silence, and without shedding a tear. Then opening his dress, she looked at the wound.

"It has been inflicted by a double-edged sword," she remarked. Then asking for some water, she dipped her handkerchief in it, and washed the wound. A stream of clear and fresh blood gurgled forth!

"Gregoriska!" she said, turning round to her son, "I know that you and Kostaki did not love one another; but you were children of the same mother. Now, Gregoriska, you must swear that the murderer of your brother shall die—that you will never cease to pursue him until death, or the curse of your mother rest upon you!"

"I swear," said Gregoriska, stretching out his hand over the corpse, "that the murderer shall die!"

At this strange oath, the bearing of which I and the dead man could alone comprehend, a strange prodigy took place. The corpse opened its eyes, and fixed them upon me with a gaze more earnest than when alive. I felt them like a ray of fire penetrating to my heart; and, unable to bear the trial any longer, I fainted.

When I came to myself, I was in my own room. Three days and three nights I remained there, buried in painful thought. Flight was no longer necessary; Kostaki was dead: but marriage was also out of the question. Could I wed the fratricide? The third day they brought me a widow's mourning. It was the day of the funeral, and I went down-stairs. The princess met me in the hall. She appeared like a statue of grief. When she embraced me she said, as she used to say before Kostaki's death,

"Kostaki loves you."

I cannot describe the effect these words had upon me. This protestation of love made in the present instead of the past tense—this profession of affection coming from the tomb—terrified me so, that I leant against a door for support. The princess, seeing that I was so much afflicted, would not allow me to join the procession. I was led back to my own apartment.

We were now in the month of November. The days were short and cold. By five o'clock it was already night. The night of the funeral, overwhelmed by conflicting emotions, and terrified by the strange incidents that had taken place, I was more melancholy than usual. It was a quarter to nine, the hour at which Kostaki, four days previously, had been so mysteriously deprived of life by my lover, and I was pondering on the circumstance, when I suddenly experienced an extraordinary feeling: a cold icy shudder pervaded my whole frame, my mind felt stupified, and I involuntarily fell back on my bed. At the same time I was not so completely deprived of my senses as not to hear the door open, and the step of some one approaching me. Beyond that I heard or saw nothing: I only felt a sharp pain in my throat. I then fell into a complete state of lethargy, from which I did not awake till the morning. When I attempted to rise I was surprised at the weakness that I felt, and at the same time I felt a slight pain in my neck. I looked in the glass, but nothing was visible save a slight mark, like that of a prick of a needle. All day I remained listless and uneasy. I felt no wish to leave my room, or indeed to put myself to the slightest inconvenience. To this feeling of extreme debility was superadded the sentiment of some unknown horror.

The next night, at the same hour, I experienced the same strange sensations. I wished to rise up and call for assistance, but I had not the power. I felt the pain at the same point: that pain was followed by the same insensibility, only I awoke the next day more feeble even than the day before, and the unearthly pallor of my countenance filled me with strange terrors.

The next day Gregoriska came to see me. He uttered a cry of surprise.

"What is the matter?" he exclaimed. "What makes you so pale? That pallor is not natural!"

"If I was to tell you, Gregoriska," I answered, "you would think I had lost my senses."

"No! no!" replied the young man; "you are here in a family that resembles no other family. Tell me everything, I beg of you."

I accordingly related to him the strange feelings by which I was overcome every night at the period when Kostaki fell, the noise I heard of approaching footsteps, and the sharp pain I experienced in my neck, followed by total prostration. When I had finished my narrative, which Gregoriska listened to with a profound and melancholy interest, he asked to look at the wound. Having done so, he said—

"You must not be terrified when I remind you of a tradition that exists in your own country, as well as in ours."

I shuddered, for the tradition presented itself at once to my mind.

"You mean vampires," I said. "I have heard of them in my childhood. I saw forty persons disinterred from a neighbouring village, among whom seventeen exhibited signs of vampirism—that is to say, they were found in a fresh and rosy condition; the rest were the victims."

"And what did they do," asked Gregoriska, "to deliver the country of them?"

"A stake was stuck through the chest of each."

"And so it is with us," muttered Gregoriska; and after a hurried farewell he repaired at once to the monastery of Hango, where he communicated to a worthy monk, Father Basile, in whom he had every confidence, the dangerous position in which I was placed. It was accordingly agreed, with the consent of the superior of the monastery, that a party of monks should proceed at once, armed with pickaxes and holy water, to disinter the body of Kostaki. Gregoriska in the mean time kept me company, to prevent another attack. Leaning upon his arm, it seemed to me that the mere contact with his noble heart infused new blood and new life into me. I felt certain of triumphing over my mysterious enemy.

A little after dusk Father Basile came to us, to say that the body had been disinterred, and had been found as fresh as when first put under ground. The bad spirit had, however, been exorcised, but not until he had been fairly despatched in the domicile he had taken up within the deceased count's body.

It is almost unnecessary to add, that after this, the vampire no longer persecuted the young Polish maiden, but she gradually regained her strength and youthful bloom. Gregoriska having explained the circumstances of the fatal night, upon which Kostaki, having unfortunately become suspicious of his intentions, went out to slay him, but himself fell a victim to his treachery, she could no longer see an act of fratricide in one of mere self-defence; nor did she longer refuse her hand to her noble protector, but by the death of the princess mother soon afterwards became sole mistress of the castle of the Brankovans, where herself and her husband laboured not ineffectually in introducing civilisation, a happier and more pleasing aspect, and especially a higher tone of morality.

The notion of a vampire is not, as is imagined by many, a mere romancer's dream. It is a superstition which to this day survives in the east of Europe, where little more than a century ago it was frightfully prevalent. At that period vampirism spread like a pestilence through Servia and Wallachia, causing numerous deaths, and disturbing all the land with fear of the mysterious visitation, against which no one felt himself secure.

The Polish maiden in Dumas's story makes allusion to the disinterment of a number of vampires in one single village. As this is probably the most extraordinary case of vampirism on record, we shall transfer an account of it to our pages from Dr. Herbert Mayo's newly-published work, previously quoted.

In the spring of 1727 there returned from the Levant to the village of Meduegna near Belgrade, one Arnod Paole, who, in a few years of military service and varied adventure, had amassed enough to purchase a cottage and an acre or two of land in his native place, where, he gave out, he meant to pass the remainder of his days. He kept his word. Arnod had yet scarcely reached the prime of manhood; and though he must have encountered the rough as well as the smooth of

life, and mingled with many a wild and reckless companion, yet his naturally good disposition and honest principles had preserved him unscathed in the scenes he had passed through. At all events, such were the thoughts expressed by his neighbours, as they discussed his return and settlement among them in the Stube of the village Hof. Nor did the frank and open countenance of Arnod, his obliging habits, and steady conduct, argue their judgment incorrect. Nevertheless, there was something occasionally noticeable in his ways, a look and tone, that betrayed inward disquiet. Often would he refuse to join his friends, or on some sudden plea abruptly quit their society. And he still more unaccountably, and as it seemed systematically, avoided meeting his pretty neighbour Nina, whose father occupied the next tenement to his own. At the age of seventeen, Nina was as charming a picture as you could have seen, of youth, cheerfulness, innocence, and confidence, in all the world. You could not look into her limpid eyes, which steadily returned your gaze, without seeing to the bottom of the pure and transparent spring of her thoughts. Why then did Arnod shrink from meeting her? He was young, had a little property, had health and industry, and he had told his friends he had formed no ties in other lands. Why, then, did he avoid the fascination of the pretty Nina, who seemed a being made to chase from any brow the clouds of gathering care? But he did so. Yet less and less resolutely, for he felt the charm of her presence. Who could have done otherwise? and how could he long resist—he did not—the impulse of his fondness for the innocent girl, who often sought to cheer his fits of depression.

And they were to be united; were betrothed; yet still an anxious gloom would fitfully overcast his countenance, even in the sunshine of those hours.

"What is it, dear Arnod, that makes you sad? It cannot be on my account, I know, for you were sad before you ever noticed me; and that, I think," and you should have seen the deepening rose upon her cheeks, "surely first made me notice you."

"Nina," he answered, "I have done, I fear, a great wrong, in trying to gain your affections. Nina, I have a fixed impression that I shall not live;—yet, knowing this, I have selfishly made my existence necessary to your happiness."

"How strangely you talk, dear Arnod! Who in the village is stronger and healthier than you? You feared no danger when you were a soldier: what danger do you fear as a villager of Meduegna?"

"It haunts me, Nina."

"But, Arnod, you were sad before you thought of me; Did you then fear to die?"

"Ah, Nina, it is something worse than death." And his vigorous frame shook with agony.

"Arnod, I conjure you, tell me."

"It was in Cossova this fate befell me—here you have hitherto escaped the terrible scourge. But there they died, and the dead visited the living. I experienced the first frightful visitation, and I fled; but not till I had sought his grave, and exacted the dread expiation from the vampire."

Nina's blood ran cold. She stood horror-stricken. But her young heart soon mastered her first despair. With a touching voice she spoke:—

"Fear not, dear Arnod, fear not now. I will be your shield—or I will die with you."

And she encircled his neck with her gentle arms; and returning hope shone, Iris-like, amid her falling tears. Afterwards they found a reasonable ground for banishing or allaying their apprehensions, in the length of time which had elapsed since Arnod left Cossova, during which no fearful visitant had again approached him; and they fondly trusted that gave them security.

It is a strange world. The ills we fear are commonly not those which overwhelm us. The blows that reach us are for the most part unforeseen. One day, about a week after this conversation, Arnod missed his footing when on the top of a loaded hay-wagon, and fell from it to the ground. He was picked up insensible and carried home, where after lingering a short time he died; his interment as usual followed immediately. His fate was sad and premature; but what pencil could paint Nina's grief?

Twenty or thirty days after his decease, says the perfectly authenticated report of these transactions, several of the neighbourhood complained that they were haunted by the deceased Arnod; and what was more to the purpose, four of them died. The evil looked at sceptically was bad enough; but aggravated by the suggestions of superstition, it spread a panic through the whole district. To allay

the popular terror, and if possible to get at the root of the evil, a determination was come to publicly to disinter the body of Arnod, with a view of ascertaining whether he really was a vampire; and in that event of treating him conformably. The day fixed for this proceeding was the fortieth after his burial.

It was on a grey morning in early August that the commission visited the quiet cemetery of Meduegna, which, surrounded with a wall of unhewn stone, lies sheltered by the mountain, that, rising in undulating green slopes irregularly planted with fruit trees, ends in an abrupt craggy ridge feathered with under-wood. The graves were for the most part neatly kept, with borders of box or something like it, and flowers between; and at the head of most, a small wooden cross, painted black, bearing the name of the tenant. Here and there a stone had been raised; one of considerable height, a single narrow slab, ornamented with grotesque gothic carvings, dominated over the rest. Near this lay the grave of Arnod Paole, towards which the party moved. The work of throwing out the earth was begun by the grey crooked old sexton, who lived in the Leichenhouse beyond the great crucifix; he seemed unconcerned enough; no vampire would think of extracting a supper out of him. Nearest the grave stood two military surgeons, or feldscheerers, from Belgrade, and a drummer-boy, who held their case of instruments. The boy looked on with keen interest; and when the coffin was exposed, and rather roughly drawn out of the grave, his pale face and bright intent eye showed how the scene moved him. The sexton lifted the lid of the coffin; the body had become inclined to one side; when turning it straight, "Ha! ha!" said he, pointing to fresh blood upon the lips, "Ha! ha! what, your mouth not wiped since last night's work?" The spectators shuddered—the drummer-boy sank forward fainting, and upset the instrument-case, scattering its contents; the senior surgeon, infected with the horror of the scene, repressed a hasty exclamation, and simply crossed himself. They threw water on the drummer-boy and he recovered, but would not leave the spot. Then they inspected the body of Arnod. It looked as if it had not been dead a day. On handling it the scarfskin came off, but below were *new skin and new nails!* How could *they* have come there, but from its foul feeding? The case was clear enough; there lay before them the thing they dreaded—the vampire. So without more ado they simply drove a stake through poor Arnod's chest; whereupon a quantity of blood gushed forth, and the corpse uttered an audible groan. "Murder, oh, murder!" shrieked the drummer-boy, as he rushed wildly with convulsed gestures from the cemetery.

The drummer-boy was not far from the mark. But quitting the romancing vein, which had led me to try and restore the original colours of the picture, let me confine myself, in describing the rest of the scene and what followed, to the words of my authority.

The body of Arnod was then burnt to ashes, which were returned to the grave. The authorities farther had staked and burnt the bodies of the four others, which were supposed to have been infected by Arnod; no mention is made of the state in which they were found. The adoption of these decisive measures failed, however, of entirely extinguishing the evil, which continued still to hang about the village. About five years afterwards it had again become very rife, and many died through it. Whereupon the authorities determined to make another and a complete clearance of the vampires in the cemetery; and with that object they had again all the graves, to which present suspicion attached, opened, and their contents officially anatomised; of which procedure the following is the medical report, here and there *abridged* only:—

1. A woman of the name of Stana, twenty years of age, who had died three months before of a three days' illness following her confinement. She had before her death avowed that she had *anointed* herself with the blood of a vampire, to liberate herself from his persecution. Nevertheless, she, as well as her infant, whose body, through careless interment, had been half eaten by the dogs, both had died. Her body was entirely free from decomposition. On opening it, the chest was found full of recently effused blood, and the bowels had exactly the appearances of sound health. The skin and nails of her hands and feet were loose and came off, but underneath lay new skin and nails.

2. A woman of the name of Miliza, who had died at the end of a three months' illness. The body had been buried ninety and odd days. In the chest was liquid blood. The viscera were as in the former instance. The body was declared by a beyduk, who recognised it, to be in better condition and fatter than it had been in the woman's legitimate life-time,

3. The body of a child eight years old, that had likewise been buried ninety days; it was in the vampire condition.

4. The son of a heyduk named Milloc, sixteen years old. The body had lain in the grave nine weeks. He had died after three days' indisposition, and was in the condition of a vampire.

5. Joachim, likewise son of a heyduk, seventeen years old. He had died after three days' illness; had been buried eight weeks and some days; was found in the vampire state.

6. A woman of the name of Rusha, who had died of an illness of ten days' duration, and had been six weeks buried, in whom likewise fresh blood was found in the chest.

(The reader will understand, that to see blood in the chest, it is first necessary to cut the chest open.)

7. The body of a girl ten years of age, who had died two months before. It was likewise in the vampire state, perfectly undecomposed, with blood in the chest.

8. The body of the wife of one Hadnuck, buried seven weeks before; and that of her infant, eight weeks old, buried only twenty-one days. They were both in a state of decomposition, though buried in the same ground, and closely adjoining the others.

9. A servant, by name Rhade, twenty-three years of age; he had died after an illness of three months' duration, and the body had been buried five weeks. It was in a state of decomposition.

10. The body of the heyduk Stanco, sixty years of age, who had died six weeks previously. There was much blood and other fluid in the chest and abdomen, and the body was in the vampire condition.

11. Millac, a heyduk, twenty-five years old. The body had been in the earth six weeks. It was perfectly in the vampire condition.

12. Stanjoika, the wife of a heyduk, twenty years old; but died after an illness of three days, and had been buried eighteen. The countenance was florid. There was blood in the chest and in the heart. The viscera were perfectly sound: the skin remarkably fresh.

The document which gives the above particulars is signed by three regimental surgeons, and formally countersigned by a lieutenant-colonel and sub-lieutenant. It bears the date of June 7, 1732, Meduegna, near Belgrade. No doubt can be entertained of its authenticity, or of its general fidelity; the less that it does not stand alone, but is supported by a mass of evidence to the same effect. It appears to establish beyond question, that where the fear of vampirism prevails, and there occur several deaths in the popular belief connected with it, the bodies, when disinterred weeks after burial, present the appearance of corpses from which life has only recently departed.

What inference shall we draw from this fact?—that vampirism is true in the popular sense; and that these fresh-looking and well-conditioned corpses had some mysterious source of preternatural nourishment? That would be to adopt, not to solve the superstition. Let us content ourselves with a notion not so monstrous, but still startling enough—That the bodies which were found in the so-called vampire state, instead of being in a new or mystical condition, were simply alive in the common way, or had been for some time subsequently to their interment; that, in short, they were the bodies of persons who had been buried alive, and whose life, where it yet lingered, was finally extinguished through the ignorance and barbarity of those who disinterred them. In the following sketch of a similar scene to that above described, the correctness of this inference comes out with terrific force.

Erasmus Francisci, in his remarks upon the description of the Dukedom of Krain by Valvasor, speaks of a man of the name of Grando, in the district of Kring, who died, was buried, and became a vampire, and as such was exhumed for the purpose of having a stake thrust through him.

"When they opened his grave, after he had been long buried, his face was found with a colour, and his features made natural sorts of movements, as if the dead man smiled. He even opened his mouth as if he would inhale fresh air. They held the crucifix before him, and called in a loud voice, 'See, this is Jesus

Christ, who redeemed your soul from hell, and died for you.' After the sound had acted on his organs of hearing, and he had connected perhaps some ideas with it, tears began to flow from the dead man's eyes. Finally, when after a short prayer for his poor soul they proceeded to hack off his head, the corpse uttered a screech, and turned and rolled just as if it had been alive, and the grave was full of blood."

But this is not all; there still remains the vampire-visit to be explained. The vampire-visit! Well, it is clear the vampire could not have left his grave bodily; or at all events, if he could, he never could have buried himself again. Yet there they always found him. If the body could not have been the visitant, then, in popular language, it was the ghost of the vampire that haunted its victim.

"There are two ways," Dr. Mayo remarks, "of dealing with this knot; one is to cut it, the other to untie it."

It may be cut, by denying the supposed connexion between the vampire-visit and the supervention of death-trance in the second party. Nor is the explanation thus obtained devoid of plausibility. There is no reason why death-trance should not in certain seasons and places be *epidemic*. Then the persons most liable to it would be those of weak and irritable nervous systems. Again, a first effect of the epidemic might be, further, to shake the nerves of weaker subjects. These are exactly the persons who are likely to be infected with imaginary terrors, and to dream, or even to fancy, they have seen Mr. or Mrs. Such a one, the last victims of the epidemic. The dream or impression upon the senses might again recur, and the sickening patient have already talked of it to his neighbours, before he himself was seized with death-trance. On this supposition the vampire-visit would sink into the subordinate rank of a mere premonitory symptom.

To myself, I must confess, this explanation, the best I am yet in a position to offer, appears barren and jejune; and not at all to do justice to the force and frequency, or, as tradition represents the matter, the universality of the vampire visit as a precursor of the victim's fate. Imagine how strong must have been the conviction of the reality of the apparition, how common a feature it must have been, to have led to the laying down of the unnatural and repulsive process customarily followed at the vampire's grave, as the regular and proper and only preventive of ulterior consequences.

I am disposed, therefore, rather to try and untie this knot, and with that object to wait. In the mean time I would beg leave to consider this second half of the problem a compound phenomenon, the solutions of the two parts of which may not emerge simultaneously. The vampire-visit is one thing; its presumed contagious effect, another.

S O N G.

BY CHARLES HERVEY, ESQ.

OH, lady! take this simple flower
 To deck thy raven hair,
 Nor chide me if for one short hour
 I'd see it blooming there.
 Then, should thy hand the gift restore,
 To my fond heart 'twill be
 A priceless treasure evermore
 In memory of thee!
 And when, of life's bright hues bereft,
 Its wither'd petals fall,
 When not one ling'ring charm is left
 Its beauty to recall,
 Oh, still, in fancy's vivid dream,
 Unchang'd that flow'r will be,
 And dearer to my heart 'twill seem
 In memory of thee!

THE CANNING RIVER AND ITS SETTLERS, WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

BY J. W. F. BLUNDELL, ESQ.

ABOUT eight miles from Perth, over level clay plains for half the distance, may be seen, on the opposite bank of the river, the lowly homestead of one of the earliest and most enduring pioneers of Western Australia. It is an abode which no colonist can pass without a sigh of regret for those unmeasured, and at the same time unmerited hardships, which beset the early days of a settlement planted with seeming care and much hope, and then abandoned to the cold bosom of untaught and unsympathising nature. For to this part of its unfailing history may be attributed the long-cherished notions of the unfitness of this colony for colonisation purposes; while the ruin which attached to local circumstances alone was made the substance of a confirmed stigma, which remains even to the present hour.

The seventeen years of trial and sorrow that lingered their appointed duration around this homestead and its possessors, are varied and useful in their annals; telling a tale of troubles which, in these days of system and artificial appliance, are not likely to occur again—at least, to such an extent; and teaching a practical lesson to the emigrant, of capability for the labours of a new country, and perseverance amid educational and physical incapacity.

First amongst the throng of retired military and naval men who sought to occupy the lands upon either bank of this river, from the important fact of its being within an easy distance of the capital, was the inhabitant of the dwelling of which we have spoken. At the period of his arrival he was in the prime of life—full, as the emigrants of those days invariably were, of extravagant hopes and expectations—and both ready and anxious to commence upon plans of their own concocting, and determined to elaborate future sources of wealth and comfort upon certain preconceived ideas of a country, of which little was then known, and far less understood. The situation was chosen for its vicinity to markets for any produce that might be raised; and this having been accomplished, supplies of food, clothing, and stock, were purchased at existing exorbitant rates, such as were at that time sufficient to swamp the means and energies of men far more capable in all respects than those who had commenced inauspiciously upon a new and dubious sort of career. The result might be easily foreseen. Neither liking, nor indeed expecting, to have thus early to take plough in hand—for the land was so little encumbered with trees as to be ready for that operation—our friend, partially disgusted at the necessary high rate of labour, and the drudgery apparent in the simple and plain course of farming life, seemed to linger on in expectation of some spontaneous uprising of crops, or speedy abatement of those unthought-of impediments which then began to stare him in the face. Sports and diversions, too, were somewhat rife in this well-settled locality; society there was of the best, for it might, in colonial parlance, be termed an aristocratical quarter of the colony. In vain was his Excellency the Governor seen applauding individuals who, spade in

hand, were assiduously turning up the virgin soil of the country, or, emulous of their fate, wheeling wheelbarrows full of bricks, or sawing and splitting timber for the erection of temporary dwellings. All this was in a measure thrown away. The utility of such earnest and zealous application was little acknowledged; our settlers were apparently waiting for that large influx of population and labour which should render their position similar to that of an old country, where, according to the theory of acres, they would be required alone to superintend and share the produce of a numerous tenantry, such as many of their forefathers, they were told in infancy, proudly acknowledged and possessed.

It is, therefore, neither a slur cast upon these desirable, and one could have wished successful settlers, nor is it a blot upon the past or future capability of the colony, to say that the waking from this dream was a disastrous acknowledgment of an untried and unexpected state of existence : on the contrary, it was a happy hour to themselves and the settlement they had assisted in founding, when they did awake—when they did open their eyes to the merits of the case, and sought zealously for the causes of their discomfiture. It was, however, the misfortune of this settlement, and one from which it has barely recovered—because the public mind is prone to judge hastily, and to receive the most superficial impressions as corroborative evidences—it was the misfortune of this condemned portion of her Majesty's dominions, to have the partial failure of these early settlers exhibited in anything but a fair light; and to receive in addition to these casualties a virtual withdrawal of the sympathy and assistance of the British Government, at a time when more than at any other it was needed. So that, from being the gayest and the most promising, the Canning River began to be deserted, many seeking the penal settlements of Van Dieman's Land or New South Wales ; and the fair lands upon which they had commenced the rudiments of location were restored to their primitive bearing : and one sees even now in the district but the landmarks of a struggle, too faint to have afforded either proof or disproof of its qualities of soil, or susceptibility of rewarding those whose natural and inevitable exertions could alone accomplish the work of forming estates in the wilderness.

Yet, little as we like the task, from a conviction that, although true, it is ever of little or no avail, it would be preeminently unfair to pass over the share the home government undoubtedly had in those disasters, which have all along served to maintain the disparaging position which this colony held in the estimation of the emigrating portion of the British public. Perhaps nothing could more clearly exemplify that of which we intend to speak, than the unjustifiable use which has been made, even under authority, and with the keensightedness of puffy colonisation-promoters, of its early trials and misfortunes. At the foundation of a now rapidly rising and neighbouring settlement—which, by-the-bye, with assistance, surmounted difficulties as great, if not greater, than those which hampered the untoward career of the one under notice—Western Australia, or Swan River as it is depreciatingly styled, was brought forward as a proof of the sad consequences of a system of colonising said to be false ; and upon the mistakes of which, as was affirmed, much experience and many practical truths might be found to hinge : while, granting the correctness of their data, little did these people think or dream of the obligation which impinged the argument itself, either to restore a healthy action to

the lost settlement, or to apply some modified principles in place of those which, upon their own showing, had signally failed. But, could the public of this country, upon simple proof of the resources of a colony, be brought to believe that its physically low condition might possibly arise from the unsuccessful application of many species of legislative quackery, it would then understand much that at present lies at the door of individual folly and extravagance of thought, at the same time furnishing an outlet of escape for the really criminal party in the affair.

The early colonists were cast upon the western shore of Australia heedlessly, and without due preparation. A colony was to be planted; and the home government for the time being, desirous to save the nation the greater portion of the expense of such an undertaking, eagerly caught at the propositions of a few speculative individuals; and thus shifted a burden, as they supposed, from their own shoulders to the backs of men who aimed alone at speedy self-aggrandisement. The terms of the compact were, to all intents and purposes, highly favourable to those who chose to accept them; and it may yet be a matter of speculation whether or not, had these men been at all acquainted with the nature of the task they had undertaken, the wide-spread domains at this hour in few hands might have been turned to highly profitable account.

But it appears never to be in the nature of things that individual efforts should be acknowledged by those which succeed; and the certain effect was, that a large, though limited, capital exhausted itself at the outset; and left at length in the hands of that government, which ought never to have relinquished its primary right, the perfecting of a work seemingly as far distant from accomplishment as it was at the beginning. The moderate crowd of settlers which flocked into the territory deemed no power responsible but that of the parent country; and we of the present age of colonisation can very readily imagine their chagrin and disappointment when they received in return for their natural demands an assurance very much to this effect—that, as private enterprise had commenced the scheme, private means must be brought to carry it through. Waiting, hopelessly waiting for the coming immigration, which was to remove every strait in which they found themselves, to render that assistance and disentangle those difficulties which population in all countries can so easily and effectually surmount, much of the time and substance of the newcomers was spent in wandering gossip from tent to tent, or, in too many instances, in that species of dissipation which is allied to the sad and fatal feeling that they found themselves in the toils of a dilemma from which there was no visible escape. At this time, too, the government, with an improvidence of action for which we cannot too deeply blame them, enlarged the circle of despondency by declaring that the fault rested with the settlers themselves, whose unwillingness to apply at once to the duties of their new state opposed both the wishes and endeavours of their rulers to ameliorate their condition.

Yet, whatever may have been the inertness of these emigrant-settlers, and how great their acknowledged incapacity, still the extremes of each could afford no justifiable excuse to the government, either to lay down its prerogative and duty, or to fail in re-establishing and asserting that right and duty so soon as untoward circumstances called loudly for its exercise and its aid. To say to the already disheartened and mistaken settler, "The fault is your own"—"We have granted what you asked,

and are by no means responsible for the want of forethought and prudence which have placed you where you are"—is but poor sympathy at any time; but when in after years we find the same government, being engaged upon the work of founding another settlement in the southern hemisphere, taking the experience of this very colony, and not disguising the fact of their so doing,—taking the past errors of this very spot as a guide for their conduct in the new sphere of their exertions, and going so far as to supply the monied-resources which were withheld in the former case, we cannot cease to point out such inconsistencies; we cannot hesitate, in the task we have undertaken to give a brief history of this ill-judged settlement, to shift the burthen once more, and fix it firmly upon those shoulders whose breadth and strength are ever matters of astonishment, even to the session-dried experience of many members of the British parliament. And this is not mere declamation—mere finding fault, or arraying opinion against opinion—it is a thing inseparable from the history of the settlement, and from its traduced character.

At this hour, when its claims are beginning to dawn upon that portion of society which takes an interest in these matters, when some fair prospect of redeeming the past is held out by way of compensation for the lingering neglect of bygone days, and when at the moment we write our eye catches numerous specimens of rich mineral wealth yet to be developed, we can turn with renewed strength from the contemplation of even that which our antagonists have all along gracelessly bandied against us. A few words, however, will correctly define the course of proceeding which has made the very name of Swan River an instrument of example, a sample of all that could be ruinous and false in the *modus operandi* of colonisation. Probably up to the hour when the far-famed Californian "diggings" burst in all their glory upon that section of society—and large and varied it indeed is!—which spurns at the ordinary roads to wealth, and prefers a cross country at all risks, no spot, no emigration field ever kindled higher hope, exhausted more speculation in the prospect of boundless and fertile domains to enrich their new possessors as of old, than did the now lulling settlement on the Swan River. The most extravagant fancies, which in later days are disallowed and scattered to the winds, spread their meshes around a certain estimable class of emigrants, and told them that that for which they sighed in vain in their native land, those coveted landed possessions which in the old country brought great influence and accumulating resources, had found their counterpart in the regions of the South; and there, under even a far brighter climate, could they realise territorial parade, and perpetuate the doctrine of acres. As a natural consequence of the puffs of that day, and the liberal conditions upon which the government ceded its possessions, a numerous body of a superior order of emigrants entered the field; and as the granting of land was dependent in amount upon the property, be it whatever it might, which was brought into the settlement, a somewhat partial exclusion of a moderate and highly essential class necessarily took place.

All who can recall those days will remember the "hot haste" with which numerous families embarked for the promised land; taking with them their servants, and in some cases handsome equipages, together with much antique and fusty mummery, which should have garnished on their native shore, prior to departure, a blazing pile to commemorate the extinction of old habits and prejudices—which they found, alas! too late,

were both incompatible with and alien to the dawning sphere of a new existence. Many will call to mind, also, the shock, which came as smartly as the pang of remorse which visited that universally-sympathised-with individual of golden-egg notoriety, when the early settlers had at length pierced the cloud of mystery, and beheld the first faint impressions of the errors into which they had fallen. There was neither milk nor honey in the land, nor spontaneous crops, nor willing tenantry ready at call; and but few substitutes, who soon began naturally to feel their value and their importance. Long did they linger on in expectation of coming herds of men, to set all matters on a proper footing; but it was too late. They depended upon the favour of the public at home, and in its acknowledgment of the merits of their country; and that public had been disappointed like themselves—it saw its own fond and giddy prospects fading away, and it withdrew from the connexion altogether. At that hour the government might have stemmed the ebbing tide of popularity, but it failed to do so; it seemed, as it were, to make common cause with the public, and to repudiate that it had cradled and launched upon the world. And where is it now?—It is now mature and ripe for the masses who closely follow upon the steps of the pioneer. Swan River and its early mishaps became a proverb; and the government of this country, and the ranks of founders of new settlements, gained experience at its solitary cost; and failed not to parade, whenever circumstances needed such, the rash and inefficient principles on which it had commenced its career of hardship and suffering. Relapsing into forgetfulness, the emigrant public ceased to consider it at all; and this neglect appears to have superinduced the belief that the territory itself was unfit for the purposes of successful colonisation.

Let us now return to the banks of the Canning River, and mark what remains at the present time of the numerous body of settlers who once struggled with the destinies of a new country, and sought to establish homes in the wilderness, and draw around them the adjuncts of civilisation amid the simple pursuits of husbandry. The fabled notion of possessing a numerous tenantry, which should take the burden of culture off the shoulders of original proprietors, was soon blotted out of the records of their gains; and though, as we have before mentioned, there are many existing landmarks of former extensive location thereabouts, still the spot is not entirely deserted. The proprietor of the homestead and farm to which we have introduced the reader, was himself amongst the earliest arrivals in the colony. The brief narrative of his privations, sufferings, and losses, is, fortunately for the hope we have in the success of emigrants to those shores, one of an unusual, and at the same time interesting character. The difference is so great between the habits of an old country and a new, that most people who cling to the routine of the former will hardly be found to admit the possibility of happiness existing where the unceasing requirements of civilisation are not only unrequited, but unthought of and excluded altogether. The fact must never be lost sight of, that in a climate so mild as that of Australia, and so stimulating and spirit-nourishing, men care little how they live, so that they live peaceably, and are freed from the carking cares which beset the dwellings of members of older communities. This gentleman arrived in Western Australia with a wife and a family of young children, and planted himself at the spot on which we found him. Many harassing cares marked

the progress of the first settlers; and among these there was not one which retarded their efforts so much as the hostile front assumed by the native tribes against the invaders of their domain. In all countries, where aboriginal tribes exist in considerable numbers, collisions are unavoidable; and as many well-meaning people in this country, who have never seen a wild man except by deputy at some country fair, exhibit an overstrained tenacity of belief in the premeditated wrong of the white man, and are exceedingly thin-skinned upon this point, we think it right to speak a little of the experience of our own colonists in this particular.

The savage is certainly *not* always the first aggressor, but yet he has been found so in most cases: the white man wishes earnestly for peace and a good understanding between the conflicting races; indeed, he would purchase it at a considerable price, and is undoubtedly in most instances required to pay that price. There is a simple and invariable cause of aggression from the native, which is the result of his first communication with the wondrous beings who appear to him to be of another world; and it is the same to the explorer of the hitherto unknown interior as it is to the newly-arrived emigrant upon the coast—namely, the cupidity, which is naturally excited in his breast by the sight of much desirable wealth; a taste of which the settler, prompted by feelings of humanity and conciliation, readily allows. Those invaluable commodities in the sight of the native, flour and tobacco, are, once tasted, not the harbingers of future peace and mutual good understanding, but the antecedents of hatred and of strife. Such is the product of, perhaps, their first interview. The savage is made acquainted with a treasure which supersedes the necessities of that precarious mode of existence known from his birth; the toils of hunting, the long fasts, and the hours of unsuccessful search, can be at last lessened, if not obviated: the intruder possesses the secret, and it must be taken from him at every risk; for it is needless to say that life itself on either side is but a feather in the balance, weighed down by the all-absorbing animal desires of those of our darker brethren.

Until the period, therefore, when these savages were subdued, which was not till a pitched battle had been fought with them, the early colonists were harassed on all sides, and could scarcely consider either their properties or their lives in safety. But now, brought to a state of subjection by stringent though humane laws, they no longer trouble, except by occasional petty thieving; for which, however, they are seldom allowed to escape punishment. On one occasion our friend remembered having to conceal his little ones in flour-casks, to save them from probable destruction by the natives—as it is singular how here, as in many other parts of Australia, they sought to destroy the children of the settlers. The native, in fact, acknowledges no law of control save that of fear; and so long as we have in all our colonies wielded the rod of correction, and proved our power to retaliate, as well as to reward by kindness a peaceable demeanour among the aboriginal tribes, so long has bloodshed and extermination been withheld; while early timidity or reserve has invariably marked colonial annals with warfare and implacable hostility. And we believe all the talking and writing in the world will fail to show otherwise.

Surmounting all these numerous disasters and troubles, we find our friend with a family grown up around him, and at least inured to the life,

which in their case was burdened with little retrospection of the past. Afflicted with a temporary deprivation of sight a few years after his arrival in the colony, this faithful pioneer had lingered at the spot of his first location, and had been enabled, despite his former losses, to complete the work of clearing land, erecting the necessary farm-buildings, and producing in a rough way various kinds of marketable produce. It is true that they lived much in a style which many in this favoured land would consider akin to times of barbarism, and altogether incompatible with the hopes and necessities of civilised existence; but still, however much our friend might deplore—and no doubt in reason he often did—the fading traces of those former days which he well knew could never come again, yet his family remembered them not—they had no recollections, dear and sad, to check them on the path allotted in their simple sphere, or turn them from the ardent pursuit of the small meeds of primitive and patriarchal wealth, which, when we last saw them, they were striving manfully and earnestly to obtain. Perhaps, too, there was no point more estimable in the character of this worthy man, than that which related to the education and training of these children, thus nursed and matured in rude adversity. His wife died, through want of medical aid, it was said, in giving birth to the youngest; and the afflicted parent, deprived of a helpmate so essential to the preservation and nourishment of his children, had, amid the duties of his farm, to lend some hours daily to their instruction. It can hardly be believed how he accomplished this double duty; yet he did accomplish it; and to the simple rudiments of education were added a knowledge of the French language, of which he was a great proficient, and of music. One of these sons is now married, and promising well; one is in the employ of the government; and the remaining two labour for their father upon the farm. There is also an only daughter, and she is lately married to a youthful settler. “You can see it better than I,” said the old man, as he groped his way along with us one day, to explain the resources of his small estate; “the fire has spared the initials, I think;” and, wondering what this could mean, we arrived at the foot of a solitary tree, not far from the spot where his first dwelling had been erected and had been destroyed by fire—it was the grave of his wife! The letters to which he alluded, and the year, were rudely carved upon the trunk, a few feet above the sod beneath which for ever reposed the companion and the victim of that privation and danger which attend the steps of the first generation in a new country. Yes; sacred indeed will be the spot when the pioneer himself shall join her—though not in consecrated ground. And the Canning shall flow noiselessly onward, and the note of industry shall once more resound upon its banks, and the smoke of many rural dwellings shall curl up amid the trees; and none shall touch that grave; the ploughshare shall spare it, and the new race shall honour it for a testimony of the founders of their country!

The river of which we speak is in no part dry during the summer season, as is the case with very many of the rivers of Australia; yet, in common with others, it is subject to occasional floods during the rainy season, and, as a due consequence, some portion of the alluvial flats upon its margin are liable to inundation: and before this was rightly understood, a great deal of the settler's toil was wasted during some periodical and unlooked-for rising of the waters. There is no damming out, or other

efforts available to check these visitations: the floods give no warning of their approach; the waters burst their limits and boundaries within the hills, and in a few hours a man's vines and fig-trees, thus heedlessly planted, may be seen transferred to his neighbour's estate at the opposite bend of the stream; and a great portion of his alluvial soil at the subsiding of the waters may, on the principle of exchange being no robbery, serve to enrich some hitherto barren patch of marginal land in the possession either of friend or enemy. So that experienced men avoid the immediate banks of rivers, or take the risks and the chances of such location. The Canning is nevertheless blessed in this particular, as the river itself, in parts, lies low, and the banks are high; while the soil, deposited by ages, is usually above, far above, the level of its swelling and nourishing waters. Its scenery, as we have hinted before, is picturesque; and the roadways, particularly on its northern bank, are as firm and smooth as natural roads can be found anywhere. It is sad to see the boundary marks and posts of many spots susceptible of the highest cultivation, and to note the visible traces of the early settler, who fled ere his trials had begun; and at the same time to know that his property is in most cases in trust to Nature—that to cultivate it would be trespass, and to communicate with its far-off possessor now impossible;—to see this grant or that, the property of some gentleman in London or elsewhere, whose name figures in the allotment-rolls of the Survey Office of the settlement, and who, speaking of it as if it were in some snug county in England, asks mysteriously, "What he is to with it?" or discourses glowingly to the good folks at home of his prospective fortune at the antipodes. There is the land, it is true, and of a good sort likewise, but he is not the possessor, although he may have paid in hard cash for it; it belongs to the wilderness, which lets it lie fallow—ever fallow. The colonist who abandoned it is in a worse position still; he is gone, and perhaps has left no trace of his whereabouts: very likely, as is the case with men who in new countries find that land is a thing of nought without personal cultivation, he has thought no more of it, but left it to the birds of the air and the reptiles of the woods—a legacy which he is careless ever to reclaim. Often have we ourselves—for the Canning was a favourite district with us—rested upon some turf-grown bank which had known neither plough nor spade near to its verdure since its creation; and, gazing into the crystal stream murmuring softly along, have pictured the Mr. Smith, or Mr. Jones, who called the place *his* by right of purchase; and the look with which he might probably survey his domain at the antipodes—were he conveyed for even an hour to it—all fresh from the hand of Nature, and but a speck amid millions of acres which population could alone have rendered useful for any purpose whatever.

The pioneers of the country knew this well, for they had personally experienced it: and in the absence of population, and the poor prospect of increasing their numbers, they in many instances resigned it to its pristine state. Yet, though this will in some measure account for the want of fair and consistent progress exhibited by the colony, it cannot be taken as any disparagement to its soils, or capabilities for colonising purposes. The whole of the land upon its immediate banks is ready for the plough; and this extends to the hills, where excellent pasturage is afforded for stock. At its junction with these hills the river itself becomes narrow, and flows turbulently over a rocky bed, while the slopes and

gullies through which it receives the waters of several murmuring brooks, although covered for the most part with giant timber, and more particularly on the heights, are nevertheless adapted for cultivation, and are even now settled to a small extent. About two miles from the spot where it may be said to leave the hills, shafts have been sunk to trace the direction of mineral indications, which are abundant in the entire district. Specimens of silver-lead and copper have been procured, upon which the assays are both rich and promising; added to this is the valuable timber which abounds everywhere, and may be said to be inexhaustible. With regard to farming operations in this country, it may be taken as a general rule that the vicinity of hills affords the most desirable spots for location, particularly when the object of the settler is that of raising dairy produce; otherwise the plains yield the best food for sheep. It may also be remarked in this place, that domestic animals of all kinds reared in Australia are in their natures unusually quiet and docile; the lords of the several herds submit to be caressed as meekly as any member of the group, and but rarely gore or turn upon the youths who usually attend them to and from their pasture. This is a feature which Nature herself appears to have extended to the lovely female sex—though we never doubt but that it exists everywhere; for the colonial maidens, particularly they of the rural districts, are the fondest of wives, and the most mild and enduring of helpmates. Yet, as many may reply to this, that, where women are scarce, their value felt, and their soft enduring virtues fostered and appreciated, we are reckoning of the happy regard paid to them not by fact but by isolated inference—we can add no more than, So it is. We would indeed that they were more plentiful there, and that, many a slovenly, ill-directed homestead knew the light of their care and of their smiles; for in their absence no one knows better than the solitary inhabitant of the woods or of the plains that his existence is, in homely phrase, as “a world without a sun.” We will not ask our fair friends if they can put up with the roughs and the smooths of nature’s smiling dwelling-place, for we know that they have the stable minds, the stout hearts, to encounter ills, to remove the sting of early privation, and adorn the rough and rude abode as the flowers of the forest gladden their native wilds; we merely repeat what hundreds have declared, and add our weak testimony of the mission to which they are called.

The early settlers were accompanied by their wives and children, and therefore experienced none of the desolate sorrows which beset the dwellings where woman’s presence was unknown. They knew not the cheerless aspect of the hut or cottage where no simple comforts awaited the toil and exhausted labours of the day; when man is both unwilling and incapable of that renewed exertion which would attend the cares of the household, should he turn to them after the fatigue and harass of the parting hours;—so that he too often becomes careless of himself, his food, and his lodgment, until the neglect of personal cleanliness and properly prepared diet extends to the out-door pursuits which surround him. The pioneers, after their day’s work had been done—and at that time it was nothing to boast of, far less to make any great show,—used to collect together and enliven the remaining hours between the song and the dance; and a happy community they then were, and doubtless would have continued to be, had they not found that other hands than theirs were necessary to the task, sinews more inured to the work, to aid,

under their control, in accomplishing the foundation of their homes and future support. The river itself wanders through just such a district as a small yet united band of settlers would seek to fix their residence. Each would be at a convenient and neighbourly distance from the other ; and while the nearest would be eight, the farthest could not possibly be more than sixteen miles from the capital of the settlement, and have water-carriage for at least seven miles, when the river becomes narrower, and is much impeded by fallen trees. But useless would it now be to speculate on the appearance this locality might have presented, had labour poured into the territory, and supplied the only want which at last consumed the fortunes of the settlers, and drove them, we have always been assured, with the greatest reluctance from the domain they had chosen in the full hope of reward. There it remains as it was of yore ; and hardy dispositions may still reclaim it from the waste to which it has returned, and be nourished by it, and fed in simple plenty there.

We trust the foregoing brief record may serve to show that the failure of an attempt at colonising may arise from many untoward circumstances, apart from the character of the territory in which such attempt is made. The only thing that a young colony really requires at the hands of its parent state is, that a continued stream of population, in due proportion, should be kept up ; not any artificial distribution of the masses, or control over their pursuits, for they will of themselves fall fast enough into their respective callings and places ; but that the great and essential thing to their success at all, namely, *population*, be supplied in the best way possible ;—and supplied it must be, or the work will end in ruin and disappointment. The annals of colonial agitation for the past few years will fully exemplify this ; and there is no stretch of wisdom or forethought which either counteracts or obviates the necessity. From one colony to the other the cry is the same : “Send us your people, and we will do the rest.” The early history of Western Australia shows that every wise provision against casualty or disaster was neglected, and at the same time that the conditions on which the lands of the territory were to be granted, and their cultivation brought about, were founded on no previous calculation ; in fact, that there was no experience at hand to apply to such far distant settlements, or point out the way in which labour was to be supplied. The only existing settlements were of a penal character, and had risen rapidly under the workings of a system which supplied the free settlers with abundant labour, together with providing a large reserve of human skill to the formation of roads and harbours ; and thus early supplying the lines of communication which even in old countries are barely produced throughout a long intervening period of time. All that had to be done in this respect to render the new colony habitable was left to the pure resources of the immigrants themselves ; and, as we have already shown, those resources were barely sufficient, and in most cases far less than enough, for the requirements of their own estates, and the operations indispensable thereto. The gradual decrease of their already limited numbers, and the non-arrival of those who could supply their places, together with the entire cessation of accretions from without, prostrated all remaining energy, and threw the wreck of a sad beginning upon the rocks and shoals of difficulty and danger from which it was impossible to rescue it. The work was a de-

cided failure—and why was it so? Not because the country responded not to the call of civilisation and improvement, but because a powerless handful of human beings, and most of them not of a class suitable to the work, were cast upon the shore, with no hand to direct, no fostering aid to assist. The speculation, if we can admit the term where the lives and properties of our common countrymen are at stake, did not answer according to the expectations of the rulers of the parent country; and therefore they repudiated it, and resigned it to a fate from which, by enduring fortitude, unbounded and uncomputed sacrifice, it has, after the immolation of years—and only acknowledged as a place beyond hope—gradually and proudly emerged. The use which has been taken of the experience which fell to its own charge, has placed its rival sister settlements on a prosperous footing, and has even promoted their early and late well-being, from the extension of those several species of motherly assistance which were pointed out at the commencement of the purblind system on which the Swan River settlement was founded. But to show the necessity for availing themselves of this experience, we are obliged to repeat, the unhappy hull, shorn of its gear, and bankrupt in its coffers, was repeatedly dragged up to the light, and pointed to as an example of mismanagement, in such gloomy colours, that the public of this country naturally viewed it with feelings allied to pity and disgust, and could be little induced either to sympathise with or to interest themselves for a settlement which remained under the ban of exclusion, arising from the lack of each and every inducement to risk fortune, or chance of the benefits of emigration, within it. Notwithstanding, however, its having been from the commencement virtually closed as an emigration field, and the deaf ear which has for so many years been turned to its protestations and its claims, the small band of people which clung to the wreck are able at length to show that they have prepared the way—that they have established a colony; and this without any foreign assistance, save that of a small yearly parliamentary grant applied to the services of their local administration; and this latter exceeding by scarcely two thousand pounds that which is yearly required to sustain those problems of colonisation, the Falkland Isles, containing a population at this time of not more than 200 souls!

If, then, the offspring of those days of folly and neglect, now risen into lusty manhood—if the early pioneers of that solitary and disheartening achievement, are not worthy of support, and the results of their endeavours tempting enough to any who may be disposed to join them, it would be hard to trace on the map of our vast colonial empire a place so anomalous, so utterly puzzling and conflicting in evidence, as the colony of Western Australia.

AN EVENING WITH KNIPP.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

CHAPTER I.

HOW MR. PEPPY'S TOOK A WALK ON MAY MORNING, AND WHAT HE
ENCOUNTERED ON THE WAY.

It was early on the morning of May-day, in the year of our Lord 1667, that a gentleman of a somewhat staid appearance and a certain demureness of aspect, which seemed not altogether natural to him, nor suitable to the occasion which brought him forth, might have been seen leisurely taking his way through the city of London, and walking in the direction of the Strand.

He was attired in a new suit of black bombasin,—the fashion at that time for summer wear,—over which he wore a fine cinnamon-coloured camlet cloak reaching to his knees; and from under his small hat a periwig of huge dimensions fell in voluminous wreaths upon his shoulders. The squareness of his figure, exaggerated by this costume, and the general sobriety of his large massive features, would have led a stranger to imagine him considerably more than forty years old; but when some accidental circumstance brought a smile to his lip, and lit up his small but expressive eye, ten years at least were banished from his countenance, and he looked, what he really was, about five-and-thirty years of age.

The most predisposing cause to this relaxation of gravity was the appearance of a pretty female face; and as, in the progress of his walk, this vision became more and more frequent, his smiles kept pace with the occasion; and whoever had noticed him half-an-hour before, as he issued from a dull-looking house in Seething-lane, and observed him now as he turned the corner of Wych-street, would have concluded that he left home with the intention of going to a conventicle, and on his way had changed his destination to a theatre.

He had, indeed, reached the region of the theatres; and if they had been open at that hour, it was not impossible but he might have walked into one. The first person, too, whom he recognised was one who had just begun to charm the town with the wit, the impudence, and the beauty which soon left her without a rival on the stage; for, as he passed up Drury-lane, who but “pretty Nelly” was standing at the door of her lodging, in her smock-sleeves and bodice, and gazing with childish delight on the milk-maids dancing with garlands on their pails, and on the capering fiddler who led the way.

“Sweet Mistress Nelly,” said Mr. Pepys,—for such was the gentleman’s name,—“have you washed your face in May dew this morning, that it looks so fresh and fair?”

“Nay,” replied Nelly, “I am but just up. To gather May dew, one must out to the fields at three o’clock of the morning; and at that hour Knipp and I were at my Lord Brouncker’s, singing merry songs, drinking *rosa solis*, and still wondering what had become of Dapper Dicky. But I see the reason; that pretty lace band has been a bribe to keep

you at home at nights, where all sober folks ought to be who have got wives."

Mr. Pepys coloured, for Nelly's random-shot had very nearly hit the mark,—a propensity to quarrel with her husband's late hours and his fondness for gay company, being one of the attributes of his helpmate's character. He would not own it, however, but pleaded having business at his office, which had kept him wakeful with entangled accounts; and gently squeezing Mistress Nelly's round arm, though he would fain have pressed her rosy lips, he took his leave.

He did not, however, proceed direct to Whitehall, whither his duties called him, but, turning into a narrow street which led from Drury-lane towards the King's Theatre in Bridges-street, stopped at the door of a very mean-looking house and knocked for admission, glancing as he did so at the upper windows, apparently in the expectation of some one approaching them whom he was desirous to see. But in this hope he was disappointed, nor, until he had knocked several times, were there any indications of his summons having been heard. At last a heavy footstep descended the stairs, a bolt was withdrawn, the street-door was opened as far as a strong chain attached to a staple permitted: in the aperture Mr. Pepys beheld a grim-looking, unshaven man, with a grisly wet moustache and black matted hair, which straggled over his coarse flushed features, and suggested the idea, which the fellow's general appearance confirmed, that he had slept in his clothes, and been disturbed in the doubtful luxury of his morning draught. The physical disadvantages under which this gentleman, who might have been taken for a horse-jockey or a led captain, laboured, were heightened by the sinister expression of his countenance, at once cowardly and morose; and it was with an evident feeling of disgust that Mr. Pepys addressed him.

"A fine May morning, Mr. Knipp!" was the salutation with which he greeted the surly janitor, who evinced no disposition to open the door any wider, although he perfectly recognised the applicant for admission. "A fine May morning! How comes it that you are not out to see the merry dances of the milkmaids? The way is so thronged about the maypole in the Strand that there is no passing."

"Humph!" growled the individual saluted as Mr. Knipp; "I'm not out because I'm here. I suppose," he added with a sneer, "it was the crowd that made you take this road to Whitehall."

"Partly, Mr. Knipp, partly," returned Mr. Pepys, unwilling to be moved by the taunt, though he fully understood its meaning; "but chiefly that I might pray for fair Mistress Knipp's presence—and your own," he contrived to bring out, after a momentary hesitation, "at a merry meeting at Foxhall this evening, and then to supper at Chatelin's, hard-by in Covent Garden. I doubt not but we shall have very good company."

All the while he spoke, Mr. Pepys kept an anxious eye on the staircase, of which where he stood he could just obtain a glimpse over the surly husband's shoulder; but he looked in vain; "the sprightly baggage," as he was wont to call Mistress Knipp, not making her appearance, though he had raised his voice beyond its usual pitch. The husband, in making answer, explained the cause of this. The fellow would readily snarl, but was afraid to bite. He disliked the persons who paid court to his wife—Mr. Pepys above all—but his spirit was too mean to deny himself the

tavern-pleasures which were a consequence of his going abroad with her in such society.

He did not know, he said, whether Mistress Knipp would be able to venture forth that evening. She had been at my Lord Brouncker's till a late hour—he did not add that he had beaten her when she came home, in a fit of drunken jealousy—was asleep then, but would presently have to rise and dress to go through her part in “*The Scornful Lady*,” which was to be played at the King's Theatre that day, after dinner, when the Duke of Buckingham, Sir Charles Sedley, Sir George Ethredge, and a knot of gallants beside, had promised to be there. For his part, he was sick of such gay doings and fine people, and thought of shutting up his wife in a convent, while he went abroad to the wars, the only place for a man of honour in times like these. But if Mr. Pepys really intended to sup at Chatelin's that night, and meant to treat the company, he would think about it, perhaps, and let the jade be of the party; though, he added with an oath, it was no pleasure to him to waste the night in hearing squeaking fiddles and squalling women!

The sot told the truth in the last sentence, but not the whole truth, for he might have said he did not care how much of every night was wasted, as long as he had plenty of ale, and tobacco, and strong waters, and feasted at other people's expense; but Mr. Pepys was shrewd enough to see that the ruffian gave his consent to the proposed arrangement, however ungraciously, on the understanding that he was to be in free quarters. Perceiving also that it would be useless to parley any longer at the door in the hope of seeing Mistress Knipp herself, who was probably locked in her chamber, he saluted her husband with the grave courtesy which was habitual to him, and now bent his steps in good earnest towards Whitehall, where his friend and patron the Earl of Sandwich awaited him.

Our ancestors, in the time of Charles II., though not so “fast” as ourselves under the rule of Victoria, were able to get through a tolerable amount of work, of one sort or another, in the course of the four-and-twenty hours; and, perhaps, for combining business with pleasure, or rather for devoting himself alternately to each, there was no man of his day who could accomplish more than Mr. Samuel Pepys. He had a good solid understanding, an aptitude for business, and a clear perception of the affairs entrusted to his management, so that his official utility was very generally recognised; while, on the other hand, a fondness for the amusements of the town, especially for “*musique*” and the theatres—a forward gallantry towards women, when his wife happened not to be by—and a strain of joviality which he was at little pains to repress when the time and place agreed, caused him to be welcome everywhere as a lover and promoter of mirth and good companionship.

For two or three hours on the morning in question, he was closely occupied in preparing his account of the expense and debt of the navy; and when the labour, or as much of it as was needful for the day, was accomplished, the man of pleasure again set forth to enjoy his holiday. He had not gone far from Whitehall before he was espied by his friend Sir William Pen, the comptroller of the navy, who was out airing in his coach, and invited Mr. Pepys to drive with him to the Park, “*Tiburne way*,” to see the crowds of holiday-makers, the most part afoot, but many in carriages; and, conspicuous amongst the last, the notable Duchess of

Newcastle, in a large black coach ornamented with silver instead of gold ; the curtains and all the ornaments being white, her footmen all in black velvet and silver, and she herself in a velvet cap and black *just-au-corps*, with her hair about her ears, a number of patches on her face, and her large bare neck without any jewel to adorn or lace to conceal it ; her retinue, besides her own people, consisting of hundreds of girls and boys, who crowded round the coach to get a peep at the remarkable person inside it.

The discourse between Sir William Pen and Mr. Pepys was a sample of that which prevails at the present day, and, most likely, has always prevailed : it began with politics and ended with scandal, though it was difficult at that time to dissociate the one from the other. The mismanagement of the Dutch war, the fear of invasion, the intrigues for place, the malversations of official personages, the king's expenses, the rapaciousness of Lady Castlemaine, the vulgarity of the Duchess of Albemarle; the going away from court of Mistress Stewart, and the rich jewels which the Duke of York had given her; the service of plate, worth 4000*l.*, wrung from the king by "his seventieth mistress abroad," the Lady Byron; the wit and plain speaking of Lacy the comedian, in the new play of "The Change of Crownes," wherein the Court was so much abused for the selling of places and doing everything for money; the recent duel between the two Fieldings, in which one brother killed the other in a drunken quarrel; the scandalous courses of the men of the town, and the gossip of the theatres, furnished matter enough for discussion during the drive. Wearying at length of the dust and noise of the Park, and more weary still of his companion, of whom he entertained the opinion that he was "the most false fellow that ever was born of woman," Mr. Pepys caused Sir William to set him down in Tiburne Lane; and, leaving the navy comptroller "to parade in his new chariot," proceeded on foot along Pickadilly, to seek his way home to dinner at noon. He had not proceeded far before he was accosted by Mr. Pechell, a gentleman of shabby-genteel appearance, with a very red nose, who, in spite of the protestations of Mr. Pepys that he was in much hurry, and greatly to his annoyance, persisted in walking with him till he reached Charing Cross. Mr. Pepys tried many times to shake him off, but in vain, till, passing by the Rummer Tavern, the sight of his friend's nose suggested to him the idea that a pottle of canary might serve his turn; and Mr. Pechell being naturally nothing loth, they entered the tavern together, and there, though at more cost than was agreeable to the worthy Clerk of the Acts, who kept a close eye on his smallest disbursements, he managed to disembarass himself of his good-natured but not very fashionable acquaintance.

In the course of his morning's peregrinations, several slight matters had occurred to ruffle the temper of Mr. Pepys : the insolent bearing of Mr. Knipp, and the disappointment at not seeing that individual's wife—the perplexed state of the accounts at his office—the upstart grandeur of his colleague Sir William Pen—and finally, the mortification of being met in company with so red-nosed a man as Mr. Pechell, to say nothing of the extra charges incurred thereby, all contributed to heighten his ill-humour; and it was in a frame of mind much less equable than usual that he took water at Whitehall stairs to return to the city. Nor were matters much mended when he came in sight of his own house in Seething-lane,

for there he found that his cook-maid, Luce, had left both the door and hatch open ; which so vexed him that, meeting the offender in the entry, he actually gave her a kick and offered a blow at her, in an unlucky moment for his own reputation, for just as he did so the footboy of Sir William Pen, who lived close by on Tower-hill, passed by and saw the act. The fellow made off, grinning, and left Mr. Pepys with the comfortable conviction that he would immediately go and tell the story at home.

Under these untoward circumstances Mr. Pepys prepared to join the family meal, for the proper enjoyment of which, we need scarcely say, equanimity of mind is quite as necessary as keenness of appetite.

CHAPTER II.

HOW MR. PEPYS WAS ANGRY, AND MRS. PEPYS JEALOUS ; IN CONSEQUENCE OF WHICH HE GOES TO THE PLAY BY HIMSELF.

MR. PEPYS was a man of strong likes and dislikes. Conscious of a certain infirmity of temper, he generally strove to put a restraint upon himself when anything went wrong with him ; but as he never dismissed a subject from his thoughts till he had spoken out upon it, this *reticence* only answered the purpose of “nursing his wrath to keep it warm.”

When only a girl of fifteen, and just emancipated from a convent, Mr. Pepys had fallen in love with and married pretty Elizabeth St. Michel, to whom he had now been united about twelve years. What our neighbours imply by the phrase *la beauté du diable*, expressed the nature of Mrs. Pepys' charms. She had been good-looking while young,—that is to say, she had a fresh complexion, good teeth, and tolerably regular features—but there was no animation in her countenance ; and as she got older, this insipidity increased. Mr. Pepys was a worshipper of beauty after this fashion—that if he found not piquancy or variety at the shrine where his devotions ought to have been paid, he made a point of seeking them elsewhere. There was nothing to object to in the tame inexpressive face of his wife, save only that it was the essence of tameness and inexpressiveness ; and this perhaps, as much as his fondness for rare and curious books, was the reason why he used to kiss the bookseller's charming wife behind the shop door when he went to the New Exchange to make his purchases—the honest bibliopole being at that time absent.

But although Mr. Pepys could look with indifference on features that had lost their charm in his eyes, he was very particular in matters of costume, and there were certain female fashions which vexed him “mightily.” A custom obtained in that day, as may be seen in the pictures of Lely and his rival Hales, of ladies wearing “fronts” of fair hair, no matter what the hue of their own, or what their natural complexions. Mrs. Pepys had fallen into this *mode* ; and whenever she wished to appear unusually smart, or it might be when she had some other motive in view, invariably made her appearance with a row of curls of the colour most obnoxious to her husband's fancy. If there was one thing that Mr. Pepys detested more than another, it was what he used spitefully to call his wife's “white locks,” and their appearance was a sure signal for domestic broil.

On the day of which we are speaking, the “poor wretch” (as Mr. Pepys was irreverently in the habit of calling the partner of his bosom) came down to dinner in this objectionable headgear. She also had on a

black moyre waistcoat (being in second mourning), and a short petticoat, laced with silver lace "so basely," as Mr. Pepys afterwards said, "he could not endure to see it." At the first glance at the objects of his antipathy, her husband changed colour; he made no observation, however, and seated himself, but fuming inwardly all the while, so that he began to eat his dinner in silence, telling Mrs. Pepys nothing of the sights he had seen, or of the strange appearance of the mad Duchess of Newcastle, which he knew she would gladly have listened to.

In the prime of life, in the fulness of health, and blest for the most part with a remarkably good appetite, Mr. Pepys held a good dinner in high estimation, and always loved to see one on his own table. He had his favourite dishes too, and when these were served *à point*, his satisfaction was unbounded: on the reverse of this picture it is not necessary to dwell. But on this occasion, the cookmaid Luce, as if she had laid herself out on that day specially to incur her master's displeasure, had shamefully neglected her duties. The "powdered leg of pork," in which Mr. Pepys so much delighted, was hard and salt; the roast meat was burnt and done to rags; and the asparagus, which he had himself bought that morning, paying eighteenpence for the same, was so over-boiled, that "the taste," as he said, "was altogether naught."

There are limits to human endurance; even Job himself would have complained sooner, if his wife, instead of egging him on to misconduct himself, had set him down to a bad dinner. Mr. Pepys, perhaps, was not sorry for an excuse to discharge his pent-up passion, and delivered himself after this wise:

"It seemeth strange, Mistress Pepys, that no order is taken with that slut, Luce, in preparing our meals. A dinner more foully contrived have I never seen; all is at waste and spoil; this dish over-salt, that over-roast, and the rest cooked after the devil's fashion."

"If it be Luce's fault, Mr. Pepys, take order with her yourself," was the lady's meek reply; "you are the master in your own house. A gentlewoman has many other matters to think of besides the superintendence of a vile scullion."

"So I perceive, madam," retorted Mr. Pepys, fixing an angry glare on his wife's false curls; "it is not enough that my dinner should be spoilt, but you must do your best to spoil the little beauty that God has given you by tiring yourself in those accursed white locks, which I verily hate and detest as I do the straight hair of a Puritan."

Mrs. Pepys burst into tears; but drying them quickly by a sudden effort, which gave more animation to her countenance than it had displayed before, she hastily replied—

"It is well for you, Mr. Pepys, to reproach me with lack of beauty when you get so much of it abroad. I suppose, to please you, I must make my face a copy of that Jew's widow, Mistress Manuel, or of those player wenches, Pierce and Knipp, whom you are for ever keeping company with."

Mr. Pepys bent his fists with anger, as if he would have trounced his helpmate on the spot; but he forbore to do so, and only made answer:

"The women you name, madam, are as virtuous and respectable as any of my acquaintance. They have musical gifts which greatly please me, and therefore I frequent their company."

"Indeed!" returned Mrs. Pepys, with a scornful toss of the head;

"and they display those musical gifts to the greatest advantage when you treat them to lobsters at the Cocke tavern, or to cakes and ale at the Spring Gardens: particularly when their husbands are not in the way, and I am moping here! As good as any of your acquaintance! Yes, I have no doubt of that; they are all alike. But I hope, Mr. Pepys, you make some exception in favour of your wife!"

"The only exception I make with regard to you, madam," replied Mr. Pepys, now ready to burst with anger, "is, that of all the persons it has been my lot to know, you are at once the cursedest tempered and the greatest shrew that ever man had the ill-hap to stumble over."

And with these words, Mr. Pepys rose hastily from the table, snatched his hat and cloak from the wall, and hastily putting them on, strode forth into the street; though in doing so he somewhat repented him of his precipitate movement, for his fine camlet cloak, flying all abroad with the rapidity of the action, caught in a nail by the door-post, and got rent nearly half-way down the back. He was too much angered and too proud to return into the house to get the rent repaired; so, in the plight he was in, walked at once to Mr. Penny, the tailor, who darned it up, "so that there was no great blemish left," but yet it was not the least amongst the troubles of Mr. Pepys on that morning.

These *contretemps*, however, did not prevent Mr. Pepys from carrying out his original intention of having a day's pleasure with the chosen society in whom he took delight; on the contrary, they only tended to confirm him in it. Indeed, after the tiff with his wife, he tried to persuade himself that leaving her at home was a just punishment for her "ill-manners" (as he pleased to call her conduct); forgetting his own ill-temper, the provocation he had given her, and moreover that it squared perfectly with his own wishes to be allowed to pursue his course alone.

As some little time had been lost while his cloak had been mended—and we must admit that Mr. Pepys was not over patient during the operation (few people are when they have an appointment to keep)—he made the best of his way to the King's Theatre, which he succeeded in reaching only a few minutes before two, at which hour the performance began. The house was very full, and Mr. Pepys was fain to content himself with a seat in one of the back rows of the pit, for which he paid his half-crown with rather an ill grace; and the more so, as the better places were for the most part occupied by citizens, apprentices, and others of that sort, except in the front row, where sat the Duke of Buckingham and Sir Charles Sedley, whom Mr. Pepys would most willingly have approached. His discomposure vanished, however, soon after the curtain rose.

The play was "The Scornful Lady," in which Mistress Knipp appeared as the *Widow*; and it was not long before her well-practised eye discovered where her admirer sat, and straightway one of her sweetest smiles rewarded him for being so far removed. There was besides an expression of intelligence conveyed in it, which seemed to him to say that she had something to communicate; and accordingly, when the first act was over, he beckoned Orange Moll, who sold fruit and carried messages about the theatre, to come to him. Intrigue was Moll's vocation, to the full as much as selling oranges; indeed, she was a walking gazette of social misdoings, and knew the history of every affair in which any of the actors or actresses were engaged, as well as the parties themselves. Her readiness and dexterity, her volubility and impudence, her presence of mind and *savoir faire*, rendered her the finest specimen of a go-between that

perhaps was ever seen within the walls of a theatre. Had she lived in these days, she would no doubt have been an *ouvreuse de loges* at the *Porte Saint Martin*.

"Good day to you, Mr. Pepys," said Orange Moll; "What! you've heard the news about Mistress Nelly?"

"No, i'faith," replied he, "though I saw her only this morning; but she told me nothing strange."

"That's not surprising," returned Orange Moll, winking one of her large black eyes at Mr. Pepys, while with the other she ogled the whole house; then, sinking her naturally shrill voice into a hoarse whisper, she added: "She has left Lord Buckhurst, and is coming here again. It's only six weeks since he first took her away, but they quarrelled on the third day, got tired of each other in a week, and ever since they have led a regular cat-and-dog life. A sad thing, isn't it, Mr. Pepys, when two people come together?"

The gentleman winced a little at this remark, but held his peace, while Moll continued—

"However, she managed to spend the 100*l.* in that time, which was to have lasted her the whole year; and this, perhaps, was one of the reasons why they parted, for Nelly's a generous soul, and grudges no one a guinea who wants it, or does her a service. Not that my lord isn't free enough with his money, I won't say to the contrary; but then his purse isn't always so full as it ought to be, and that makes a difference. He swears she has got all she could out of him, and that he cares no more for her now than Mr. Hart does. Those two, Nelly and Hart, are to play in 'The Mad Couple' next week; but he says he shall be madder off the stage than ever she was on it, if she fastens him a second time. But mum's the word, Mr. Pepys—there's something else in the wind—a word in your ear: my Lady Castlemaine is mightily in love with him—she goes to his house, and has given him I can't tell you how many presents. Beck Marshall brought 'em together, and has made a good penny by it. This is a set-off for old Rowley's affair with Moll Davis. Do you know, Mr. Pepys, that old Davenport is gone to live with Harry Jermyn?"

"I am glad of it," replied Mr. Pepys, composedly, "for she was a very bad actor. But, Moll," pursued he, "let us leave these folks to take care of themselves. I want you to take a message for me to Mistress Knipp. I tried to get speech of her this morning at her lodging, but the surly brute her husband wouldn't open the door, so I had to ask him to Foxhall this evening, on purpose that she might be allowed to come."

"You're right, Mr. Pepys," returned his confidante; "a brute that Knipp is, if ever there was one, and a skinflint into the bargain; not a shilling of his money have I seen since ever I knew him. If oranges were a guinea a-piece instead of sixpence, he couldn't be more afraid of buying 'em. And a hard life he leads that poor young thing; not a gentleman can look at her but she's sure to hear of it again—though the jealous-pated knave doesn't see that's the surest way to make her think of 'em."

"Is he with her now, Moll?" asked Mr. Pepys.

"I think not," was the reply.

"Well, then, good Moll, go round and tell her that as soon as the play is over I would fain speak with her unobserved; present her with a

dozen oranges in my name, and here's for payment." At the same time he tendered her a guinea.

"The elephant," said Moll, glancing at the coin, and alluding to the image stamped on it, "makes his way everywhere, and you deserve to ride on his back. I wish his tusks were in somebody's midriff, who shall be nameless."

And with this remark, which certainly had not Mr. Knipp's welfare in view, Orange Moll departed on her mission.

That she had been successful there could be no doubt, for when, in the course of half an hour, she came back to the theatre, she seemed as well pleased as Mr. Pepys was on the delivery of her news. The substance of it was this:—

The "brute of a husband," or "my monster," as Mistress Knipp phrased it, was gone unexpectedly to "the New Cocke-pitt by the King's gate in the Park," to see a main fought, on which he said he had a heavy wager; "though where the money is to come from, if he loses," added Orange Moll, "is more than I or anybody else can tell you." He would probably not be back till late in the afternoon, but had ordered his wife not to stir out after her return from the theatre till he came in. If, therefore, Mr. Pepys could be at the stage-door when the play was ended, they could then meet and confer together.

This was joyful tidings to Mr. Pepys, who was all impatience till the curtain dropped on "The Scornful Lady," of which, critic as he was, he would have been puzzled to give an account when it was over.

CHAPTER III.

HOW MR. PEPYS DEvised PLEASANT ENTERTAINMENT FOR MISTRESS KNIPP.

NOT more punctual is the tide at the predicted hour of high water than was Mr. Pepys in keeping his appointment. It is true, he had not far to go, but to a person of his temperament there were many temptations to induce him to linger. A gossip with Sedley, who beckoned to him for that purpose,—a flirtation with a masked beauty, who more than once, during the play, had given him encouragement from the box beneath which he sat,—besides other impediments of a like nature,—might at any other moment have rendered him faithless; but his *liaison* with Mistress Knipp was just then at so critical a point, his regard for her was becoming so tender, and the opportunities for their meeting privately were so rare, that where she was concerned he set every other consideration aside, and now hurried to obey her bidding.

In truth, it would have been a pity to have kept a creature so charming as Mistress Knipp waiting. She was, at the time we are speaking of, about five-and-twenty years of age, strikingly handsome, with bright eyes, dazzling teeth, and the sweetest mouth that ever was seen; her figure was just the middle height, neither too tall nor too stout; it was shaped in fine proportion, and her carriage was easy and graceful. Of a lively disposition and ready wit, her mental endowments were as attractive as her physical ones; and when she sang, it was, as Mr. Pepys said, "a heavenly ravishment to hear her." This singing it was, as much as anything else, that had done his business, for he was an idolater of "musique;" and though Mistress Pepys was skilled in dancing and the

art of limning, she had, unfortunately for both of them, no more notion of melody than a crow. It is very much to be feared that, even if she could have warbled like a nightingale, the sated ear of her husband would have found a fresher charm in her younger rival. This habit of neglecting what is one's own, and coveting what is another's, is so common as almost to justify the belief that property was originally invented for everybody's use but the owner's. In the reign of Charles II. the doctrine of communism found a great many followers.

Mr. Pepys entertained so rooted a dislike to the husband of Mistress Knipp (a wonderful thing, if we consider how fond he was of the lady) that even the very name she was compelled to bear was never mentioned by him when in conversation with her, though the formal gallantry of the period generally required it. On these occasions he always addressed her by the *sobriquet* of "Barbary Allen,"—partly on account of her Christian name being Barbara,—and partly as a *souvenir* of the pretty song she sang so sweetly, which goes by the name of "Barbary Allen's Cruelty," and begins as follows:—

"In Scarlet towne, where I was borne,
There was a fair maid dwellin',
Made every youth crye, 'Wel-awaye!'
Her name was Barbary Allen.

All in the merrye month of Maye,
When greene buds they were swellin',
Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay
For love of Barbary Allen."

We have seen, however, that Mr. Pepys did not adopt the name of the unfortunate hero of the ballad; perhaps because he found no reason to complain of the cruelty of *his* mistress. With her—as well as with her intimate friends—he was always Dapper Dicky. How little Mistress Pepys dreamt that her quaint, sedate, and oftentimes severe husband was so familiarly called! But Mr. Pepys was one who very frequently hung up the fiddle behind his own door, which he was in the habit of playing on in society.

"Sweetest Barbary Allen," exclaimed Mr. Pepys, squeezing the actress's hand, nor refraining from the salute which there was no one near to witness, "methinks it is an age since we met!"

"Trust me, my dear Dapper Dicky, the time has passed heavily enough with me. If it were not for the hope of seeing you, I don't know how I could get through the four-and-twenty hours!"

Mr. Pepys accepted this declaration with none of the reservation which we should be inclined to make, remembering that the lady was one of the jovial crew at Lord Brouncker's only the night before; though it is possible the beating her husband gave her when she came home was uppermost in her mind when she spoke. That she had not forgotten it was most likely, for the affection she bore the man whom in an unlucky moment she had married, was not of the kind which—as sometimes happens—is strengthened by ill-usage.

"Did you hear that I called at your lodging this morning?" inquired Mr. Pepys.

"Not a word," replied Mistress Knipp. "When was it?"

"Before eight o'clock; I saw *him*, and gave him a message for you. Did he not deliver it to you?"

"All he delivered himself of was a score of oaths as soon as I woke

this morning, cursing me for lying abed like a fine lady. I remember now to have heard a knocking, and he left the room to answer it, turning the key as he went away, lest I should listen at the stair-head. When I asked him who was at the door, he said it was only a scurvy linkman asking for a gratuity for lighting him over the kennel when he was drunk the other night."

Mr. Pepys got very red in the face when he heard himself spoken of so slightly, and for the second time that day he doubled his fists, though on this occasion nobody would have quarrelled with his motive in doing so.

"The scoundrel!" he said; "I left a message inviting you to Foxhall this evening, and asked him, perforce, to be of the company."

"Be sure of this, Dicky," replied Mistress Knipp; "whatever he can think of to spite either you or me, that he will do. I cannot tell you how like a devil he treats me! At this very moment I am half-famished, for he locked up the cupboard when he went out, and took from me every penny I had, to gamble with at the Cocke-pitt or the Groom-porter's."

"What! then you have had no dinner, Barbary!" exclaimed Mr. Pepys.

"I meant to have dined on one or two of the oranges you sent me, Dicky," the lady answered with a smile.

"Nay," returned her lover, "you shall have something better than that. Neither have I dined—that is to say properly, so we will e'en be revenged on those who thought to spoil our meal."

Instead, therefore, of going with her to her lodging, as he had purposed, to hear her play on the harpsichord, and practise his favourite new song of "Beauty, retire!" which he had just composed, and was very proud of, Mr. Pepys called a coach, and entering it with Mistress Knipp, directed the driver to take them to the "Spigot" Tavern in Old Fish Street, behind Old Change. He had more than an ordinary reason for selecting that place, for, with the full recollection of his wife's negligence that day, he called to mind that the Spigot was the house where he had kept his wedding-day dinner, and that he had never been near it since that hour. It was thus a refinement of vengeance, to choose this tavern for the refection he desired to offer to the one who usurped his wife's place in his affections. Another motive might also have influenced him. Had he taken Mistress Knipp to one of the taverns to which he was in the habit of resorting with his wife (for the custom of dining from home prevailed in England then as in France at all times), the knowledge of it might have reached her ears; but so great a length of time had gone by since he visited the Spigot, that there was little fear of his being recognised by the landlady, though Mr. Pepys remembered her for the same person—chiefly, however, in consequence of a remarkable red wen on her throat, which reminded him, he said, of "a Muscovia ducke."

The fare at the Spigot was not bad, and certainly made amends for short commons and ill-dressed meats elsewhere. There was, first, "a jole of salmon," worthy of being served in Old Fish Street; this was followed by "a rabbit stuffed with oysters," a dish of "quilted pigeons," a "Polonian sausage," a well seasoned piece of "*bœuf à la mode*" (a newly-imported luxury), and a roast pullet; an almond pudding and some "walnut suckets" closed the repast, which was accompanied by "Cockale" of potent quality, some light Rhenish wine, and a pottle of excellent canary.

Under the influence of these good things, Mr. Pepys and Mistress Knipp forgot their mutual discomforts and waxed exceedingly merry; and could any one (except their respective spouses) have peeped at them over the latticed door of the room in which they dined, he must have been pleased to witness their mirth. It was a pretty sight to see Mr. Pepys leaning back in his arm-chair, with his eyes half-closed, twirling his thumbs slowly, and nodding his head in cadence to the air of "All nighte I weepe," which Mistress Knipp sang with a great deal of taste. Neither was it less amusing to observe how, when the song was ended, Mr. Pepys claimed a kiss, and then rewarded the donor with a tune on a double flageolet which he drew from his pocket. Mr. Pepys was very proud of his skill in piping; and it was a particular hobby with him at that moment, having only recently been shown by the famous Mr. Drumbleby, the pipe-maker, "how to play on this double instrument so as to produce the notes upon one flageolet and echo them on the other."

In this manner, alternately singing and piping, they whiled away a very agreeable hour, greatly to the entertainment of the landlady of the Spigot, who, in her kitchen adjoining, had the full benefit of the music. It may be questioned, however, whether she would have approved equally of the tender salutes which Mr. Pepys bestowed on his companion at the conclusion of every song, had she known that her guests were other than man and wife, for she was herself a very dragon of propriety. Luckily for all parties, the idea never entered her head, her mental efforts being principally absorbed in reckoning up the score of the dinner which she had furnished.

At the expiration of the time we have mentioned, it being now well on the afternoon, Mistress Knipp expressed some apprehension lest "her monster" should have taken it into his head to return home, and finding her absent, make this a cause for a future beating. Mr. Pepys, warned with wine, and valiant always in the defence of beauty, scouted the idea of any harm happening to pretty Barbary while under his protection—"the more so," he said, "since our recreation hath been nought but innocent and honest,"—but consented to Mistress Knipp's request to return to her lodging in the first instance, even if it were resolved that they should make an evening of it elsewhere.

Mr. Pepys accordingly manfully discharged the score, though he stared a little when he found that the worthy landlady had run it up to twenty shillings; and then desired the tavern lad to run and get him a coach, promising him a penny as a reward for diligence. The stimulus acted upon the youth, and the coach soon made its appearance; but the street being narrow, it drew up at the corner in Upper Thames Street, which then, as now, offered a straight line of communication between Blackfriars and the Tower. To this point, therefore, Mr. Pepys and Mistress Knipp were obliged to walk: the lady was handed in by her gallant and obsequious admirer, and he was in the act of following, when he suddenly felt that some one was tugging at his coat skirts, and calling him by his name.

He turned hastily round, and there to his annoyance he beheld his own footboy, Jacke. The first impulse of Mr. Pepys was to give the boy a sound cuff on the head, which sent him reeling against the wall; he then asked him what he wanted.

The lad whimpered, and replied that he was sent to seek him by Mistress Pepys;—that he had been both to the playhouse and to White-

hall, and not finding him at either place, was now on his way home, to report his ill-success to his mistress.

Being thus taken in the manner, Mr. Pepys was at first rather at a loss to know what to do; but recovering his presence of mind, and being unwilling that the boy should get home before him, he desired him not to return to Seething-lane, but to go down again to Whitehall, and wait for him there till he came; adding, that he knew for what purpose Mistress Pepys had sent him. This was true enough, though not in the sense in which Jacke apprehended it. But his master was by no means disposed to become the slave of his wife's jealous fancy, especially when he had formed a plan for the evening's entertainment, which might not possibly offer again for a long time. As soon, therefore, as he saw that the boy was fairly off again to the westward, blubbering as he went, as much at the prospect of losing his supper with Luce the cookmaid as on account of the cuff of the head so mercilessly dealt him, Mr. Pepys stepped into the coach, desiring the driver to proceed to Covent Garden.

When they arrived at Knipp's lodgings, they were both glad to find that there were no tidings of the "monster;" and after some persuasion, the pretty actress consented to be of the party which Mr. Pepys wished to make to Barne Elms, after strenuously refusing to venture there with him alone.

"If your husband goes to seek us at Foxhall," said he, "he will have his journey for his pains; belike he may meet with another 'scurvy linkman' to light him home again. Now let us to Mistress Pierce's, and get our party together. If the Duke of Buckingham's musick is to be had, we will finish the night with a jig."

Clapping her hands with delight, Mistress Knipp joyfully assented to the proposition; and leaving a message with the person of the house, to the effect that she was gone to hear "a word in season" at pious Mr. Snivell's, in case of her husband's return, she took the arm of Mr. Pepys, and they walked away together.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW THE BOY JACKE SOUGHT TO REVENGE HIMSELF ON MR. PEPPYS, AND HOW HE HAD AN INTERVIEW WITH CAPTAIN KNIPP.

SLOWLY and unwillingly, but with the conviction that he *must* perform the task imposed upon him by his irascible master, the boy Jacke, after drying his tears, pursued his way towards Whitehall.

As he had been told to wait for Mr. Pepys, there was evidently no reason why he should hurry himself: and, moreover, he was not one of those messengers who make it a point of conscience on all occasions to go helter-skelter on their errands. As idly, therefore, as any modern greengrocer's apprentice, he loitered along, pausing frequently to admire the signs over the shops, but oftentimes to long for their contents, particularly if they appealed in any way to the appetite, until he reached the Strand bridge. Arrived there, he made a full stop, and gazed earnestly, and not without awe, on a crazy-looking old house, which formed the corner over-against the bridge. An old man lived in that house, whose reputation, bruited far and near, had long since reached his wondering ears, and excited in his mind the most mysterious speculations. This was the celebrated William Lilly the astrologer, or, accord-

ing to Jacke's mode of phrasing it, which was the popular one—the conjuror.

There was nothing, in Jacke's belief, that this old man could not do by the power of his magic; and he gave utterance to the opinion advisedly, for he knew something of the capabilities of conjurors, having witnessed the marvellous feats of one of the fraternity at Bartlemy Fair. What would he give, he thought, if he could learn some of his arts!—if, for instance, he could only make himself invisible, and get into pastrycooks' shops, and eat his fill of tarts and custards; or put his hand unseen into tills full of money, and empty them into his pockets; or play tricks upon people as they walked the streets, tripping them up and rolling them in the kennel; in which latter amusement he seemed particularly to have his master, Mr. Samuel Pepys, in his mind's eye. He would pay him back, and with interest, the cuffs and kicks he was so frequently in the habit of bestowing—play him all manner of tricks—in short, leave nothing unaccomplished that his boyish imagination of gratified revenge could dream of.

He stood for some minutes, half wishing for Mr. Lilly to come forth, and more than half resolved to run off as fast as his legs could carry him, if the conjuror only showed his white beard behind the dim panes of his dirty windows. But neither his hopes nor his fears were gratified; nothing happened; and with something like a sigh, Jacke turned away from the house, thinking that it was very hard that young fellows like himself couldn't do exactly what they liked, and wishing all old people (including Mr. Pepys) at kingdom come.

Nothing remained, therefore, of his vision, but the desire to do his master some harm. As sure as ever he breathed, he would tell Luce as soon as he got home that he had seen Mr. Pepys get into a coach with a fine madam in silks and patches: he knew, besides, who she was, and Luce would be sure to tell Mistress Pepys, and then there would be just such another row as happened at Christmas, when neither master nor mistress could eat any plum-pudding, and they got it all in the kitchen. He knew very well what he was cuffed for, and why he was sent toiling down to Whitehall; but wouldn't he pay him off for it!

These amiable thoughts contributed, in a great degree, to beguile him of his weariness; and he reached the place of his destination much fresher than might have been expected, considering the distance he had walked.

At it was no part of the scheme which Jacke had laid down for his guidance to impose upon himself any unnecessary infliction, he did not go into the dull dreary ante-room of the office to wait till his master arrived, but preferred doing nothing out of doors. The chances were, that something there might turn up to amuse him. The notion was philosophical; and, what was more to Jacke's purpose, that which he anticipated came to pass.

He had not long been occupied in counting the people as they went by—wondering how much money they had in their pockets, whether they were hungry, and whether they would have a good supper as soon as they got home—when there came in view a tall, shambling man, with a very fierce expression of countenance, and dressed in a style that once had been showy, but now was simply shabby.

The tall man, whose gait was not the most steady in the world, and on whose cheek was the flush of recent excitement, observing that Jacke's

eye was fixed on him, returned his gaze with a scowl of portentous meaning; as much as to say he was quite prepared to spit him on his sword like a lark, if he detected the slightest approach to a smile on the boy's countenance; and leaving it, moreover, to be inferred that he was in the constant habit of disposing, in this summary way, of all who offended him.

Notwithstanding the menacing aspect of the new comer, Jacke's glance never quailed; on the contrary, it shone with a gleam of satisfaction as the tall man drew nearer. The flattering epithet of "whelp" had already been freely applied, and an exterminating movement of the stranger's right arm appeared to threaten the length of Jacke's days, when his purpose was suddenly arrested by hearing the boy pronounce his name.

"Captain Knipp!" said Jacke.

"Ha!" exclaimed the bully, "who calls? is it you, cur?"

Hard words are nothing when weighed in the balance against hard blows. As the proverb says, "they break no bones," and it was not Jacke's cue to take offence. Nevertheless, he answered somewhat curtly,

"If you mean me, it *was* I who spoke to you, Captain Knipp."

"And what do you want, whelp?" was the *soi-disant* captain's polite rejoinder.

"There's something I can tell you," replied Jacke, "that you'd give a good deal to know."

"Ha!" repeated the other, twirling an irritated moustache—for even the very hairs on his face were obedient to this fierce gentleman's will. "And what may that be, pray?"

"You don't suppose I'm going to tell you for nothing!" retorted the boy. "Don't you know who I am?"

"No!" said Captain Knipp, with an oath. "Who *are* you?"

"I'm the foot-boy of Mr. Pepys, of the Navy Office," answered Jacke.

The man gave a start, half theatrical, half real.

"So, so!" he said, "the foot-boy of Mr. Pepys. What's in the wind now? Has he sent to invite me again to supper?"

Jack laughed. "I should think not," he said.

"And why not?" asked Captain Knipp, in a stern tone.

"That's my secret," replied Jacke; "but," he added, "it shan't cost you very dear. If you'll give me half-a-crown I'll tell you all I know about my master—and your wife."

"Hell and fury!" exclaimed Knipp, as if the part of Othello were not only imperative on him but natural to him. "Speak, boy, this instant, or you die the death!"

"Give me the half-crown, then," returned the youth, who did not appear to be quite so much afraid of the Captain as the other expected.

"Half-a-crown!" cried that worthy, feeling in his pockets for that which he very well knew was not to be found there. Then, after a pause, he said: "Half-a-crown! I give you my sacred word of honour, I haven't got one about me. I lost my last maravedi just now at the Cocke-Pitt. Not a stiver left, as I hope for salvation! But I'll tell you what, boy. Come with me to my lodgings—that is to say to-morrow, and I'll give you a whole one. I've plenty of 'em in my strong box,"

continued he, in a lower tone, "only I don't let all the world know it."

If Captain Knipp's creditors had been acquainted with this fact, or rather, if they could have ascertained that it *was* a fact, his doors would have been more closely watched than ever; and this, perhaps, was the reason why he was so chary of boasting of his wealth. But upon a boy like Jacke this statement made strong impression. We have seen that he was of an imaginative turn; and there was something so overwhelming in the idea of a strong box filled with crown-pieces, that he yielded to the delusive dream, and postponed the bird in the hand (as he thought) for the two in the bush (of which he felt certain).

"Well then, Captain," said Jacke, "just step a little this way, and you shall hear all I've got to say."

Captain Knipp had not drunk so much liquor that afternoon as altogether to obfuscate his reason. The *ruse* about his money goes far to prove this—though not altogether, for it frequently happens that a tipsy man is exceedingly knowing about money matters, hiding his coin, when he has got any, in places where he never can find it again. But even had he tipped to a greater extent than was his habit, his moral dignity, which he felt was about to be compromised by Jacke's narrative, would have come to his aid to sober him; and it was consequently with a much more collected manner that he followed Jacke round the corner of the nearest alley, and listened to his tale.

We shall not stop to say with how many ferocious oaths, the least of them mortal, he interrupted the boy, nor how many threats he muttered, in which slitting the nose of Mr. Pepys to the bone was the slightest and most immediate punishment; it will be sufficient to mention, that when the story was brought to a close he rewarded the narrator most liberally with a species of payment the precise nature of which has been preserved in the language of her Majesty's naval service, where it is designated "monkey's allowance," or, to speak without metaphor, "more kicks than halfpence."

Some people may be inclined to think that Captain Knipp's conduct was cowardly, in thus wreaking upon the servant the vengeance due to the master; others, that it was an act of base ingratitude so to requite a service; but those who look below the surface, and penetrate into the depths of human nature, will at once discover the rectitude of his purpose and the whiteness of his soul. He beat the boy to punish him for his treachery, and also to prevent him from coming near his lodgings to ask for the crown-piece he had promised him. For our own parts, we can't say that we think Jacke deserved much pity. Of him this history makes no further mention; the emotions of Captain Knipp being so sublime as, for the time at least, to rivet our attention upon his movements.

As he strode gloomily towards Charing Cross, he resolved in his mind what course he should adopt. Mr. Pepys had evidently stolen a march upon him; his wife, too, was acting in concert with her lover: he guessed pretty well who would be their companions if they went to Foxhall without him; there was Mistress Pierce and her husband, and Captain Rolt and the widow Manuel, and very likely that fellow Swaddle, Lord Arlington's clerk, a jabberer of French and a great dancer into the bargain. He would, however, go home first; and if he found that the boy's story was true, he would see what next.

He did go home, and found that the bird was flown. He was not to be gulled by the message about Mr. Snivell, which he felt his wife had left with his landlady only to mock him, so he walked at once to Mistress Pierce's, in Bow-street. Everybody was out except an old woman, who was stone deaf, and of whom he could make nothing; but a fruiterer, who lived opposite Pierce's lodging, did something towards putting him on the scent. A very gay party, five or six she believed, had gone out in a coach about half an hour before. Which way they had taken she couldn't rightly say, but she shouldn't wonder if it was somewhere by the river. They were very merry, and most likely meant to enjoy themselves.

This commentary on their probable proceedings by no means added to Captain Knipp's happiness. He ground his teeth, and felt as if he should have liked to beat the woman as he had beaten Mr. Pepys' footboy; but a moment's reflection assured him that this course of action would not be a safe one, inasmuch as he caught a glimpse of a sturdy fellow, her husband, in a room at the back of the shop. His next thought was, whether the woman would be likely to lend him a crown piece, if he pledged her his "sacred word of honour" to return it the first thing in the morning—for without money he couldn't follow the party. But this idea also he dismissed as chimerical, another thought having struck him the moment he formed it. What if he were to go at once to Seething-lane, and relate her husband's delinquency to Mistress Pepys; induce her to (take her purse and) join him in the search. A double vengeance! He determined to set about realising it without any further loss of time, and with hasty steps he took his way to the city.

CHAPTER V.

HOW EVERYBODY WENT TO LOGGERHEADS, AND HOW EVERYTHING WAS FINALLY SETTLED.

BARNE ELMES was in the reign of Charles II. a very pleasant place of recreation. Its privacy and distance from London made it a favourite resort for such as sought retirement; and whether for meeting a foe or a fair lady (terms often convertible), the spot was held in equal repute. It was in a close near Barne Elmes that the bloody duel was fought between the Duke of Buckingham, Sir Robert Holmes, and Captain Jenkins on one side, and the Earl of Shrewsbury, Sir John Talbot, and Mr. Bernard Howard on the other; the cause of quarrel being the Countess of Shrewsbury, the mistress of the Duke of Buckingham, who held her paramour's horse, in the habit of a page, while he was fighting with her husband; in which duel Lord Shrewsbury received a mortal wound, Sir John Talbot was severely hurt, and Captain Jenkins left dead on the field.

Mr. Pepys was amongst the notable characters of the day who were fond of visiting Barne Elmes, though not for the purpose of fighting duels. He went there frequently when he wished to read or meditate alone; he also went when he had any very agreeable companion. On the present occasion the party was a very lively one, and consisted of all the persons whom Captain Knipp had fancied would be there, with the exception of Mr. Swaddle, who was prevented from joining the company till a later hour in the evening.

It was a beautiful afternoon, and as they floated with the tide up the

stream, so that the six people in the boat were no trouble to honest Russell the waterman, Mr. Pepys felt that he was perfectly indemnified for such of the events of the day as had not been to his liking; he entirely forgot his boy Jacke, and, what was more extraordinary, forgot Mistress Pepys herself. Carefully as he was in the habit of balancing good and evil, he took no heed of the fact that there was always an avenging Nemesis who watched over every stolen pleasure. Unchecked, therefore, in his mirth, and undisturbed in his pleasant conversation, Mr. Pepys gave himself up to the enjoyment of the hour; and although since that time there have been many agreeable excursions on the Thames, it may be questioned whether any have afforded more satisfaction than this to the parties concerned.

When they landed at the Elmes, they paired off by mutual consent: Mr. Pepys offered his arm to Mistress Knipp, Captain Rolt and Mistress Pierce followed, and the rear was brought up by Mr. Pierce and Mistress Manuel. In this order they strolled under the trees, while Russell occupied himself in setting out on the river bank a pretty collation of cold meats and a flask or two of wine and strong waters; the latter more especially commended to Mr. Pepys' taste, from the fact that the locker in his boat was supplied by a very pretty woman who dealt in the commodity in Mark-lane.

What Mr. Pepys said to Mistress Knipp as they roamed in the pleasant shade need scarcely be told; and if he fell into the commonplace of comparing her beauty with the day, or her voice with that of the nightingale then warbling on the overarching boughs, he may be pardoned for the act, as he was not naturally of a disposition given to romance. To enjoy life at the season when life is most enjoyable, was a prominent article of his social creed; and though he was sometimes pricked by conscience, it rarely happened that he was troubled by sentiment: on which account his *liaisons* were more general than dangerous. Wives, however, seldom discriminate very nicely in this particular; it is enough for them that another engrosses the attention which should be exclusively paid where it is legitimately due; and few women were more exacting in this respect than Mistress Pepys.

That she had reason on her side in the present instance, seemed more than probable. Her jealousy readily induced her to listen to the detail of their mutual griefs set forth by Captain Knipp (though his, it must be confessed, appeared to have acquired an intensity which usquebaugh is alone capable of imparting), and led her, without regard to the propriety of the act, to consent to accompany him in the search after their delinquent partners; and about the very hour when Mr. Pepys was whispering soft nonsense into the ear of Mistress Knipp at Barne Elmes, his wife, attended by the jealous captain, was eagerly pacing the covered alleys of Foxhall, with the laudable design of exposing them before the face of men and angels. It was well for Mistress Pepys that she wore a mask, or her own exposure to the many persons of her acquaintance whom she saw there would have been tolerably certain. Vainly, however, did she hunt the gardens through, and vainly did Captain Knipp curse the ill-luck which kept him from his destined victims.

It became clear at last, that those whom they looked for were not at Foxhall; and the only chance left was that of finding them at some place of amusement in London. Still under the guidance, therefore, of her companion, who knew, he said, where he should yet unearth the

vermin, Mistress Pepys left the gardens, and took the path that led to the ferry at Lambeth, intending to re-cross the river there.

The ferryman was on the Westminster side with a fare ; and while they waited for his return, Mistress Pepys heard the splash of oars and the sound of voices coming down the stream. It was dusk, and the young moon had too newly risen to enable her to discern the persons who were approaching, but as they drew nearer a dim apprehension of the possible truth resolved itself into a certainty. Keeping time with the measured stroke of the boatman, two voices were mingled in a duet ; in one of them Mistress Pepys recognised the quaver of her faithless husband ; in the other Captain Knipp was equally cognisant of the clear sweet tones of his laughter-loving helpmate. The song they were singing was Marlow's "Address of the Passionate Shepherd to his Love," and, however well calculated to give pleasure to those who listened in the boat, conveyed sentiments far too tender to be heard with composure by the pair on the river's brink. The captain resorted to his usual expedient of muttering deep and deadly oaths, accompanied by descriptive epithets far from flattering to his wife ; but Mistress Pepys found a shriller tongue to proclaim her wrongs, and screamed her indignation at the top of her voice. Unluckily, she had pitched it in so high a key that she broke down before she had got half through the oburgation with which she began ; and if the sound which she gave utterance to reached the ears of the singers, it failed to arrest their harmony. The boat sped swiftly on in the middle of the stream ; and before Mistress Pepys, half choking with rage, could recover herself, the party were saved by the distance from the effects of a more sustained outcry. We leave her again to the care of Captain Knipp, while we pursue the adventures of her peccant spouse.

On went the boat amidst fun and laughter ; Mr. Pepys volunteering, when the duet was over, the then highly popular song, written a year or two before by Lord Dorset, "To all you Ladies now on Land," being tickled with the idea of his wife being, happily, in that predicament. He little thought she was so close at his heels.

It was about ten o'clock when they reached Whitehall Stairs, where the party disembarked. Not to separate, however ; for, the Duke of Buckingham's "musick" having been secured before they set out, all was in readiness for a dance at Mr. Pierce's lodging. Gallantly as Mr. Pepys had conducted himself, and ably as he had figured in his various capacities in the course of the day, all fell short of the impression caused by the grace and agility of his movements, with pretty Mistress Knipp for his partner. It is true that he was not so perfect a master of the "poetry of motion" as Lord Arlington's accomplished clerk, Mr. Swaddle ; but then it is also true that he was not quite so tipsy as that distinguished gentleman, who, notwithstanding that he spoke French like a native, contrived to make himself perfectly unintelligible. Mr. Pepys had taken just as much wine as landed him safely within the confines of merriment ; it had warmed his fancy, unlocked his tongue, and given zest to his conversation : in short, he was precisely in the condition which men call "happy ;" a kaleidoscope was before him, a little confused perhaps in form, but the colours were all of the most brilliant hue. What a pity there should be delusion in moral as in physical optics ! and what a misfortune for those who are deluded that their dreams should be rudely disturbed !

A considerable reinforcement of guests had arrived ; burnt wine, sack posset, and cake, had several times gone round ; the base violin and theorbo were doing their best to stir the dancers to renewed exertions, though to exceed their previous efforts was almost impossible (as any one would have said who witnessed the performances of Mr. Swaddle), the mirth, in fact, was at its height, when suddenly the door of the apartment was thrown open, and Captain Knipp, a little the worse for wear, and Mistress Pepys, a great deal too much excited to care about her looks (an awful state of mind for a woman to be in), appeared at the entrance.

Upon the majority of the company this double apparition produced no surprise, for the *laissez-aller* of the society at Mistress Pierce's admitted of many departures from ordinary observances. That Captain Knipp should come flourishing in at that late hour was therefore not considered very extraordinary, but some curiosity was manifested when it was seen that the lady who accompanied him wore a mask.

The captain advanced no further than the doorway, the courage which he had screwed up for the scene failing him just as it was most wanted ; but he did his best to counterbalance his want of physical energy by swearing in the choicest vernacular, and appealing to the hilt of his sword, and that so violently that the temper of the weapon must have been of the dullest not to have started spontaneously from its scabbard. Captain Knipp evidently felt that nothing could be done with such a poor "provant rapier," and forbore to urge the matter further.

Not so Mistress Pepys. With the eager footstep of an Atalanta, and the warlike spirit of an Amazon, she strode across the room to where her husband was standing, after having just led his fair partner to her seat. His back was turned to the entrance, and he was consequently ignorant of the new arrival. He had glanced but a moment before over his shoulder, and seeing that all eyes were turned in a different direction, was in the act of stooping to imprint a kiss on the lips of Mistress Knipp, when a box on the ear, as vigorously applied as that which felled the goblin page of Lord Cranstoun, made him topple over the lady's chair ; and in striving to save himself, he caught her in his arms, missed his footing, got entangled in the folds of her dress, and finally measured his length on the floor, dragging the affrighted Mistress Knipp along with him in the struggle.

Dire was the confusion and loud the clamour that instantly ensued. Mistress Knipp was snatched from the floor, and Mr. Pepys rose as hastily as circumstances permitted, breathing hot anger against the insolent hand that had been raised against him, when, to his infinite dismay—a dismay which no description can exaggerate—he saw before him his infuriated wife. There she was, her mask torn off, trembling with passion, with flushed features and disordered hair, and looking, Mr. Pepys afterwards wrote down in his journal, "more like a Savage Tartar than a Christian Woman !"

Conscience and canary were too much for him ; he lost his presence of mind, and began to stutter forth a hundred broken excuses, which succeeded each other so fast that the whole were unintelligible.

Mistress Pepys exhibited greater command over herself than might have been expected from her recent outbreak. She looked at him silently and scornfully as he floundered through his apologies ; and when, at last, he was left high and dry for want of words, she merely said

—"You will come home with me, Mr. Pepys," and glancing round her with an air of triumph, swept majestically from the room, followed closely by her crest-fallen and repentant spouse, who did not once turn his head, or say farewell to any of the company. A coach at the door received the happy pair, and they drove off, leaving the party at Mr. Pierce's "in most admired disorder."

Throughout the journey to Seething-lane not a syllable was spoken; Mistress Pepys was too indignant, and Mr. Pepys too much humbled. When they reached home the gentleman tried the soothing system; but the consequences of this step might have been foreseen by any one experienced in domestic differences: the lady went into a violent fit of hysterics, from which she only recovered to order Mr. Pepys to bed. He did not venture to remonstrate, but leaving his wife alone by the fireside, walked off "mightily troubled," and did as he was told. How long he lay there he never exactly knew, for in the confusion of his mind he forgot to wind up his watch, but it seemed an interminable period. At length he heard her footsteps on the stairs, hastily ascending; and a moment afterwards she entered the apartment, while a strange metallic whiff pervaded the air and filled the room.

His first thought was that, in the depth of her despair, Mistress Pepys had possibly been making a compact with the Evil One. He raised his head timorously, and peeped through the curtains. Apollyon was not at his wife's elbow, ready to strangle him at her command, but she held in her hand a weapon as formidable as if it had been prepared by the Devil himself—nothing less than a pair of tongs, *red hot at the tips!*

Mr. Pepys started up in affright, while Mistress Pepys made a sinister movement, as if she sought to impress the fiery pincers on some part of his person; he shrieked out to her to forbear; and the extremity of his fear restoring the courage which had been lying dormant so long, rushed from the bed and wrested the tongs from her grasp. The *tableau* was worthy of Hogarth; there was even a wildness and grandeur about the scene that would have suited Salvator Rosa or Michael Angelo; nay, so striking was the effect of the candlelight and seething iron, that Schalken or the other Breughel (not the velvet one) would have selected the subject.

As the weapon cooled, the anger of Mrs. Pepys cooled also. She had made a strong demonstration, and shown that she was capable of asserting her rights. Mr. Pepys pleaded for forgiveness, asserting, truly enough, that if he had wronged her in thought, it was the extremity of his delinquency; but before Mistress Pepys would finally pardon, she brought him to his knees on the floor, where he made her a vow (which he kept, though often sorely against his will) that he would never so much as speak to Mistress Knipp again.

With respect to that accomplished actress and agreeable little woman, it appears that she contrived to reach her lodgings before her husband, where she succeeded in barring him out; and as he persisted in battering the street-door for admission, exhibiting at the same time convincing proofs of being frightfully drunk, he was seized upon by the watch and locked up for the night in the round-house; and, as a sequel to the adventure, it is recorded that he never attempted to beat his wife again.

Such were the results of Mr. Pepys' adventures on May Day, and the conclusion of "The Evening with Knipp."

SOAPEY SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE FLAT HAT HUNT.

THE inhuman exigences of monthly literature compelled us to break off last month in the middle of a run with the Flat Hat Hunt. For the accommodation of readers who may have something else to do than carry on the stories of the *New Monthly Magazine*, we may state that, thanks to the exertions of "Jack," the hounds had got well away with their fox from Tickler Gorse; and the field, after the usual cutting and shuffling incidental to starting, had got settled into their places, and were sailing away in good form. The fox had been viewed by Frostyface and Lord Scamperdale rounding Newington Hill, and, in the usual course of events, the hounds were presently doing the same. And, supposing the reader to have reached the hill also, there let us pause, as the poet sings, to look back and view

The strange confusion of the vale below.

Scrambleford hill, at the bottom of which is the cover, is far in the rear. Jawleyford and the boy in blue are lost altogether in the distance. A quarter of a mile or so this way are a couple of dots of horsemen, one on a white, the other on a dark colour—most likely Jones the keeper, and Farmer Stubble on the foaly mare. Then, a little nearer again, we see a man in a hedge trying to coax his horse after him, stopping the way of two boys in white trousers, whose ponies look like rats. Again, a little nearer, and we come to some of the persevering ones—men who still hold on in forlorn hopes of a check—all dark coated, and mostly trousered. Then we have the last of the red-coats—Tom Washball, Charley Joyce, and Sam Sloman, riding well in the first flight of second horsemen—his lordship's pad groom, Mr. Fossick's man in drab with a green collar, Mr. Wake's in blue, also a lad in scarlet and a flat hat with a second horse for the huntsman. Drawing still nearer where we stand, we come upon the ruck—men in red, men in brown, men in livery, a farmer or two in fustian, all mingled together; and a few hundred yards before these, and close upon his lordship, are the *élite* of the field—five men in scarlet and one in black. Let us see who they are. By the powers, Mr. Soapey Sponge is first!—Soapey sailing away at his ease, followed by Jack, who is staring at him through his great lamps, longing to launch out at him, but as yet wanting an excuse; Soapey having ridden with judgment—judgment, at least, in everything except in having taken the lead of Jack. After Jack comes old black-booted Blossomnose; and Messrs. Wake, Fossick, and Fyle, complete our complement, and bring us back to where we started. They are all riding steadily and well; all very irate, however, at the stranger for going before them, and ready to back Jack in anything he may say.

On, on, they go; the hounds still pressing forward, though not carrying quite so good a head as before. In truth, they have run four miles in twenty minutes; pretty good going anywhere except upon paper, where they always go awfully fast. However, there they are, still pressing on, though with considerably less music than there was at starting.

After rounding Newington Hill, they got into a wilder and worse sort

of country, among moorish, ill-cultivated land, with cold unwholesome-looking fallows. The day, too, seemed changing for the worse, and a heavy black cloud hung overhead. The hounds were at length brought to their noses.

His lordship, who had been riding all eyes, ears, fears, and excitement, foresaw the probability of this; and pulling-to his horse, held up his hand, the usual signal for Jack to "sing out" and stop the field. Soapey saw the signal, but, unfortunately, Hercules didn't; and tearing along with his head to the ground, resolutely bore Soapey not only past his lordship, but right on to where the now stooping pack were feathering on the line.

Then Jack and his lordship sung out together.

"*Hold hard!*" screeched his lordship, in a dreadful state of excitement.

"*HOLD HARD!*" thundered Jack.

Soapey *was* holding hard—hard enough to split the horse's jaws, but the beast would go on, notwithstanding.

"By the powers, he's among 'em again!" exclaimed his lordship, as the resolute beast, with his upturned head almost pulled round to Soapey's knee, went star-gazing on like the blind man in Regent Street. "*Sing out, Jack! sing out!* for heaven's sake sing out," shrieked his lordship, shutting his eyes; adding, "or he'll kill every man jack of them."

"Now, *SUR!*" roared Jack, "can't you steer that ere quadruped of yours?"

"Oh you d—d son of a pontry-maid!" screeched his lordship, as Brilliant ran yelping away from under Soapey's horse's feet. "*Sing out Jack! sing out!*" gasped his lordship again.

"Oh you scandalous, hypocritical, rusty-booted, numb-handed son of a puffing corn-cutter, why didn't you turn your attention to feeding hens, cultivating cabbages, or making pantaloons for little folk, instead of killing hounds in this wholesale way?" roared Jack; an inquiry that set him foaming again.

"Oh you unsightly, sanctified, Bagnigge-Wells coppersmith, you think because I don't swear and use coarse language, that you may do what you like; d—n you, Sir, I'll present you with a testimonial! I'll settle a hundred a-year upon you if you'll quit the country. *By the powers*, they're away again!" added his lordship, who with one eye on Soapey and the other on the pack, had been watching Frosty lifting the hounds over the bad scenting ground, till, holding them on to a hedgerow beyond, they struck the scent on good sound pasture, and went away again at score, every hound throwing his tongue, and filling the air with joyful melody. Away they swept like a hurricane. "*F-o-o-rard!*" was again the cry.

"D—n it, Jack," exclaimed Lord Scamperdale, laying his hand on his *double's* shoulder as they galloped alongside of each other—"d—n it, Jack, see if you can't sarve out this unrighteous, mahogany-booted rattlesnake. *Do*, if you *die* for it!—I'll bury your remainders genteely—patent coffin with brass nails, all to yourself—put Frosty and all the fellows in black, and raise a white marble monument to your memory, declaring that you were possessed of every virtue under the sun."

"Let me off dining with Jaw, and I'll do my best," replied Jack.

"*Done!*" screamed his lordship, flourishing his right arm in the air as he flew over a great stone wall.

A good many of the horses and sportsmen too had had enough before the hounds checked; and the quick way Frostyface lifted them and hit off the scent, did not give them much time to recruit. Many of them now sat, hat in hand, mopping, and puffing, and turning their red perspiring faces to the wind. "*Poough,*" gasped one, as if he was going to be sick; "Puff," went another; "Oh! but its 'ot!" exclaimed a third; "Wonder if there's any ale hereabouts," cried a fourth; "Terrible run!" observed a fifth; "Ten miles at least," gasped another. Meanwhile the hounds went streaming on; and it is wonderful how soon those who don't follow are left hopelessly in the rear.

Of the few that did follow, Mr. Soapey Sponge, however, was one. Nothing daunted by the compliments that had been paid him, he got Hercules well in hand; and the horse dropping again on the bit, resumed his place in front, going as strongly and steadily as ever. Thus he went, throwing the mud in the faces of those behind, regardless of the oaths and imprecations that followed; Soapey knowing well enough they would do the same by him if they could.

"All jealousy," said Soapey, spurring his horse. "Never saw such a jealous set of dogs in my life."

An accommodating lane soon presented itself, along which they all pounded, with the hounds running parallel through the enclosures on the left; Soapey sending out such volleys of pebbles and mud in his rear as made it advisable to keep a good way behind him. The line was now apparently for Firlingham Woods; but on nearing the thatched cottage on Gasper Heath, the fox, most likely being headed, had turned short to the right; and the chase now lay over Sheepw Water meadows, and so on to Bolsover brick-fields, when the pack again changed from hunting to racing, and the pace for a time was severe. His lordship having got his second horse at the turn, was ready for the tussle, and plied away vigorously, riding, as usual, with all his heart, with all his mind, with all his soul, and with all his strength; while Jack, still on the grey, came plodding diligently along in the rear, saving his horse as much as he could. His lordship charged a stiff flight of rails in the brick-fields; while Jack, thinking to save his, rode at a weak place in the fence, a little higher up, and in an instant was souse overhead in a clay-hole.

"*Duck under, Jack! duck under!*" screamed his lordship, as Jack's head rose to the surface. "*Duck under! you'll have it full directly!*" added he, looking round at Soapey and the rest of them coming up.

Soapey, however, saw the splash, and turning a little lower down, landed safe on sound ground; while poor Blossomnose, who was next, went floundering overhead also. But the pace was too good to stop to fish them out.

"Dash it," said Soapey, looking at them splashing about, "but that was a near go for me!"

Jack being thus disposed of, Soapey, with increased confidence, rose in his stirrups, easing the redoubtable Hercules; and patting him on the shoulder, at the same time that he gave him the gentlest possible touch of the spur, exclaimed, "By the powers, we'll show these old Flat Hats the trick!" He then commenced humming—

Soapey Sponge the raspers taking,
Sets the funkens' nerves a-shaking;—

and riding cheerfully on, he at length found himself on the confines of a

wild, rough-looking tract of moorland country, with a range of steep hills in the distance.

Frostyface and Lord Scamperdale here for the first time diverged from the line the hounds were running, and made for the neck of a smooth, flat, rather inviting-looking piece of ground, instead of crossing it, Soapey, thinking to get a niche, rode to it; and the "deeper and deeper still" sort of flounder his horse made soon let him know that he was in a bog. The impetuous Hercules rushed and reared onwards as if to clear the wide expanse; and alighting still lower, shot Soapey right over head in the middle.

"*That's cooked your goose!*" exclaimed his lordship, eyeing Soapey and his horse floundering about in the black porridge-like mess.

"Catch my horse!" hallooed Soapey to the first whip, who came galloping up as Hercules was breasting his way out again.

"Catch him yoursel," grunted the man, galloping on.

A peat-cutter, more humane, received the horse as he emerged from the black sea, exclaiming, as the now piebald Soapey came lolling after on foot, "A, sir! but ye should never set tee to ride through sic a place as that!"

Soapey having generously rewarded the man with a fourpenny piece, for catching his horse and scraping the thick of the mud off him, again mounted, and cantered round the point he should at first have gone; but his chance was out—the further he went, the further he was left behind; till at last, pulling up altogether, he stood watching the diminishing pack, till he saw them rolling like marbles over the top of Bother-jade Hill, followed by his lordship hugging his horse round the neck as he went, and the huntsman and whips leading and driving theirs before them on foot.

"Nasty jealous old beggar!" said Soapey, eyeing his lessening lordship disappearing over the hill too. Soapey then performed the sickening ceremony of turning away from hounds running; not but that he might have plodded on on the line, and perhaps even seen or heard what became of the fox, but Soapey didn't hunt on those terms. Like a good many other gentlemen, he would be first, or nowhere.

If it was any consolation to him, he had plenty of companions in misfortune. The line was dotted with horsemen back to the brick-fields. The first person he overtook wending his way home in the discontented, moody sort of humour men are in who have lost their errand, was Mr. Puffington, master of the Hanby hounds; at whose appearance at the meet we expressed our surprise.

Masters of hounds are always jealous of each other: that is a rule admitting of no exception. Let one man be the greatest sportsman that ever was seen, and the other the greatest noodle, the great man will always have his cut at the little one. No man in the master-of-hound world is too insignificant for censure. Lord Scamperdale *was* a great sportsman, everybody admitted that; while poor Mr. Puffington thought of nothing but how to be thought one. Hearing the mistaken rumour that a great writer was down, he thought that his chance of immortality was arrived; and ordering his best horse, and putting on his best apparel, had braved the jibes and sneers of Jack and his lordship for the purpose of scraping acquaintance with the stranger. In that he had been foiled: there was no time at the meet to get introduced, neither could he get

jostled beside Soapey in going down to the cover; while the quick find, the quick get away, followed by the quick thing we have described, were equally unfavourable to the undertaking. Nevertheless, Mr. Puffington had held on beyond the brick-fields; and had he but persevered a little further, he would have had the satisfaction of helping Soapey out of the bog. However, he thought otherwise, and pulling up, had returned.

Soapey now, seeing a red coat a little before, trotted on, and quickly overtook a fine nippy, satin-stocked, dandified looking gentleman, with marvellous smart leathers and boots—a great contrast to the large, roomy, bargeman-like costume of the Flat Hat Hunt.

"You're not hurt, I hope?" exclaimed Mr. Puffington, with well-feigned anxiety, as he looked at Mr. Soapey Sponge's black-daubed clothes.

"Oh no!" replied Soapey. Oh no!—fell soft—fell soft. More dirt, less hurt—more dirt, less hurt."

"Why, you've been in a bog!" exclaimed Mr. Puffington, eyeing Soapey's much-stained horse.

"Almost over head," replied Soapey. "Scamperdale saw me going, and hadn't the grace to holloa out."

"Ah, that's like him," replied Mr. Puffington,—“that's like him: there's nothing pleases him so much as getting fellows into grief.”

"Not very polite to a stranger," observed Mr. Sponge.

"No, it isn't," replied Mr. Puffington,—“no, it isn't; far from it, indeed—far from it; but, low be it spoken,” added he, “his lordship is only a roughish sort of customer.”

"So he is," replied Mr. Soapey, who thought it fine to abuse a nobleman.

"The fact is," said Mr. Puffington, “these Flat Hat chaps are all snobs. They think there are no such fine fellows as themselves under the sun; and if ever a stranger looks near them, they make a point of being as rude and disagreeable to him as they possibly can. This is what they call keeping the hunt select.”

"Indeed!" observed Mr. Sponge, recollecting how they had complimented him; adding, “They seem a queer set.”

"There's a fellow they call 'Jack,'" observed Mr. Puffington, “who acts as a sort of bulldog to his lordship, and worries whoever his lordship sets him upon. He got into a clay-hole a little further back, and a precious splashing he was making, along with the chaplain, old Blossom-nose.”

"Ah, I saw him," observed Mr. Sponge.

"You should come and see *my* hounds," observed Mr. Puffington.

"What are they?" asked Soapey.

"The Hauby," replied Mr. Puffington.

"Oh! then you are Mr. Puffington," observed Soapey, who had a sort of general acquaintance with all the hounds and masters—indeed, with all the meets of all the hounds in the kingdom—which he read in the weekly lists in *Bell's Life*, just as he read “Mogg's Cab Fares,” or “Ruff's Guide to the Turf.” “Then you are Mr. Puffington?” observed Soapey.

"The same," replied the stranger.

"I'll have a look at you," observed Soapey; adding, “Do you take in horses?”

"Yours, of *course*," replied Mr. Puffington, bowing; adding something about great public characters, which Soapey didn't understand, not being aware that he was one.

"I'll be down upon you, as the extinguisher said to the rushlight," observed Mr. Soapey.

"*Do*," said Mr. Puffington; "come before the frost. Where are you staying now?"

"I'm at Jawleyford's," observed Soapey.

"Indeed!—Jawleyford's, are you?" repeated Mr. Puffington. "Good fellow, Jawleyford—gentleman, Jawleyford. How long do you stay?"

"Why, I haven't made up my mind," replied Soapey. "Have no thoughts of budging at present."

"Ah, well—good quarters," said Mr. Puffington, who now smelt a rat; "good quarters—nice girls—fine fortune—fine place, Jawleyford Court. Well, book me for the next visit," added he.

"I will," said Soapey, "and no mistake. What do they call your shop?"

"Hanby House," replied Mr. Puffington; "Hanby House—any body can tell you where Hanby House is."

"I'll not forget," said Mr. Soapey, booking it in his mind, and eyeing his victim.

"I'll show you a fine pack of hounds," said Mr. Puffington; "far finer animals than those of old Scamperdale's—steady, true hunting hounds, that won't go a yard without a scent—none of your jealous, flashy, frantic devils, that will tear over half a township without one, and are always looking out for 'holloas' and assistance—"

Mr. Puffington was interrupted in the comparison he was about to draw between his lordship's hounds and his, by arriving at the Bolsover brick-fields, and seeing Jack and Blossomnose, horse in hand, running to and fro, while sundry countrymen blobbed about in the clay-hole they had so recently occupied. Tom Washball, Mr. Wake, Mr. Fyle, Mr. Fossick, and several dark-coated horsemen and boys, were congregated around. Jack had lost his spectacles, and Blossomnose his whip, and the countrymen were diving for them.

"Not hurt, I hope?" said Mr. Puffington, in the most dandified tone of indifference, as he rode up to where Jack and Blossomnose were churning the water in their boots, stamping up and down, trying to get themselves warm.

"Hurt be d—d!" replied Jack, who had a frightful squint, that turned his eyes inside out as it were, showing nothing but the whites, when he was in a passion: "Hurt be d—d!" said he; "might have been drowned, for anything you'd have cared."

"I should have been sorry for that," replied Mr. Puffington; adding, "The Flat Hat Hunt could ill-afford to lose so useful and ornamental a member."

"I don't know what the Flat Hat Hunt can afford to lose," spluttered Jack, who hadn't got all the clay out of his mouth; "but I know they can afford to do without the company of certain gentlemen who shall be nameless," said he, looking at Soapey and Puffington as he thought, but in reality showing nothing but the whites of his eyes.

"I told you so," said Puffington, jerking his head towards Jack, as Soapey and he turned their horses' heads to ride on; "I told you so,"

repeated he; "that's a specimen of their style;" adding, "They are the greatest set of ruffians under the sun."

The new acquaintances then jogged on together as far as the cross roads at Stewkeley, when Puffington, having bound Soapey in his own recognizance to come to him when he left Jawleyford Court, pointed him out his way, and with a most hearty shake of the hands the friends parted.

CHAPTER XXVI.

LORD SCAMPERDALE AT HOME.

WE fear our fair friends will expect something gay from the above heading—lamps and flambeaux outside, fiddlers, feathers, and flirts in. Nothing of the sort, fair ladies—nothing of the sort. Lord Scamperdale "at home," simply means that his lordship was not out hunting, that he had got his dirty boots and breeches off, and warm tartans, flannels, and worsteds on.

Lord Scamperdale—for we may observe that all noblemen are lords in the sporting world, except dukes, who are called dukes ("Well, Duke, how are you?"—and so), Lord Scamperdale, we say, was the eighth earl; and, according to the usual alternating course of great English families—one generation living and the next starving—it was his lordship's turn to live; but the seventh earl having been rather unreasonable in the length of his lease, the present earl, who during the lifetime of his father was Lord Hardup, had contracted such parsimonious habits, that when he came into possession he could not shake them off; and but for the fortunate friendship of Abraham Brown, the village blacksmith, who had given his young idea a sporting turn, entering him with ferrets and rabbits, and so training him on with terriers and rat-catching, badger-baiting and otter-hunting, up to the noble sport of foxhunting itself, in all probability his lordship would have been a regular miser. As it was, he did not spend a halfpenny upon anything but hunting; and his hunting, though well, was still economically done, costing him some couple of thousand a-year, to which, for the sake of euphony, Jack used to add an extra five hundred; "two thousand five underd a-year, five-and-twenty underd a-year," sounding better, as Jack thought, and more imposing, than "a couple of thousand, or two thousand, a-year." There were few days on which Jack didn't inform the field what the hounds cost his lordship, or rather what they didn't cost him.

Woodmansterne, his lordship's principal residence, was a splendid place, the finest in the county. It stood in an undulating park of 800 acres, with its church, and its lake, and its heronry, and its decoy, and its race-course, and its varied grasses of the choicest kinds, for feeding the numerous herds of deer, so well known at Temple-bar and Charing-cross as the Woodmansterne venison. The house was a modern edifice, built by the sixth earl, who, having been a "liver," had run himself aground by his enormous outlay on this Italian structure, which was just finished when he died. The fourth earl, who, we should have stated, was a "liver" too, was a man of *virtù*—a great traveller and collector of coins, pictures, statues, marbles, and curiosities generally—things that

are very dear to buy, but oftentimes extremely cheap when sold ; and, having collected a vast quantity from all parts of the world (no easy feat in those days), he made them heir-looms, and departed this life, leaving the next earl the pleasure of contemplating them. The fifth earl having duly starved through life, then made way for the sixth ; who, finding such a quantity of valuables stowed away as he thought in rather a confined way, sent to London for a first-rate architect, Sir Thomas Squareall (who always posted with four horses), who forthwith pulled down the old brick-and-stone Elizabethan mansion, and built the present splendid Italian structure, of the finest polished stone, at an expense of—furniture and all—say 120,000*l.* ; Sir Thomas's estimates being 30,000*l.* The seventh earl of course then starved ; and the present lord, at the age of forty-three, found himself in possession of house, and coins, and curiosities ; and, best of all, of some 90,000*l.* in the funds, that had quietly rolled up during the latter part of his venerable parent's existence. His lordship then took counsel with himself—first, whether he should marry or remain single ; secondly, whether he should live or starve. Having considered the subject with all the attention a circumscribed allowance of brains permitted, he came to the resolution that the second proposition depended a good deal upon the first ; “for,” said he to himself, “if I marry, my lady, perhaps, may *make* me live ; and therefore,” said he, “perhaps I'd better remain single.” At all events, he came to the determination not to marry in a hurry ; and until he did, he felt there was no occasion for him to inconvenience himself by living. So he had the house put away in brown Holland, the carpets rolled up, the pictures covered, the statues shrouded in muslin, the cabinets of curiosities locked, the plate secured, the china closeted, and everything arranged with the greatest care against the time, which he put before him in the distance like a target, when he should marry and begin to live.

At first he gave two or three great dinners a-year, about the height of the fruit season, and when it was getting too ripe for carriage to London by the old coaches—when a grand *iring* of the state-rooms used to take place, and ladies from all parts of the county used to sit shivering with their bare shoulders, all anxious for the honours of the head of the table. His lordship always held out that he was a marrying man ; but even if he hadn't they would have come all the same, an unmarried man being always clearly on the cards : and though he was stumpy, and clumsy, and ugly, with as little to say for himself as could well be conceived, they all agreed that he was a most engaging, attractive man—quite a pattern of a man. Even on horseback, and in his hunting clothes, in which he looked far the best, he was only a coarse, square, bull-headed looking man, with hard, dry, round, matter-of-fact features, that never look young, and yet somehow never get old. Indeed, barring the change from brown to grey of his short stubbly whiskers, which he trained with great care into a curve almost on to his cheek bone, he looked very little older at the period of which we are writing than he did a dozen years before, when he was Lord Hardup. These dozen years, however, had brought him down in his doings.

The dinners had gradually dwindled away altogether, and he had had all the large tablecloths and napkins rough dried and locked away against he got married ; an event that he seemed more anxious to provide for

the more unlikely it became. He had also abdicated the main body of the mansion, and taken up his quarters in what used to be the steward's room ; into which he could creep quietly by a side door opening from the outer entrance, and so save frequent exposure to the cold and damp of the large cathedral-like hall beyond. Through the steward's room, was what used to be the muniment room, which he converted into a bed-room for himself ; and a little further along the passage was another small chamber, made out of what used to be the plate-room, whereof Jack, or whoever was in office, had the possession. All three rooms were furnished in the roughest, coarsest, homeliest way—his lordship wishing to keep all the good furniture against he married. The sitting-room, or parlour as his lordship called it, had an old grey drugget for a carpet, an old round black mahogany table on castors, that the last steward had ejected as too bad for him, four semicircular wooden-bottomed walnut smoking-chairs ; an old spindle-shanked sideboard with very little middle, over which swung a few book-shelves, with the termination of their green strings surmounted by a couple of foxes' brushes. Small as the shelves were, they were larger than his lordship wanted—two books, one for Jack and one for himself, being all they contained ; while the other shelves were filled with hunting-horns, odd spurs, knots of whipcord, piles of halfpence, lucifer-match boxes, gun-charges, and such like miscellaneous articles.

His lordship's fare was as rough as his furniture. He was a great admirer of tripe, cow-heel, and delicacies of that kind ; he had tripe twice a-week—boiled one day, fried another. He was also a great patron of beefsteaks, which he ate half raw, with slices of cold onion served in a saucer with water.

It was a beefsteak-and-batter-pudding day on which the foregoing run took place ; and his lordship and Jack having satisfied nature off their respective dishes—for they only had vegetables in common—and having finished off with some very strong Cheshire cheese, wheeled their chairs to the fire, while Bags the butler cleared the table and placed it between them. They were dressed in full suits of flaming large-checked red-and-yellow tartans, the tartan of that noble clan the "Stummers," with black-and-white Shetland hose and red slippers. His lordship and Jack had related their mutual adventures by sort of cross visits to each other's bed-rooms while dressing ; and, dinner being announced by the time they were ready, they had fallen to, and applied themselves diligently to the victuals, and now very considerably unbuttoned their many-pocketed waistcoats and stuck out their legs, to give it a fair chance of digesting. They seldom spoke much until his lordship had had his nap, which he generally took immediately after dinner ; but on this particular night he sat bending forward in his chair, picking his teeth and looking at his toes, evidently ill at ease in his mind. Jack guessed the cause, but didn't say anything. Soapey Sponge, he thought, had beat him.

At length his lordship threw himself back in his chair, and stretching his little queer legs out before him, began to breathe thicker and thicker, till at last he got the melody up to a grunt. It was not the fine generous snore of a sleep that he usually enjoyed, but short, quick, fitful sort of broken naps, that generally terminated in spasmodic jerks of the arms or legs. These grew worse, till at last all four went at once, like the limbs of a Peter Waggey, when, throwing

himself forward with a violent effort, he awoke; and finding his horse was not a-top of him, as he thought, he gave vent to his feelings in the following ejaculations:—

"Oh, Jack, I'm unhappy!" exclaimed he. "I'm distressed!" continued he. "I'm *wretched*!" added he, slapping his knees. "*I'm perfectly miserable*!" he added, with a strong emphasis on the miserable.

"What's the matter?" asked Jack, who was half asleep himself.

"Oh, that Soapey Something!—he'll be the death of me!" observed his lordship.

"I thought so," replied Jack; "what's the bitch been after now?"

"I dreamt he'd killed old Lablache—best hound I have," replied his lordship.

"Soapey be —," grunted Jack.

"Ah, it's all very well for you to say 'Soapey be this' and 'Soapey be that,' but I can tell you what, that fellow is going to be a very awkward customer—a very terrible thorn in my side."

"*Humph*!" grunted Jack, who didn't see how.

"There's mischief about that fellow," continued his lordship, pouring himself out half a tumbler of gin, and filling it up with water. "There's mischief about the fellow. I don't like his looks—I don't like his coat—I don't like his boots—I don't like anything about him. I'd rather see the back of him than the front. He must be got rid of," added his lordship.

"Well, I did my best to-day, I'm sure," replied Jack. "I was deuced near wanting the patent coffin you were so good as to promise me."

"You did your work *well*," replied his lordship; "you did your work well; and you shall have my other specs till I can get you a new pair from town; and if you'll serve me again, I'll remember you in my will—I'll leave you something handsome."

"I'm your man," replied Jack.

"I never was so bothered with a fellow in my life," observed his lordship. "Captain Topsawyer was bad enough, and always pressed too close on the hounds, but he would pull up at a check; but this rusty booted 'bomination seems to think the hounds are kept for him to ride over. He must be got rid of somehow," repeated his lordship; "for we shall have no peace while he's here."

"If he's after either of the Jawley girls, that'll be bad to shake off," observed Jack.

"That's just the point," replied his lordship, quaffing off his gin with the air of a man most thoroughly thirsty; "that's just the point," repeated he, setting down his tumbler. "I think, if he is, I could cook his goose for him."

"How so?" asked Jack, drinking off his glass.

"Why, I'll tell you," replied his lordship, replenishing his tumbler, and passing the old gilt-labelled blue bottle over to Jack; "you see, old Frosty's a cunning old file, and picks up all the news and gossip of the country when he's out at exercise with the hounds, or in going to cover—knows everything!—who licks his wife, and whose wife licks him—who's after such a girl, and so on;—and he's found out somehow that this Mr. What's-his-name isn't the man of metal he's passing for."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Jack, raising his eyebrows, and squinting his eyes inside out; Jack's opinion of a man being entirely regulated by his purse.

"It's a fact," said his lordship, with a knowing shake of his head. "As we were toddling home with the hounds, I said to Frosty, 'I hope that Mr. Soapey Something's comfortable in his bath'—meaning Gobble-cow Bog, which he rode into. 'Why,' said Frosty, 'it's no great odds what comes of such rubbish as that.' Now, Frosty, you know, in a general way, is a most polite, fair-spoken man, specially before Christmas, when he begins to look out for the tips; and as we are not much troubled with strangers, thanks to your sensible way of handling them, I thought Frosty would have made the most of this natural son of Dives, and been as polite to him as possible. However, he was evidently no favourite of Frosty's. So I just asked—not that one likes to be familiar with servants, you know, but still this brown-booted beggar is enough to excite one's curiosity, and make any one go out of one's way a little,—so I just asked Frosty what he knew about him. 'All over the left,' said Frosty, jerking his thumb back over his shoulder, and looking as knowing as a goose with one eye; 'all over the left,' repeated he. 'What's over the left?' said I. 'Why, this Mr. Sponge,' said he. 'How so?' asked I. 'Why,' said Frosty, 'he's come gammonin' down here that he's a great man—full of money, and horses, and so on; but it's all my eye, he's no more a great man than I am.'"

"The deuce!" exclaimed Jack, who had sat squinting and listening intently as his lordship proceeded. "Well, now, damme, I thought he was a snob the moment I saw him," continued he; Jack being one of those clever gentlemen who know everything after they are told.

"'Well, how do you know, Jack?' said I to Frosty. 'Oh, I knows,' replied he, as if he was certain about it. However, I wasn't satisfied without knowing too; and, as we kept jogging on, we came to the old Coach and Horses, and I said to Jack, 'We may as well have a drop of something to warm us.' So we halted, and had glasses of brandy a-piece, whips and all; and then, as we jogged on again, I just said to Jack casually, 'Did you say it was Mr. Blossomnose told you about old Brown Boots?' 'No—Blossomnose—no,' replied he, as if Blossom never had anything half so good to tell; 'it was a young woman,' said he, in an under tone, 'who told me, and she had it from old Brown Boots's groom.'"

"Well, that's *good*," observed Jack, diving his hands into the very bottom of his great tartan trouser pockets, and shooting his legs out before him; "Well, that's *good*," repeated he, falling into a sort of reverie.

"Well, but what can we make of it?" at length inquired he, after a long pause, during which he ran the facts through his mind, and thought they could not be much ruder to Soapey than they had been; "What can we make of it?" said he. "The devil can ride, and we can't prevent him; and his having nothing only makes him less careful of his neck."

"Why, that was just what I thought," replied Lord Scamperdale, taking another tumbler of gin; "that was just what I thought—the devil can ride, and we can't prevent him; and just as I settled that in my sleep, I thought I saw him come staring along, with his great brown horse's head in the air, and crash right a-top of old Lablache. But I see my way clearer with him now. But help yourself," continued his lordship, passing the gin-bottle over to Jack, feeling that what he had to say re-

quired a little recommendation. "I think I can turn Frosty's information to some account."

"I don't see how," observed Jack, replenishing his glass.

"I do, though," replied his lordship; adding, "but I must have your assistance."

"Well, anything in moderation," replied Jack, who had had to turn his hand to some very queer jobs occasionally.

"I'll tell you what I think," observed his lordship. "I think there are two ways of getting rid of this haughty Philistine—this unclean spirit—this bomination of a man. I think, in the first place, if old Chatterbox knew that he had nothing, he would very soon bow him out of Jawleyford Court; and, in the second, that we might get rid of him by buying his horses."

"Well," replied Jack, "I don't know but you're right. Chatterbox would soon wash his hands of him, as he has done of many promising young gentlemen before, if he has nothing; but people differ so in their ideas of what nothing consists of."

Jack spoke feelingly, for he was a gentleman who was generally spoken of as having nothing a-year, paid quarterly; and yet he was in the enjoyment of an annuity of sixty pounds.

"Oh, why, when I say he has nothing," replied Lord Scamperdale, "I mean that he has not what Jawleyford, who is a bumptious sort of an ass, would consider sufficient to make him a fit match for one of his daughters. He may have a few hundreds a-year, but Jaw, I'm sure, will look at nothing under thousands."

"Oh, certainly not," said Jack; "there's no doubt about that."

"Well, then, you see, I was thinking," observed Lord Scamperdale, eyeing Jack's countenance, "that if you would dine there to-morrow, as we fixed—"

"Oh, d—n it, I couldn't do that," interrupted Jack, drawing himself together in his chair like a horse refusing a leap; "I couldn't do that—I couldn't dine with Jaw not at no price."

"Why not?" asked Lord Scamperdale; "he'll give you a devilish good dinner—*ficacees* and all sorts of things; far finer fare than you have here."

"That may all be," replied Jack; "but I don't want none of his food. I hate the sight of the fellow, and detest him fresh every time I see him. Consider, too, you said you'd let me off if I sarved out Soapey; and I'm sure I did my best. I led him over some awful places; and then what a ducking I got! My ears are full of water still," added he, laying his head on one side to try to run it out.

"You did well," observed Lord Scamperdale—"you did well, and I fully intended to let you off, but then I didn't know what a beggar I had to deal with. Come, say you'll go, that's a good fellow."

"*Couldn't*," replied Jack, squinting frightfully.

"You'll *oblige* me," observed Lord Scamperdale.

"Ah, well, I'd do anything to oblige your lordship," replied Jack, thinking of the corner in the will. "I'd do anything to oblige your lordship; but the fact is, sir, I'm not prepared to go. I've lost my specs—I've got no swell clothes—I can't go in the Stunner tartan," added he, eyeing his backgammon-board-looking chest, and diving his hands into the capacious pockets of his shooting-jacket.

"I'll manage all that," replied his lordship; "I've got a pair of splendid silver-mounted spectacles in the Indian cabinet in the drawing-room, that I've kept to be married in. I'll lend them to you, and there's no saying but you may captivate Miss Jawleyford in them. Then as to clothes, there's my new damson-coloured velvet waistcoat with the steel buttons, and my fine blue coat with the velvet collar, silk facings, and our button on it; altogether I'll rig you out and make you such a swell, there's no saying but Miss Jawleyford 'll offer to you, by way of consoling herself for the loss of Soapey."

"I'm afraid you'll have to make a settlement for me, then," observed our friend.

"Well, you are a good fellow, Jack," said his lordship, "and I'd as soon make one on you as on any one else. However, I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll send for old Pouncebox to-morrow, to add a little codicil to my will."

"I'll tell him to come as I pass through Starfield," replied Jack, thinking his lordship might forget. "I 'spose you'll send me on wheels?" added he.

"In course," replied his lordship. "Dog-cart—name behind—Right Honourable the Earl of Scamperdale—lad with cockade—everything genteel;" adding, "By Jove, they'll take you for me!"

Having settled all these matters, and arranged how the information was to be communicated to Jawleyford, the friends at length took their block-tin candlesticks, with their cauliflower-headed candles, and retired to bed.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF AN OLD ADAGE.

IN these days of observation and experience, when discoveries are made daily, and human power is strengthened in something very like a geometric ratio, it is surprising to find a fundamental *law* imperfectly understood. Our men of science inform us that matter is in a continual progress, but whether backwards or forwards is still undecided. Now, whether it go backwards or forwards, it is of some importance to man to know if he be still, unmoved, or if he be rapt away by the powerful forces which sway the world, and carried along the tide of eternity, observing all things else in motion continual. 'Tis a strange, and, it must be confessed, a sad reflection, that that most wonderful piece of mechanism, composing the article called man, is still so great a mystery, finding as we do, that the workings of this curious machine are scarcely known, and that the covering is like polished metal, dazzling the eyes, and drawing all attention to the outside.

For our part, we are of opinion that there is an old adage, which, though cast aside like an old sixpence, is of use to the poor man. This little epigrammatic adage declares that "*Extremes meet*." Now, dear reader, collect all your philosophic volumes, from Xenophanes down to Monsieur Cousin, and find, if you can, such a declaration, so full of meaning; a declaration which can be applied to elucidate the phenomena of the worlds moral, physical, legislative, musical, fashionable and unfashionable. We would not have the reader think we have made this valuable discovery ourselves. By no means. Even S. T. Coleridge can give us

the history of it. He says, "Every power in nature and in spirit must evolve an opposite" (i.e., there must be extremes); "and all opposition is a tendency to re-union" (i.e., "*extremes meet*"). He goes on to say that Heraclitus first promulgated this fact, which Bruno afterwards re-vivified and manifested forth. But whilst men endeavour to decompose all bodies to their simplest elements, and on the other hand will make use of pompous diction, and write books like forest groves, thick and impenetrable, it is evident that Philosophy must ever be a maiden in weeds, groaning at obscurity. Let philosophers, then, imitate nature, and speak in a clear, simple voice, imitating the song of the thrush, whose melody falls sweet on the ears of the listener. If, then, Bruno and Coleridge had used a simple term like our adage, Philosophy had dwelt in cottages, under a thatched roof. It strikes us, Milton had some idea of this when he wrote those oft-quoted lines (especially quoted by gentlemen fresh from "*Hegel's Encyclopædia*"),

How charming is Divine Philosophy, &c.

There is one division of philosophers who proceed in their reasonings from cause to effect, and another from effect to cause. There are some who, like birds picking up crumbs, pick up scraps wherewith to furnish a fund of knowledge formed of generals and supported by particulars. There are others, who boldly place before themselves a principle, and argue from it all other things known and *unknown*. These latter are the renovators of the world; and they have their reward, as says the old Alexandrian poet:

Οὐκ ἔτ' ἐπιψαύω ποσὶ γαίης, ἀλλὰ παρ' αὐτῷ
Ζηνὶ διοτρεφέος πίμπλαμαι ἀμβροσίνης.

No longer do I touch the earth, but dwell with Jove above,
Tended by him, and filled with happiest joy and holliest love.

And we, in imitation, set forth with this hypothesis: *Extremes meet*. And since we shall show it to be true in all cases, therefore we may style it an universal hypothesis. Behold ye then, ye that wander without a lantern fixed on the hoped-for post, a short and royal path to Hocus-pocus, or the metaphysical land of shadows.

Let us adduce a few facts. All that the geologist has done is merely a comment upon our text. He shows us that the world is undergoing, and has undergone, vast changes, *backwards* and *forwards*—backwards in destruction, forwards in reproduction; that life and death are constant attendants, going forth hand-in-hand like sisters by different fathers. All things have life, even stones and grains of sand—of course different in their kind—but these are attended by Destruction. Life is like a fair little rivulet running through a marshy land, liable to be stopped by the least impediment, *but not overcome*. While existence is, destruction must be; and even destruction is but a tendency to its opposite, a new life.

Astronomers talk of change in the heavens, but they perceive it only from phenomena. By our hypothesis, we establish their inference. One *extreme* sheweth that there is another. If, then, all things were the same, without change, there would be no motion and no *time* (i.e., temporal succession).

Can we go still higher? Yea, we can say or sing, what would make Mr. Emerson and the dithyrambists of our day stare. The body is the *extreme* of the soul, that ray of Life, sprung from the unknown in the vast recess of infinity, which glided down like the mote on the sunbeam, and took up its abode in dust for a few short hours, then to wend its way

upwards, unhappy in the loss of its earthly companion, but spiritualised, strange to say, when its companionship is finally renewed. When we distinguish the soul's faculties into reason, understanding, &c., it is not that the soul is capable of division, for the manifestation of the soul is varied according to the condition (the universal condition) of the body, the soul's extreme.

But let us leave these themes to those whom they delight—

———Ire per altum
Aëra, et immenso spatiantem vivere cælo—

and take a peep at our own dear world,

Χωρῶμεν ἐς πολυρρόδους
Λειμῶνας ἀνθεμώδεις.

In all ranks of society does this adage hold. For instance, at my Lady Bliss's soirée the other evening, there were several engaged couples who furnished no small quantity of euphonism (*alias* scandal) to the dowagers. There were Mr. Burton, the eldest son of Lord Linton, and pretty Lady Agnes Matchem, held in especial view. Now Mr. B. was honourable and courageous, with not too much of the dandy about him, and he loved sincerely. Lady Agnes was not only pretty, but moreover kind and amiable. How was it possible, then, that they should *not* love? for like meets like, an extreme is merely the *reflection*, the ἀντίγασμα of an opposite or extreme.

Thus could we lead thee, gentle reader, o'er fields fruitful as the lands of the tropics, flying like a witch on a broomstick beneath the moon, or whisking out of sight behind a comet, and finding soon the haven of rest. Who, then, can now deny that the path to knowledge is manifested; that faith is rendered certain; and that the future has become as clear as the past? And all this is effected by that little sentiment, to wit, "Extremes meet!"

THE FLIGHT OF THE VEIL.

A LEGEND OF KLOSTER NEUBURG.

BY CHARLES HERVEY, ESQ.

FROM Leopoldsberg's wooded height
The trav'ler looking down
Sees glitt'ring in the plain beneath
A river and a town.

The river is the Danube, girt
With banks and forests green;
The town, what we Vienna call,
Though Germans call it Wien.

From thence in crowds, each festive morn,
Cits with their pipes repair,
To scramble up the mountain-side,
And breathe the mountain air.

The Flight of the Veil.

Some gladly pause where stands halfway
 The wooden Belvedere,
 And renovate their failing strength
 With sausages and beer ;

While younger legs the summit gain,
 Where round and round they go,
 And to Labitzky's last waltz shake
 "The light fantastic toe."

Tho' all their music be a flute
 With crack'd and shrill too-too,
 'Tis wonderful what at a pinch
 That single flute can do.

From "Brüssel Spitzen" and "Aurore"
 To "Fashionablen" gay,
 Each waltz, from Weber down to Strauss,
 That clever flute can play.

But there were days, ere people dreamt
 Of waltz or c'en quadrille,
 When other sounds the echoes woke
 On Leopoldsberg's hill.

Yet there was music in those sounds
 The dullest sense t'enthral ;
 The music of a woman's voice,
 The sweetest sound of all.

For often to that mountain height
 There came a lady fair,
 Her costume such as long ago
 Fair ladies used to wear ;

And from her head a veil hung down
 Her tresses to confine,
 And brightly thro' its slender folds
 Her golden locks did shine.

Yet—tho' more rich and costly robes
 Than hers were seldom seen,
 And tho' her *mise* might well have charmed
 A Laure or Victorine—

Had art her many aids denied,
 Those aids which so assist
 Our modern belles, I doubt if one
 Would ever have been miss'd.

One morn—'twas early in the Spring,
 In April or in May,
 What some folks call a "growing" morn,
 When ev'rything looks gay :

The wind blew freshly o'er the hill,
 Tho' bright the sunbeams shone ;
 And they had like to lose their hats
 Who didn't hold them on.

From bush and brake a hidden choir
Of warblers caroll'd clear,
When to the mountain's dizzy height
That lady fair drew near.

And by her side her husband came,
A stately peer, I ween :
He was the Margrave Leopold,
And she the Margravine.

Why did that lovely lady gaze
So anxiously around,
As if in search of something, which
Was never to be found ?

First right, then left, then straight ahead
She look'd with eager eye,
Then sigh'd, "Alas ! not one will do !" ;
But didn't mention why.

"Methinks, my dear," her spouse began,
"Yon snug secluded dell,
Unless I much mistake, would suit
Your pious purpose well.

"A sweeter spot you'll seldom find,
Or more salubrious air ;
So, if by me you're ruled, you'll build
Your monastery there."

"Margrave," said she, "you *do* mistake,
As, if I must tell you
The truth, and nothing but the truth,
You generally do.

"Now look, sir, did you *ever* see
A place so flat and low ;
So *very* damp ?" the Margrave look'd,
And faintly answer'd "No !"

"Then *do* be still, you tiresome man,"
The *cara sposa* cried ;
"How can *you* settle any point,
Where *I* cannot decide ?

"*That* spot, forsooth ! with better claims
I could name five or six ;
But tho' on each I've fix'd my eye,
My choice I cannot fix."

She paused abruptly, for the wind
With sudden fury blew,
And from her head as suddenly
Her veil like lightning flew.

Away it went o'er hill and dale,
O'er plain and mountain top,
As if, like Herr von Clam's cork leg,
It never meant to stop.

The Flight of the Veil.

The Margrave stared, first at the veil,
 Then at the Margravine;
 And much perplex'd he seem'd to see
 Her countenance serene:

For he had fancied, silly man,
 O'erclouded it would be;
 And what that usually meant
 None knew so well as he.

But not a symptom she betray'd
 Of anger or of woe;
 She merely utter'd three short words,
 And those were—"Let us go."

"Whither?" the Margrave falter'd out
 With half uncertain air—
 "*Whither!* to find the veil, and build
 The monastery there!

"What *I* could ne'er do—choose the spot—
 A miracle has done;
 So there you shall—no, *I* will lay
 The first foundation stone."

"But," said her lord, "suppose the veil
 Should in the Danube lie?"
 "Suppose it should," cried she, "why, then
 We'll drain the Danube dry.

"Nay, if it float on any lake
 Within a hundred miles,
 There shall my monastery stand,
 Like Venice, upon piles."

From dawn till dusk the veil was sought,
 For three long days in vain;
 And for the fourth time Sol prepared
 To run his course again.

Five hundred pair of eager eyes
 Their utmost skill did use,
 Aided by twice five hundred feet
 In twice five hundred shoes.

Up hill, down dale, with ready zeal
 That never seem'd to fail,
 They climb'd and slipp'd, and slipp'd and climb'd,
 But couldn't find the veil.

Till all at once a shout was heard,
 A long and loud hurrah—
 "Is't found?" a dozen voices ask'd,
 And one voice answer'd "*Ja!*"

Where now dull Kloster Neuburg stands,
 The windblown treasure lay;
 And in th' Augustine convent there
 It lieth to this day.

And to the passing stranger still
 They tell this ancient tale,
 And show the timeworn pile, whose site
 Was chosen by a veil.

A DRIFT-LOG ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY ZEBEDEE HICKORY.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

"Now I further saw that betwixt them and the gate was a river, but there was no bridge to go over, and the river was very deep."—BUNYAN.

At the mouth of the Mississippi River, and at the point where it discharges into the sea the contributions of a hundred tributary streams, besides its rapid current that attests its existence to the eye, are some scattered, low banks, scarce elevated above the level of its rushing and turbid waters.

These banks are formed by an accumulation of drift-wood and alluvial deposit, which is annually extending the great valley of the West.

Those banks recently formed, on which vegetation has scarcely commenced, are black and unsightly in appearance. Should curiosity tempt the traveller to plant his foot on their uninviting shores, they will present to him a hard crust of earth cracked into large fissures by an almost tropical sun, piles of drift-wood, the refuse of ancient forests a thousand miles away, bubbling salt springs and stagnant pools, where the half-torpid alligator basks in primeval mud.

On the evening of a fine day in spring, a few moments after sunset, a large clumsy-looking and dismantled ship approached the place described. She bore evident marks of stress of weather; top-gallant mast, fore-yard, and jib-boom carried away, ropes slack and awry, sides green and rusty, and a general appearance of desolation surrounding her, which would seem to denote that adverse and tempestuous winds had detained her long, and inflicted much damage.

On the top of a high and old-fashioned poop a person stood gazing long and intently on the scene (if scene it could be called) before him. He was alone in his musings, and perhaps by choice; others there were in the cuddy below, whose boisterous revelry proclaimed the licence usually taken on an approach to land. But though no misanthrope, this individual felt more disposed to indulge in solitary musings on reaching the land of his adoption, than to take part in the exhilaration of good fellowship.

Young, hale, and well-clad, he might have been a gentleman travelling for pleasure; he might have owned the vessel on which he stood; or he might have come with the prospect of carving his fortune in the western world. He was in the latter case—an adventurer; and there he stood.

The arrival of the extension-line high-pressure steam tow-boat *Dandy Jim*, puffing volumes of steam in fierce roars through a trumpet-shaped funnel, scarcely distracted his attention until a loud voice hailed the captain of the ship:—

"Well, bos! how are you this time?"

"How are you, old horse?"

"First-rate, old fellow. Bin blowin' pretty considerable where you bin, I expect?"

"Well—we had a few sneezers—carried away some lumber."

"How much water on the bar?"

"What'll take you over, I guess."

Night closed in almost directly, and there was barely light sufficient to display the pilot-station as the ship passed.

Amongst the persons who came on board the ship, on her passage up the river with the aid of the steamer, was a tall, smooth-faced individual, with long hair like a boy, but with everything in his expression to contradict the juvenility which his apparel attempted; and particularly a remarkably ironical, almost sinister expression about the corners of his small black eye, which might be the result of climate, or might indicate a naturally sarcastic disposition. The person first mentioned, who answered to the name of Godfrey Selborne, had found sufficient interest in the appearance of the river to induce him to resume his station on deck next morning; and he stood looking out as before, when he was startled by a harsh voice at his elbow, which addressed him in these words:—

"Well, stranger, you're from the old country, I reckon?"

Selborne turned round, and beheld the person we have partially described. Under the impression that this address was an intrusion on his privacy, he replied drily, and with an inquiring glance as if to say, "Who the d—l are you?" "I am, sir."

"Well, sir," responded his new acquaintance, "you breathe the air of freedom now."

"Yes, if the atmosphere of the United States deserves the title exclusively, I suppose we do."

"You hain't got such a river as this in your country, I expect?"

"No," replied Selborne, "I understand there is not its equal in the world."

This answer apparently gratified the stranger gentleman. He paused, and shifted his plug of tobacco to the other side of his mouth, and resumed.

"This is the 'father of waters.' An amazing sight of produce comes down here."

"I do not doubt it," replied the Englishman. "Indeed, from all I can hear, the city above would be one of the largest commercial cities in the world, but for the sickness in it."

"Tain't sickly."

"No? then I have been misinformed. I have always learnt that the epidemics carry off great numbers, and cause business to be entirely suspended during the summer."

"Why, a stranger is bound to go through the acclimating process, any how; but the creoles of the place are hearty; they never die."

"How is that?" said Godfrey.

"Why, they dry up and blow away."

"Oh, that is the way, is it?" said Selborne, with a half smile.

"We are a great people," continued his new friend; "we go ahead some, I tell you."

"Well, allowing that, you must admit that we have some enterprise in England."

"The British," said he, "take things mighty easy. It's a long time before they take up an idea, and as long again before they act on it. They creep along slow, like a cockroach with its legs cut off. They don't fire up as we do. They are always making laws in one house to be

thrown out in the other ; and whenever they do get a law passed, the need for it has gone by ; or if it hasn't, why it's such a piece of mystification that it's rather more than a Philadelphia lawyer can do to understand it. Now we go right straight ahead. If the people want anything, it's bound to be done. We go on the high-pressure principle—bound to go, or burst."

"You mistake," said Selborne, drawing breath after this catalogue of the errors of his country ; "you mistake the character of our system. We have two houses of representatives,—so have you ; but we, being an older country, have more than one class to legislate for, and we conceive the delay of which you speak to be a safer error than precipitancy would be. It is our object to obstruct the progress of law-making, as our statute-books are already too cumbrous. For my part, I think safety is better than speed. Our system is more complicated than yours ; and we must not be always trying experiments, or we shall get it out of order. It's all very well for a country in the first bloom of its youth, with immense territories and boundless resources, to spring up in fits and starts, for it can hardly move wrong ; but for a grown-up nation, with a crowd of people in a small space, with great contrasts of social position, great poverty, and overgrown wealth to reconcile, we should produce a convulsion in a single season unless we legislated with great deliberation."

Selborne stopped here, a little astonished at himself, for he was not usually prosy.

"Well, perhaps," said his new friend ; "but I calculate you'll admit we have greater resources than you?"

"No," answered Selborne. "We have colonies. The sun never sets on the British empire."

"It will do some day soon," replied the other ; "and if it don't, our resources are all at hand, our people are here, our energy is on the spot, we're at home, and have nothing to do but wood up and go ahead, and we're bound to whip creation."

"You are now in the first flush of prosperity and independence," said Selborne ; "your enthusiasm is pardonable. Scarcely two generations have passed over since you started on your own account ; but by the time that England is stripped of her possessions, the population of America will have increased, so that a republic will be no longer a safe form of government. It will not do then to depend on individual discretion for the maintenance of law and order ; you must be in a position to enforce both, or your boasted constitution will vanish before a flood of popular discontent in the hands of unprincipled agitators."

"That's just it," replied the stranger. "Every man here respects the law, and sees it kept. Every man is his own constable. His soul is in the constitution. He feels himself a part of the nation. He has a voice, and can make it heard. We're a great engine, with all the valves in working order, and all the wheels well greased. We don't keep a part of the machine out of sight, and condemn it as unfit for use. We put all the spokes in ; and if they don't act, we find it out mighty quick."

"Pardon me," said Selborne ; "the proper duty of a government is to protect her citizens ; and when it becomes necessary for the citizen to protect himself, the government shows its inefficiency to do what it is paid for, besides being a very dangerous precedent, which would give brute force the ascendancy."

"There," said the stranger, changing the subject; "you see that bend in the river; that's called English Turn. It was there that Jackson knocked the Britishers into a cocked-hat."

"I never heard of the occurrence," said Selborne.

"No!" replied his new friend; "that was the great battle of New Orleans, where the British lost 2000 of their best troops. But I see we are now at the levee: let's travel. Now, I reckon you're a stranger, come to try your hand here. Just mind this. You let our institutions alone, and stick to your business, and you'll get along slick. You'll rile up some of our citizens, if you say as much as you've said to me to-day. Recollect this: the beauty of a republic is, that every man goes on his own hook, and that's a fact. But come, let's go and have a drink."

"May I ask your name?" said Selborne. "I may have an opportunity of meeting you again."

"Well, you may," said he; "my name's Aaron Snag, raised in these diggins. Give me a call some time."

"I shall be glad to do so," replied Selborne.

"'Guess you put up at the St. Charles?"

"Yes, for a week or so, I suppose."

"Well, we'll call in at Hewlett's on the way up."

At the door of the place in question a crowd of some eight or ten people were standing, conversing in a loud tone of voice; one of whom, on perceiving Mr. Snag, called out—

"Well, General, you're just in time to stand for the crowd."

"What, you were waiting for me, were you?"

"Fact, General."

"Well, slide in," said the general.

After a round potation at the bar, which was conducted with great speed, the whole party individually touching glasses together solemnly, they stood together conversing, during which time Selborne was introduced to the more prominent of the set. One of the number proposed another drink; to which motion Selborne was going to object, when his friend touched him, and said in an under tone—

"Hush! you know the Kentucky rule?"

"No," replied our traveller.

"Either liquor or fight," said his friend.

"Oh!" said Selborne. "What do you call this? Is it an institution?"

"No," answered Mr. Snag; "this is the high-pressure principle."

"I perceive," answered Selborne.

Having to make arrangements for the night, he hastily tore himself away from the pleasant party, pondering as he went on the new application of the high-pressure principle, and Mr. Snag's theory, which defined the essence of a Republican government to be, "every man going on his own hook."

CHAPTER II.

INITIATIVE.

If you know neither the road you are going, nor where you are, nor the road you came, the first thing I have to inform you 'is, that you have lost your way.

She Stoops to Conquer.

GODFREY made his way down to the wharf as fast as he possibly could, for the sun was sinking rapidly, and it promised to be night be-

fore he reached the ship. He found no difficulty in gaining the levee, as it lay in a straight line from the place he had left; and, once gained, he moved forward at a rapid pace. Meantime, the short twilight that prevails in these latitudes rapidly disappeared.

The wide and spacious wharf that fronts the river, which in the day had presented a scene of life and bustle not perhaps equalled elsewhere in the world, was now beginning to wear a more quiet appearance.

Hundreds of drays in a continuous line were making their way homewards. The day's work over, the drivers were urging their cattle along at a fast trot; and the clouds of dust disturbed by so great a multitude of wheels was almost unbearable.

Godfrey with some difficulty effected a passage through this train of waggons, not one of which reined up to allow him to pass; and, having gained the steam-boat wharf, pursued his way with more comfort. A few gangs of labourers were working to the last moment to facilitate the departure of the steamers which were to sail that evening; and, much to his surprise, amongst the number he saw a gang of white men labouring under command of a negro, who was called the *bos' steredore*. Notwithstanding his old-country notions about liberty of the subject, he could not help a feeling of shame at seeing his countrymen (they were all Irish) obedient to the commands, and submissive under the oaths, of a coloured man; for the latter person wielded his authority with rather more assumption and arrogance than was usual with his brethren of a fairer complexion.

Without, however, pausing to philosophise, he passed on, and soon left them, steam-boats and all, far behind. Having made his way to the lower wharf, where, to the best of his recollection, his ship had moored, he paused to look around for her. Much to his annoyance, the sun was now set, and the few persons lingering about the wharf were unable to inform him as to the position of his vessel. He roamed on to the very extremity of the line of ships, but without success. Disappointed, he began to retrace his steps, not altogether despairing of obtaining some clue to her locality; but as night closed in, he began to find that he had an almost hopeless task before him. Not without many ineffectual attempts to read the names of the vessels on the tiers which he passed, did he abandon his task in despair, and set about returning to the city. We need not say that this was almost as difficult a matter as his first object had been, as he now threaded the dark and dirty streets surrounding.

The darkness of the evening was enlivened at intervals by flaring bar-rooms, thronged by sailors and loafers, while groups within were playing cards at tables. In some of these places loud altercations were going on, and apparently some of the parties were on the eve of proceeding to extremities. At the door of one of these establishments three men were standing as Selborne hurried past. They wore, as far as he could distinguish, long dark beards, and had the appearance of Spaniards or Portuguese. Before he could well get past the door, one of them stepped out in such a manner as to obstruct the passage of Selborne, who, in making way for him, had to pass close by the other two. This movement was evidently intentional, for the man pressed forward and looked inquisitively into Selborne's face. The latter could notice that the glance was neither a civil nor respectful one; but however disposed under other circumstances he might have been to stand upon his dignity, the fact of his being a

complete stranger, and ignorant of the usages of the place, convinced him that in this case discretion was the better policy. He accordingly took advantage of the next street to turn down, and make his way into the higher parts of the city. He had nearly reached the extreme end of this turning, when he faced round to try to discover his locality ; and, to his surprise, fancied he could see in the distance three dark figures following him, resembling the persons whom he had seen a few moments before.

Under the impression that their object was none of the best, he was glad to find that the next corner was the commencement of a well-lighted street, down which he quietly took his way.

It will not be necessary to detail to the reader the various turnings and windings by which Godfrey advanced on his journey, until he became completely lost. The few questions which he had the opportunity of asking, were either answered in French, of which his knowledge was limited, in Spanish or Dutch, of which he knew nothing, or in broken English—so broken, that the information he received was equally unsatisfactory.

He looked in vain for a hackney-coach, but no such commodity was to be seen ; and the glimmering light from lamps suspended across the street was insufficient to enable a complete stranger to read the names of the streets. Fairly brought to a stand, he began to feel uneasy. The few persons he met evidently noticed his bewildered movements, and it was just within the range of possibility that they might be willing to take advantage of his difficulty. Around him were scattered groups of one-storied dwellings, imperfectly lighted as described ; and beyond him was a place where the lights seemed to cease altogether, wearing the aspect of a forest, as well as he could judge.

How long he might have stood in this state of uncertainty and suspense, it would be difficult to say, when he was put on the right path by a very sudden and startling incident. A deep-toned bell, apparently in his immediate neighbourhood, struck up a loud and rapid alarm, which continued without cessation. It had not been ringing for many seconds before another bell at some distance commenced in the same manner, shortly afterwards followed by another and another, until the din with which the whole city resounded became almost deafening.

Before he had time to speculate on the character of this demonstration, he was surprised to see the hitherto silent streets suddenly become instinct with life and motion ; and from one dark door and another men and boys would emerge and rush down the street, yelling with all their might. In the open windows and on the door-steps women would cluster, huddling their infants in their arms, and gazing after their fugitive relatives with countenances of concern. What with the ringing of bells, the jingling of lumbering vehicles which the alarm had suddenly started into motion, and the frantic cries of youths and men who tore furiously down the street, Selborne was wellnigh bewildered ; when it just occurred to him that by following the stream of people he might be led through a portion of the city with which he was acquainted ; which conjecture ultimately proved true. When he had joined the main stream of people, he could comprehend the nature of the alarm, for every one appeared to feel a responsibility upon himself to run at the top of his speed, and yell at the top of his voice, as he ran, the word " Fire ! fire !" But the mystery scarcely needed this explanation, as a broad bright light suddenly burst out at some little distance ahead, illumining every object around. By

this light he could see plainly the towering dome of the St. Charles, and other landmarks, by which he became perfectly aware of his position ; but being anxious to see the end of this visitation, he followed with the crowd to the scene of action, and there found a dwelling-house almost enveloped in a sheet of flame. The excitement here, though great, was of a more silent and useful character than the preliminary demonstration had been, and only in cases of personal activity and daring displayed by the firemen would vent itself in a shout of approbation from the mob.

One man was in a room in the upper story, busy flinging out everything he could seize ; while the crowd below were as zealously placing these articles beyond the reach of the fire. The flames were already within the room where the fireman was, and it seemed to the spectators that his danger was imminent in remaining an instant longer.

Time after time, as the gallant fellow retired from the window, and the smoke and flames hid him from sight, the crowd seemed to think he had been lost altogether, and waited in breathless suspense for his reappearance, which was as repeatedly hailed with a shout of joy ; until at last a portion of the roof fell in, and the flames, no longer pent up within walls, shot out in a straight line of fire, before which everything seemed to crumble away. Then the figure of the fireman quickly appeared at the window ; and scrambling to the ladder placed immediately under it, he safely descended.

Just at that moment a loud shriek was heard, and the crowd was seen to make way for a woman who rushed towards the building.

"My child ! Oh God, my child !" she exclaimed. "Save my child !"
A breathless silence ensued.

"Is there no man here who will try to save my child ?" she appealed from one to another with terrible energy, but without success ; one by one, each man shook his head.

"It's too late now, madam ; it can't be done," said one.

"Too late !" said she, with a stern pathos ; "then it is not too late for me ;" and, rushing forward, immersed herself and garments in the overflowing channel at the side of the street, then made for the door of the burning house.

Maternal instinct is a beautiful thing. With an energy almost superhuman, she repulsed the efforts of those who sought to detain her, and soon disappeared in the smoke of the conflagration. The time seemed to hang now. Many men, almost ashamed to be outdone in personal courage by a woman, forced their way in, but were speedily compelled to return from the violence of the fire. Besides, they wanted the strong impulse of nature which guided the distracted mother to her slumbering babe.

Selborne was amongst the number who rushed forward in this endcavour, and was just about to enter, when the woman made her appearance with the child in her arms, securely covered up under her soaking garments.

To disclose its pretty face to the pure air, to imprint one frantic kiss on its forehead, and place it in the arms of the nearest bystander, was the work of an instant, before she sank insensible to the ground.

This bystander was no other than our hero, who was thus thrust into an adventure without any choice of his own. But his duties were not of long continuance, for the efforts of the spectators to recover the fainting female were soon successful ; and he had only time to discover that the

child in his arms was a girl of about twelve years of age, with delicate features, a pleasing expression, and bright black eyes. He moreover discovered that these eyes were regarding him curiously all the while; but when observed, his fair burden immediately struggled to free herself; which he suffered her to do, when she proceeded to her mother's side, and clung to her garments with an appearance of alarm—whether real or affected, Selborne could not determine. This face, which some people would not have called pretty, and which Selborne had seen but imperfectly and for a very short while, haunted him for some time afterwards; and as she was borne away by the solicitude of a crowd of matrons, he felt that all interest in this scene for him had departed, and left the place; but shortly after was detained by a catastrophe which untinged his nerves rather more than the preceding one, and which by no means could be said to terminate so happily.

He had gained the edge of the crowd, and was proceeding in the direction of the hotel, as indicated by the still bright flames of the fire, when a person walked hurriedly past him with a swaggering gait, and fell down at a short distance across his path. Taking him for some midnight reveller, he would have passed on; but observing that the man lay like a log where he had fallen, without stirring, Selborne went to the spot, and, partially raising him, tried to set him on his feet—an effort which this person appeared to decline, by shaking his head, placing at the same time his hand upon his side. Selborne hastily opened his clothes, and found a wide cut, from which blood was flowing freely. He bound it up with a handkerchief, and then, looking round for some neighbouring house where he might place the wounded man, perceived a one-storied cottage with the door partially open, and a light burning inside.

Thinking at a venture that this would be a good place for bestowing his charge, he raised him, and with some difficulty placed him on the step of the door, while he entered at once to announce his errand. Much to his surprise, there was no one within. A table, some chairs, two camp bedsteads, and a smouldering fire on the hearth, were all the room appeared to contain. Without hesitation, therefore, he brought in the wounded man, and guided him to one of the bedsteads, whereon he placed him as gently as he possibly could. Notwithstanding he did so with the tenderness of a nurse, the motion extracted one or two groans from the sufferer.

Selborne was glad to hear any sounds which indicated his companion to possess any vitality, and questioned him as to the cause of his wound. The sufferer replied at intervals, and as if the labour of speaking gave him pain, to the effect that he had been stabbed while passing the crowd at the fire; and having given this information, whether from exhaustion or indisposition to be communicative, he closed his eyes, and received all Godfrey's questions in resolute silence.

"What is to be done now?" said Godfrey to himself; "it is absurd to suppose I am going to remain here all night, although it would not be right to leave this man here in his present state. Stay," said he, half aloud, "I will go to the nearest house and inform the people, and perhaps may be able to procure help."

"Don't leave me," said the sick man, who would appear to have overheard his soliloquy; "I shall be well soon, I shall then go with you;—sit down again, sir, pray."

Godfrey was not a person to resist an appeal of this kind, and he seated himself again, saying at the same time,—“If my remaining here could

be of service to you, I would stay with pleasure ; but I expect to find some conveyance to remove you to a more comfortable place."

"Yes, sir ; very true, sir. I will go with you presently," returned the other, grasping Godfrey's arm. He then closed his eyes, and was soon, to all appearance, fast asleep.

Godfrey disengaged himself from his grasp, and, after stirring the fire into a blaze, re-seated himself with some impatience.

The flame burnt itself out, and his companion still slept. The shadows of the room again resolved themselves into an impenetrable darkness, and no sound but the crackling of the charred embers on the hearth broke the silence of the night. All sounds outside were hushed. There was not even a hum, as if the distant city were subsiding into repose. The silence to Godfrey was insupportable. It was intense, and, like the Egyptian darkness, might be felt. He grew uncomfortable ; and, his fancy being excited, listened so carefully, that his ears rang with disagreeable and painful sounds, and more than once he felt almost assured that the room contained others than themselves.

"His nervous system strung to a high and painful pitch, he was unable to bear the suspense longer, and, shaking his companion, said testily—

"Come, sir, if you do not wake up soon I shall be obliged to leave you."

The person so addressed started up into a sitting posture, and, evidently in alarm, shouted out—

"Who are you ?—Keep off—mind !—Oh ! excuse me, sir," said he, perceiving his error, "I was only half awake."

Godfrey repeated his remark.

"Oh yes," replied the stranger ; "do very well now, I reckon. Those cursed fellows have left a little more life than they thought to. I shall do very well, sir."

"Should you know them again ?" inquired Godfrey.

"In a thousand, by G—," said his companion. "But why do you ask ?"

"I thought we might possibly get them arrested in the morning," said Godfrey ; "that is, if they are not off by this time."

"Off ?" exclaimed the stranger. "They won't think of making off."

"No ?" said Godfrey.

"Not they. I'll swear they think they have killed me ; and yet any one may find them at their usual place to-morrow morning, and no one dare arrest them."

"Bless me !" said Godfrey ; "this is curious law."

"Law, sir ? it ain't law, it's liberty."

"Liberty and law can flourish together in some countries," said Godfrey, drily.

"Well," said the stranger, rather sullenly, "the law 'll do, any how. I reckon I shall be even with those fellows before very long."

"Then you know who they were ?" said Godfrey.

"Perfectly," replied he ; "they were—"

"Yes, who were they ?" said Godfrey, impatiently, seeing the other paused here.

"They were three—"

At this moment there was noise of footsteps outside ; the door creaked, and some persons entered. The sick man glanced toward them for a moment, then jumped up with a cry of horror.

Selborne turned quickly round, and recognised the three men whom he had seen on the levee.

THE THEATRES.

ALTHOUGH the period that lapses between the shutting of the great Lumleian establishment and the general opening of the theatres is somewhat of the duller, there are nevertheless two or three points which now present themselves to those who watch the progress of the drama in our metropolis. The age of the "larger houses" is, we believe, past, and to make observations on the real state of theatricals we must direct our glances to nooks and corners at which we should never have dreamed of looking ten years ago. The Haymarket and the Lyceum, which may be called the principal English theatres at the present day, are not yet open; and the Adelphi, which is the most prosperous theatre of any day, has not yet put forth its novelties; but we have the New Strand Theatre, which has kept open during the whole of the summer, Marylebone, and Sadler's Wells. These three establishments seem destined to play an important part in modern dramatic history.

The company at the New Strand Theatre is formed of the principals of the old Olympic, which was burned down at the beginning of the present year, with the important addition of Mr. William Farren, who is not only the chief actor, but the lessee of the house. A more compact company for the performance of domestic drama and light farce can hardly be conceived. Mrs. Stirling is one of the most versatile and accomplished actresses of her time. She has worked her way through a long discipline of inferior characters, and, within the last few years, has come forward as an admirable representative of comic vivacity, or of the agonies of domestic drama. She has also the advantage of being a perfectly "safe" artiste. She is thoroughly devoted to her profession, and you never find her tripping or hobbling with her words; but she takes up every part calmly and collectedly; and she has mirth and grief, to be employed whenever they are required. Mr. Leigh Murray originally came before the London public as an actor of "juvenile tragedy." He is always careful and studious, and is blessed with a remarkably handsome person and a most gentlemanlike deportment. As a hero of domestic drama, and also as an actor in farce, where good looks are required, and something of earnestness is mingled with the pleasantry, he is probably not to be rivalled by any young performer in London. Mr. Compton is now one of the first low comedians of his time; and though he is somewhat of a dry humourist, he is beginning to infuse more and more unction into his dryness. As for Mr. Farren himself, years of displayed talent testify to his worth; and he is still unapproachable in his line. Such a set of artistes working well together (as they do) can hardly fail to form the nucleus of a permanent company, when a gentleman of solidity like Mr. Farren's places himself at the head of their undertaking.

At Marylebone Theatre there is a certain spirit of elegance which distinguishes it from all theatres, except the Lyceum. The manager, Mr. Watts, is a gentleman of the most princely liberality, and, whether his audiences be numerous or scanty, they always find the dramas dressed and painted to perfection. The "star" of this establishment is Mrs. Mowatt, the American actress—one of the most beautiful women ever seen on

any stage. It is even a fashion to go and "look at her;" and the bouquets which are flung at her on the occasion of benefits and first appearances evince a remarkable devotion on the part of her admirers. When first she came out at the Princess's, there was about her much of the embarrassment of an amateur, and a sort of sing-song in her delivery had a monotonous, though not an unpleasing effect. The manner in which she has conquered these early deficiencies—and, be it remembered, she was not trained for the stage—is a great proof of her intelligence. Her vivacity is free and spontaneous—her reading is always well considered; and though we do not willingly see her delicate nature torn by the more violent tragic emotions, there is none we would rather behold in graceful comedy, and the more tender exhibitions of grief. Her appearance is at once a fascination—a certain indefinable charm of manner giving new lustre to the beauty of the countenance. In private circles, comprising many names illustrious in literature and art, Mrs. Mowatt is a well-known luminary, distinguished by her proficiency in some two or three foreign languages, and the sprightliness and spirit of her conversation. Mr. Davenport, an American actor, who performs with her, is excellent in juvenile tragedy, high comedy, and melodrama. When he has completely subdued his Transatlantic accent, he may, if he likes, take a first-rate position in what may be called the "Wallack" line of business. His personal appearance is excellent; he is a thorough gentleman in manner, and his acting always displays spirit, intelligence, careful study, and a thorough knowledge of his profession. Miss Fanny Vining, the third star of the company, is a well-trained actress, with all the business qualities of the Vinings, and a certain innate amiability and graceful pensiveness which are her own. She also is a beauty, but of the dark order, and therefore an agreeable contrast to the lily-fairness of Mrs. Mowatt. After Christmas this company, with Mr. Watts at their head, will appear at the Olympic, which will then have been rebuilt, with an entrance in Newcastle Street. Those who recollect the wretched Wych Street entrance will perfectly appreciate the value of this addition.

Sadler's Wells is so completely established, that it needs less remark than the other two new theatrical *foci*. We would only notice the appearance of a Miss Fitzpatrick, a charming, vivacious girl, who has made her *début* this season as an actress of dashing comedy, and enters the arena without a particle of fear, and with an ample stock of fire and spirit.

Gentle reader, if your time is not too much occupied, just pay a visit to the three theatres we have named, and test our remarks with your own eyes and ears.

L I T E R A T U R E.

MATERNAL LOVE.*

ALTHOUGH little removed from that mediocrity which is seldom deterred from attempting to rival excellence, this second attempt of Mrs. Loudon's in the most popular and profitable field of literary exertion is far from discreditable. Her sketches of society are evidently pictured from life; take the following portraiture of a maiden aunt as an example:—

"Do you choose luncheon?" said Mrs. Sarah Moreland to her niece, in a gruff tone, a few moments after her arrival at Moreland Lodge.

"No, thank you," replied Louisa, in the sweetest of accents.

Mrs. Moreland put her hands to her ears, declaring that her niece's voice had gone through her head, adding,

"Speaking distinctly is what is necessary, not speaking loud. I am not deaf."

Now the good lady was very deaf; and as she thought fit to resent it thus, whenever people spoke loud enough to make her hear; conversation with her was impossible. It was altogether no very cheering prospect for Louisa; for Mrs. Sarah Moreland, though a well-meaning, upright, alms-giving woman, had a harsh temper and forbidding manners. She had been brought up with the greatest strictness; would not have shrunk from martyrdom in support of her principles; was honest in her money dealings, spoke the truth, gave alms to the poor, had good intentions in the main towards her friends—and kept her own and the house-linen in good repair.

She was also capable, on great occasions, of noble sacrifices, to render an essential service to a friend; but she had no notion that it was unjust, and therefore dishonest, to rob people daily by ungracious manners of small portions of their innocent enjoyment—their cheerfulness—in short, of the sunshine of their existence!

There are, in the present novel, two young and pretty orphan heiresses to be disposed of at the onset—Mary Cavendish, who is placed under the guardianship of Lord Wolderland, whose son, Adolphus, is there quite *à propos*, and Louisa Moreland, who is consigned to the tender solicitude of the deaf and grumbling aunt, and is romantically saved by a lover from a precipitate fall down the far-off rocks of Arran. Bright are those early days when bride and bridegroom sit side by side, all around tinged with the colour of love, all before them lighted up in the same halo! Yet how transient that brightness! How soon do little clouds appear in the horizon, first indications that a diminution of perpetual sunshine is possible! In Louisa's case, a husband's childish dread of being ruled by his wife caused the first clouds to gather, the first tears to be shed. With Mary Cavendish, the arrival of a first-born only sealed the unbroken affections of her husband, Adolphus; with Louisa Wentworth a first child was a real consolation, and the calling forth of maternal love was a spring in the desert, a well of life in the wilderness of her blighted existence. The history of these two first-born, and afterwards united in love, forms the great feature of the work. The old Lord Wentworth's irascible and violent temper, and his extreme dissatisfaction that a granddaughter had taken the place which should have been occupied by a grandson, and Mr. Wentworth's gambling and other bad propensities, throwing his son, Adrian, early into a life of self-reliance and dependence, contrast well with the future "prime minister's" (novelists never know where to stop when once on the ascent of the ladder of preferment with their

* Maternal Love. A Novel. By Margratia Loudon, Author of "First Love," "The Light of Mental Science," &c. 3 vols. T. C. Newby.

heroes and heroines) delicate and praiseworthy devotion to his conjugal and paternal duties. The lesson inculcated is a good one, and the advantages and enjoyments to be derived from married life are the more pleasingly exemplified, as Mrs. Loudon has, with the exception of the case of Adrian and Catherine, dwelt longest upon that epoch in domestic life, the very onset of which is the point of conclusion to most novels and romances.

THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.*

How seldom does it happen that the happiness and peace within correspond to the outward aspect of comfort or of luxury! A prettier little collection of agreeable objects than met the eye on approaching the dwelling of Captain Stormont could scarcely be seen anywhere; and yet Bexley cottage was not the paradise it looked. True that Captain Stormont was still in the prime of life, that his wife was beautiful and affectionate, that they were blessed with a promising young family, and that their circle and means were at once improved by the presence of a paragon of good sense and comeliness—Katherine Smith—the heroine of the story. But what of all these advantages if poverty dwelt at the door? The Stormonts had only 350*l.* a-year, and Katherine an annuity from 8000*l.* in the funds; and that, according to the fashionable novelist, is positive want. True, that Katherine had won the heart of a neighbouring squire with 5000*l.* a-year, but Mr. Warburton had been all his life in love, yet fencing the marriage state as a very dangerous consummation, and a moment's hesitation broke the bonds between this most susceptible of bachelors and the most sentimental of maidens.

An alternative presented itself to the broken hearts and broken fortunes of the tenants of Bexley Cottage; and that was to repair to the New World. Katherine came forth on this occasion in the light of a true heroine—all affectionate anticipation, all generosity and self-sacrifice. Arrived at New York, Mrs. Trollope is still further in her glory. The exacting, inquisitorial curiosity of the Americans is hit off in every possible shape. Mrs. Vandervelt Scruggs was the first person to impart the important lesson, that a lady of the Union "what wishes for information never gives up the point till she has got it;" and Messrs. Jerry Johnston and Co. soon attested that the "gents" were not far behind the ladies in what the Americans hold to be a mere demonstration of moral courage. After undergoing the ordeal of being set down as runaway debtors, felons, and Irish patriots, the party luckily found respite in a settlement in the backwoods. The progress of a new settlement in such a place opens a field for description as interesting as it is instructive. It is a step-by-step progress, in which it is impossible not to feel the deepest interest—in every tree felled, in every paling put up, in every new lamb or sucking-pig born; indeed, in every smallest additional comfort that Providence sends to the emigrant. An unexpected and somewhat romantic colouring is imparted to this capital picture of Transatlantic life, by Mr. Warburton, who, having found out the loss which he had incurred by his own waywardness, ventures once more to woo and win his discarded one in the disguise of a red Indian. There are other subaltern personages, who, although playing less prominent parts, lend to this story of the backwoods the variety and interest of well-marked, and equally well-portrayed, differences of character. It would, indeed, be difficult for Mrs. Trollope to write a novel that should not be replete with human interest; and the "Old World and the New" will occupy a worthy place amongst its numerous predecessors.

ERNESTO DI RIPALTA.†

BEYOND question, amidst all the wonderful revolutions and convulsions of these extraordinary times, there have been none so pregnant with changes for the future as the struggles made in the cause of freedom by classic Italy and heroic Hungary. That these nations should have perilled, if not have sacrificed for the time being, all chances of success, by throwing themselves and their cause into the hands of unprincipled foreigners—demagogues, conspirators, and terrorists of the worst description—has only shown that they were more ripe for turbulence and anarchy

* *The Old World and the New. A Novel.* By Mrs. Trollope. 3 vols. Henry Colburn.

† *Ernesto di Ripalta: a Tale of the Italian Revolution.* By the Author of "Notes of a Two Years' Residence in Italy." 3 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

than for self-government—better prepared to throw off a hated yoke than supplant the same by an orderly and efficient constitution. It is extraordinary, we might almost say irritating, to find that events of so much human importance, and of such magnitude of interest, should require, in order to obtain the attention of certain classes of the community, to be portrayed in the language of the poet, or adorned with the colouring of the romancer. So needless has such a resource been to us, rising but lately from the perusal of Mariotti's great work, "The Past and Present State of Italy," that we can scarcely understand the object proposed to himself by the author of "Ernesto di Ripalta." Of enthusiasm there is evidently no lack, and zeal and energy fire his every word. If such zeal and enthusiasm, directed in such an apparently inconsistent channel, can really win over converts to the cause of Italy, emancipated from an hierarchical thralldom, or can soothe the misfortunes so wantonly drawn upon themselves by the ignorance of the greater number, we can only say we wish the work success.

THE MODERN HOUSEWIFE ; OR, MENAGERE.*

WE have thought it best to let M. Soyer's title-page speak to the contents of his new culinary volume. That the success of the ponderous "Gastronomic Regenerator" should have suggested the idea of a more portable and practical little volume—one adapted for all classes of persons—will not be a matter of surprise. It is, indeed, one of those books which only require to be announced to ensure popularity. M. Soyer does nothing like anybody else : the most simple dishes will be found, by adopting his more refined system, to assume a new aspect, and to have received a new flavour. Such a system is at least worth study—supposing that it is not universally accepted in preference to old standing customs. We believe that cooks are not the most easy persons to convince, as they are also among the last to throw off old standing prejudices. Perhaps, however, M. Soyer's amusing style may induce many to read, and the promise of pleasant results induce as many to put his precepts into practice.

STRATAGEMS.†

THE moral of this story for children—the beauty and holiness of truth, and the heinous sin of lying—is made attractive from first to last. The "Stratagems" to which falsehoods invariably lend are at once amusingly and instructively portrayed. Helen (a young girl reared in the lap of luxury) receives from an aunt, who has just returned from India, a drawer full of presents, among which she finds a new sovereign, which she is tempted to appropriate. This is the first "Stratagem;" the next is to conceal it from her family. The coin, which had been treasured as a keepsake, is missed, and a servant-girl is suspected of the theft, and discharged. Meanwhile Helen repents, confesses her sin, and justice is done to the poor girl. There is another stratagem in the story of an Indian attendant, who, by feigning ignorance of English, gets possession of certain deeds and letters, and well nigh ruins her mistress: her story is a string of vice, and she is eventually drowned by accident. The incidents, it will be seen, are, for young readers, of a stirring description, and the interest is kept up, and the purport well sustained, without sacrifice of probability or dogmatic teaching.

TINTS FROM AN AMATEUR'S PALETTE.‡

MR. JACKSON has dedicated his little work to Charles Dickens, in acknowledgment, he says, "of the unalloyed delights drawn from that wellspring of truthful fancy." We truly wish we could have hailed Mr. Jackson as one who had drunk from the same Castalian fount, or whose "tints" were borrowed from the same truthful and natural source of inspiration. There is no want of reflective faculty or of taste and appreciation on the part of the author, but there is, alas ! dulness insufferable.

* The Modern Housewife ; or, Ménagère. Comprising nearly One Thousand Receipts for the Economic and Judicious Preparation of every Meal of the Day, with those of the Nursery and Sick Room, and Minute Directions for Family Management in all its Branches. Illustrated with Engravings. By Alexis Soyer. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

† Stratagems: a Story for Young People. By Mrs. Newton Crosland (late Camilla Toulmin). With Four Illustrations. Hall, Virtue, and Co.

‡ Tints from an Amateur's Palette; or, A few stray Hues of Thought. By Alfred Jackson. Effingham Wilson.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

POSTHUMOUS MEMOIR OF MYSELF.

BY HORACE SMITH, ESQ.

CHAPTER IX.

QUICKLY, too quickly, however, did my thoughts, recurring to my miserable plight, begin to speculate upon the nature of the horrors in which it must inevitably terminate. Should I, recovering my muscular powers and my voice, make desperate and frantic efforts to force up the lid of the coffin; and, failing in that struggle, madly scream and shout for assistance? Faint and forlorn must be such a hope, for the church was an isolated building, and there were neither houses nor footpaths in its immediate vicinity. Even if I succeeded in escaping from the coffin, I should still be a prisoner in the vault, to stumble over the mouldering remains of my forefathers, finally to perish slowly and wretchedly of madness and starvation. One alternative remained. My apparent death might gradually be changed into a real one; life might faint away from me, and I might slide into another world without suffering, and almost without consciousness—an euthanasia for which I put up fresh prayers to the Fountain of Mercy.

A new turn was given to my reflections by the striking of the church clock, whose echoes reverberated through the empty edifice with a peculiar solemnity; and I occupied myself in mentally reckoning the minutes till the sound was repeated, to which I listened with a mingled feeling of dismay and consolation. True, it warned me that I was an hour nearer to death, but it proved also that I was not yet completely cut off from the upper world; nay, it seemed to restore me to the living scenes I had quitted, for my mind floating upwards on every fresh vibration, dwelt among all the objects and occupations appropriate to that peculiar time. Who can wonder that I should find a melancholy pleasure in the delusion of this waking dream?

It was dispelled by a very different sound,—by the chirping and twittering of birds, some of them singing from the adjacent yew-tree, and others hopping about, as I conjectured, close to the steps of my vault. Sadness there was in their merriment, for it made my own miserable plight more bitter, and I could not help mentally ejaculating,

“Oh, blessed birds! ye have the bright sun and the balmy air for your recreation; ye have wings to convey ye over the whole beautiful expanse of nature; ye have voices to give expression to your delight, and to convert happiness into music; while I—” The contrast was too horrible, and I wrenched my thoughts away from its contemplation.

Evening had arrived, and all was silence, when suddenly the church-organ poured forth its rich, swelling, and sonorous volume of sound, followed by the melodious voices of children singing a hymn, and blending into a harmony ineffably sweet and solemn. For a moment I was

in the vault, instead of coming as my deliverers, and the agents of Dr. Linnel, as I had so fondly conceived, were sacrilegious ruffians, whose purpose was to steal my body and sell it to the surgeons for mutilation and dismemberment!

Again with elastic speed did my thoughts rush forward to the probable result of their proceedings; but oh! how miserably different were my present anticipations from those in which I had so recently indulged! One only glimmering of hope was perceptible in the hideous prospect before me. It was just possible that Mr. Holloway, an experienced surgeon, discovering my entranced state, might stay his uplifted hand, throw away his scalpel, and succeed in effecting my resuscitation. But how much more probable that the progress of his operations might reanimate me for a time, only to writhe and die under the agony of my wounds; or perhaps to be patched up after I had been half-butchered, that I might stagger under the load of life as a maimed and disfigured cripple, a misery to myself and a revolting object to my friends!

While tortured by these harrowing ideas, the lid of the coffin was removed, and Hodges, turning his dark lantern full upon my face, said to his companion -- "What dy'e think of that, Griffiths? There's a beauty of a stiff-un! don't know as ever I see a finer. Just take hold of his legs, will ye, and help to lift him out."

By their joint exertions I was raised from the coffin, and deposited upon a piece of old carpet spread beside it—a position that enabled me to contemplate the scene before me. The sexton's bent and snowy head glistened, and his sharp eyes twinkled in the light, as he counted, in the palm of his shrivelled hand, the ten shillings with which he had doubtless been bribed for giving admission to the vault. His accomplice, in spite of his revolting occupation, exhibited a not unpleasing physiognomy, and screwed down the lid with a complacent smile, as if he were well pleased with his night's work. The piled coffins at the back of the vault were mostly thrown into deep shade, though here and there an unruined nail or inscription-plate caught the flickering ray; or some ghastly bone, escaped from its mouldering receptacle, gathered a sickly gleam around it. The whole picture was framed in the black arch of the vault.

When the lid of the coffin had been replaced, the men rolled the carpet around me, raised me on their shoulders, carried me out, and laid me on a flat barrow or truck. I heard the door cautiously locked, and at the same moment I felt myself to be trundling along the churchyard path; the wheel being almost inaudible, owing to the softness of the ground, for it was still raining heavily.

CHAPTER XI.

On emerging from the burial-ground into the high-road, a sudden gust of wind turned back a portion of the carpeting, allowing the rain to beat against my head and face, and enabling me again to use my eyes, so far as the darkness would allow. If I had been peculiarly impressed with the beauty and splendour of the sunlit world as displayed to me through the window when they were first placing me in the coffin, I was still more deeply affected by the midnight glories that irradiated the sky, where the black and driving clouds partially revealed them. They drew my thoughts upwards to the mysterious and omnipotent Unseen,

the Creator and Upholder of the universe, amid whose countless worlds the globe which we inhabit might be deemed no more than a particle of starry dust; but in the belief that not even the humblest dweller upon this insignificant speck would address himself to Heaven in vain, and that the Creator of all would listen to the prayers of all, I silently implored forgiveness for my past sins, and supplicated a deliverance from the terrible fate that menaced me. Supported by this act of devotion, I awaited my doom with less agony of soul than I had previously endured.

The road being that which led to my own house, I was familiar with all the objects of which I could obtain a glimpse as I passed along. My heart yearned strangely towards them; and as I gazed, fully believing it to be for the last time, upon a well-known tree, or even a field-gate, I felt as if I were being torn away from an old friend. Guess how immeasurably this tender sorrow must have been increased when we reached the entrance to my own residence, and Hodges, putting down the barrow, said,

"Hang me if I baint a'most tired. The stiff-un aint no great weight, but these sandy roads be so uncommon heavy a'ter rain. Why, this is the old cove's roosting-place, I do declare. Ah! shouldn't wonder if he'd give a good lot of his money-bags to get out of the barrow, ring the bell, walk upstairs, and turn into a warm bed, instead of being stretched out on a cold dissecting-table."

In every fibre did my heart feel the contrast; for memory conjured up the years I had passed, and the many social and domestic pleasures I had enjoyed in that home which I was never to see again, which had now, by such iniquitous means, become the property of my parricidal son. At this moment my grief and indignation were aggravated by a sound of hilarious laughter from the dining-room, where I conjectured that the miscreant and his boon companions from Newmarket had not yet concluded their Bacchanalian orgies. A thousand times more than ever did I now languish for a restoration to life, that I might expose and punish his atrocities, and dispossess him of the estates he had so villanously usurped.

Owing to the lateness of the hour and the inclemency of the weather, we did not encounter a single wayfarer on our further progress to the house of Professor Holloway, which stood on the outskirts of the town. I was conveyed to the garden-gate, which Hodges unlocked; and again securing it, wheeled me to the back of the dwelling, opened a door, and passed with the truck into a small room, appropriated to Hodges for his disinterred bodies, in which a good fire was burning.

"This looks comfortable," he said; "I knew I should want a good drying a'ter such a job on such a night. I feel quite shivery, and sha'n't be no worse for a rummer of hot brandy and water. Where did I put the bottle?"

He withdrew into an inner apartment, probably for the purpose of changing his wet clothes, for his absence was of some duration.

Either from the effect of the refreshing night-air on my being taken out of the vault, or of the shower-bath to which I had been subjected, or of the reaction produced by my present exposure to a flaming fire, I became sensible, at this precise juncture, of a change in my corporeal system. It began with a gentle thrilling and throbbing at my bosom,

succeeded by scarcely perceptible tremors and shudderings, and a slight twitching of the limbs, accompanied by a sense of painful numbness and cold at the extremities. My frozen blood, thawed by the grateful warmth, struggled to resume circulation, though its first efforts were sluggish, and limited to the neighbourhood of the heart. Slowly, however, it crawled onwards to the members, and, after a while, I found that I had the power to move my limbs, but only in a very small degree. Doubting the reality of this incipient reanimation, and wishing to test the delightful hope that thrilled through my nerves, I summoned my newly-awakened powers by making a strenuous effort to change my position; and though I did not quite succeed in my object, I had the satisfaction of hearing the truck upon which I was stretched creak beneath me. Ineffably dulcet and harmonious to mine ear was that untuneful sound, for it confirmed the cessation of my catalepsy, and announced, as with an angel's voice, the glad tidings of my speedy restoration to life, and light, and happiness.

But how far inferior did that voice seem to the matchless music of my own, when, after several vain efforts, my tongue was partially untied, and I succeeded in uttering the words—"Thank God! Thank God!" though they were breathed in an almost inaudible whisper. Scarcely had it passed my lips ere the foreman re-entered, walked to the fire, and was in the act of raising it with the poker, when my spasmodic twitchings shook the carpeting with which I was covered. The fellow had been too long conversant with midnight violations of the grave to have any apprehension of ghosts, but he was evidently frightened, for he started back with the poker in his hand, ejaculating, as one of my legs again moved—

"The Lord above! The Lord above! May I never stir if the stiff-unbaint alive and kicking!"

While he was still staring, utterly aghast and bewildered, I sought to draw him towards me, that I might be the better heard, by uttering the word—"Hodges!"—a sound at which he started in still greater alarm, muttering perturbedly to himself—

"He's no more dead than I am, and he knows my name! Here's a fix—here's a precious job! Sure as fate I shall be pulled up afore the magistrates, and it's a Botany Bay affair, that's what it is. 'Twouldn't take much to hush up the matter, and make all sure with this here"—his eye fell upon the poker as he spoke—"and I'm blessed if I don't think it would be an act of pure kindness to put him out of his misery; besides, a fellow may always take another chap's life to preserve his own."

My new danger flashed upon me in an instant, and not losing a moment in trying to repair the perilous mistake I had made by the mention of his name, I said, in the loudest tone I could utter—

"Save my life, and I will make your fortune!"—words which acted like a charm. His altered countenance showed that a new light had broken in upon him; he came close to the truck, and putting down his ear, asked me what I had said; exclaiming, as I distinctly repeated my promise—

"It's a barg'n—it's a barg'n. Save ye? Lord love ye, that's what I will, with all the pleasure in life. I'm a reg'lar body-snatcher, as many a better man has been, but I baint a murderer: I wouldn't go for to Burke a fellow-creature. No; that's the very last thing as ever I should think on."

On intimating that my feet felt frozen and dead, he uncovered them,

and placed the truck in such a position that they faced the fire ; and on my pronouncing the word "tea," for I was miserably faint and thirsty, he cried, with an expression of ineffable contempt—

"What's the use of them wishy-washy things? No, no; you shall have something better than tea."

So saying, he took a case-bottle of brandy from a closet, filled a small spoon, and poured it into my mouth. At first I was unable to swallow, but the warmth of the spirit gradually relaxed the muscles, and restored the power of deglutition, so that, after a few fruitless efforts, it passed down my throat. The dose was repeated three or four times, its administrator observing that—"if brandy wouldn't save me, nothing in the world wouldn't save me." Its effects, at all events, were rapid, for I felt the quickened circulation tingling through my whole frame. In answer to his inquiry what he should do next, I desired him to run for Doctor Linnel, who resided, most fortunately, in a neighbouring street. This order being instantly obeyed, I was left alone to reflect, with a devoutly grateful heart, upon the strange life-involving perils to which I had been twice exposed, and upon the still more strange, not to say providential, occurrences by which I had been hitherto saved from destruction.

CHAPTER XII.

CURIOUS as was the concurrence of circumstances which had produced my apparent death and real burial, the concatenation of events which terminated in my disinterment and my restoration to life was by no means less extraordinary. Among the subordinate causes contributing to the latter result, was the fortunate fact that Doctor Linnel, reaching his home at a late hour, and having an accumulation of letters to read, had not retired to rest when Hodges rang the night-bell and gave him a hurried statement of what had occurred ; so that he was enabled to hasten back, and to be kneeling by my side in a very short time after the despatch of my messenger.

"Do not speak a word," was his first injunction ; "you have no strength for talking. Leave everything to me ; I will take care of you."

Ordering a mattress to be brought and to be spread before the fire, he placed me upon it ; bottles of hot water were applied to the soles of my feet ; he poured into my mouth a renovating cordial ; after which preliminaries I was rubbed with warm flannels until both my operators were thrown into a profuse perspiration, and I myself felt a vital glow throughout my whole frame.

"All goes well," said the Doctor ; "but I must have you in my own house and under my own eye, or I cannot answer for your recovery. We must remove you before daylight. Bring me a couple of blankets immediately."

These being found, and hung before the fire till they were quite hot, were carefully wrapped around me, when the Doctor and Hodges, both of whom were powerful men, placed me on their shoulders, and carried me to the residence of the former, where I was laid in his own bed, still enveloped in the heated blankets. Tenderly as I had been conveyed, the motion had quite exhausted me ; and I lay extended, without speech or change of posture, until I fainted, or gradually sank into a gentle sleep.

All that could be accomplished by consummate skill, combined with an unremitting and most devoted friendship, was now exerted in my behalf, and with such success that I myself was astonished at the rapidity of my progress, though I was still occasionally prostrated by a milder form of the alarming attacks which had preceded my trance. Linnel had expressly stipulated that my marvellous resuscitation should, for the present, be kept a profound secret.

"You cannot be restored to your rights," urged that discreet friend, "you cannot resume your station in society, without active exertions, and an exposure to social and domestic trials of too exciting, not to say too harrowing a nature to be safely encountered in your present critical state. Any painful agitation might occasion a relapse—a danger against which we must especially guard ourselves. When you are strong enough to face the world, I will not only give you notice, but will stand by your side to support you in your undertaking."

Neglecting nothing that could contribute to my cheer of mind, as well as to the corroboration of my health, my kind friend, who frequently saw my daughter, brought me such gratifying accounts of her deep but unobtrusive grief for my presumed death, that I yearned with more than a paternal fondness to clasp the dear girl once more to my heart. Linnel, however, would not permit this until three weeks had elapsed, when he entered my room, saying:

"Here is a letter from dear Sarah, requesting permission to call and ask my advice, on a matter of importance, at twelve o'clock to-day. Now, if you will promise to command your feelings as well as you can, you shall be ensconced in the arm-chair of our little back drawing-room, and overhear our interview; and after I have duly prepared her for the startling intelligence, I will announce your resuscitation, and apprise her of your presence."

All was done as he had arranged; but, though I had promised to lie *perdu* till the close of their interview, I could not avoid indulging myself in one momentary peep as she entered the room. Her deep mourning, and the shade of sorrow upon her features, imparted a more touching interest to her beauty. Oh! how lovely did she appear to me at that moment! Oh! how my heart thrilled when I caught the first accents of her soft and winning voice!

After pleading the long intimacy that had existed between myself and Linnel as an excuse for the trouble she was giving, she continued—

"You are aware that by my dear father's will I am reduced from a handsome independence to comparative poverty, if I marry Mr. Mason."

"I am; and if my friend had consulted me on the subject, I should have told him it was a foolish and unjustifiable act. What possible objection could he have had to such a man as Mason?"

"I believe that he had none whatever, but I am sure that he acted from the kindest motives. He thought that the daughter of so rich a man ought to make a grand alliance."

"In other words, he wanted to gratify his own ambition at your expense. A common fatherly feeling, but not very paternal, for all that."

"I had promised my dear father, in his lifetime, that I would never marry Mr. Mason without his consent; and nothing should have induced me to violate that pledge; but now that I am left—now that I am

alone—now that, unfortunately, I have no—no—” The dear girl’s voice was broken by emotion, and she paused a moment ere she could resume. “Do you think, Doctor—I ask you as his oldest and best friend—do you think it would show any want of respect to my father’s memory, if, after the expiration of two years, I were still to take this excellent, this exemplary, this irreproachable man as my husband?”

“None whatever, if you think he is worth the sacrifice of eight hundred a year, and Mason allows you to make it.”

“That was my great fear. Knowing the depth and delicacy of his attachment, and his disinterested regard for my welfare, I doubted whether I should get his consent; but he met the proposition with the frankness of a fine and noble nature. ‘Were the cases reversed,’ said he, ‘my heart tells me that I should not hesitate a single moment to make the sacrifice to you; and I do not, therefore, hesitate a single moment in accepting the sacrifice from you. We shall still possess a moderate competency; and though I am but young, I have seen enough of the world to know that wealth without happiness is poverty, and that poverty with happiness is wealth.’”

“Mason is a wise man, and you are a sensible girl; but if you have made up your minds to this plan, why the deuce should you wait for two years? Why not marry as soon as you are out of mourning?”

“Because I would not ask Mason to take me without some sort of marriage-portion, however small. By saving for two years the greater part of the handsome income which my father assigned me in his will, I shall be enabled to reserve some surplus after buying and furnishing a small house; so that we shall literally start with love in a cottage, and a purse to meet any unexpected demands.”

“My dear Sarah, I tell you once more that you are an ~~uncommon~~ sensible girl, and I approve of everything you have done or have proposed doing, though I do not think it will be necessary to defer your marriage for two years; and if you can listen to a long story, to a narrative of events so strange as to be almost incredible, I will tell you why.”

With infinite tact, and the most guarded circumspection, did he then begin to prepare his auditors for the startling disclosures he had to make. First reminding her that I had been subject to suspensions of animation, some of which had continued for many hours, he added, that there were well-attested instances of trances lasting so long, that the sufferers had been buried, even after having been kept above ground for the customary week, and had actually revived, as had been repeatedly proved by subsequent inspection of coffins and vaults. “Now, your poor father,” he continued, “contrary, as I well know, to your earnest and even angry remonstrances, was scandalously hurried to the grave in three days after his death. Under these unusual circumstances there would be nothing improbable in his revival, nothing improbable in his being rescued from his miserable situation—nay, it is by no means impossible that at this very moment, recovered from the effects of his premature interment, he may be——”

“For God’s sake do not trifle with my feelings,” said Sarah, starting up in the greatest agitation, and vehemently clasping her companion’s hand. “Oh, if you love me, tell me, do tell me—is there a chance, a hope, a possibility, that my dear, dear father may still be living—that I may again embrace him—that I may devote myself to his recovery—that

I may testify my love, my duty, my unbounded gratitude to Heaven by——”

Unable any longer to restrain the fond and impassioned yearnings of my soul, I sobbed out the words,

“My child! my child! my own dear child!”

Recognising my voice, she uttered a cry of joy, rushed into the back room, threw her arms around me, pressed me repeatedly to her heart, and kissed me over and over, in a paroxysm of hysterical rapture.

CHAPTER XIII.

A VERY different scene, an ordeal which I both desired and dreaded, awaited me on the following day, when I had resolved to disclose my resurrection to my unnatural son, to dispossess him of the fortune and estates he had so flagitiously usurped, and to announce to him his utter repudiation and disinheritance. He was now on a visit at Oakfield Hall, for he was too much infatuated with the designing Julia to be long absent from her. Linnel, who would not let me undertake anything of an agitating nature except under his personal guidance, accompanied me in his carriage to the Hall, where, on inquiring at the park lodge, we were informed that the party we were seeking had just entered the summer-house with Miss Thorpe, that they might view the sport on the water, as Sir Freeman Dashwood had taken down the dogs to hunt ducks. Alighting accordingly from the carriage, and leaning on my friend's arm, I walked towards the summer-house, which stood in the immediate vicinity of the lodge; and on reaching it sat down upon the steps to recover my breath, when, the door being ajar, I became an unintentional auditor of the following colloquy:—

“I say, Julia! wasn't it lucky that the governor died before he made any alteration in his will? I shall come into lots of tin, besides all the estates. When he took a crotchet into his head he was as obstinate as a mule; and he had sworn that if ever I married you he would cut me off with a shilling.”

“And if he had, dear George! it would not have made the smallest difference in my eyes. Where there is a sincere attachment, filthy lucre is never thought of. Thank Heaven, I am neither sordid nor selfish. Indeed, if there's one person in the world whom I despise more than another, it is the girl who marries for money.”

“All very fine; but it's no bad thing to have the cash, whether you marry for it or not. I tell you what—I have made up my mind to one thing. I'll have the best hounds and hunters in all Suffolk, and the best drag and the best racers in all England at the next Newmarket meeting. And there's another thing to which I have made up my mind: I'll marry you before the month is out.”

“What, my dear George! so soon after your father's death?”

“Yes, to be sure; why not? Waiting for a twelvemonth wouldn't make him more dead than he is, as I told Sarah when she kept up such a bother about deferring the burial. He can't expect me to be very squeamish, when he wanted to cut me off with a shilling. Cut off himself now. Ha! ha! ha!”

The barking of dogs and the shouts of men being heard from the water, the lovers jumped up, and leaning on the sill of the open window

gazed out upon the sport ; at which moment I made my noiseless entry into the summer-house, and seated myself in one of the chairs which had just been vacated. For two or three minutes this unwelcome addition to the party remained unnoticed, but the lady at length turned round, uttered a piercing scream, and covering her eyes with her hands sank shuddering to the ground. Her companion was starting to her assistance, when my figure caught his eye, and he became instantly transfixed, his eyes staring, his face petrified with horror, and his lips hoarsely ejaculating,—

“God of heaven! my father’s ghost!”

Unable to restrain my long suppressed indignation, I rushed upon him, grappled him by the collar, and shaking him with all the vehemence in my power, I shouted in his ear,—

“No, unnatural monster! no, miscreant! no, parricide! it is your father’s living flesh and blood, as this grasp may convince you, and as I would still more effectually prove by striking you to the earth, and trampling on your prostrate body, had I strength to second my will. It is the father whose life you sought to destroy—whom you hurried to the grave with such guilty precipitation—who has been snatched from the jaws of death and recovered from his trance by a series of providential mercies, in order that he may become the instrument of Heaven in exposing and punishing your atrocious crimes.”

No sooner did the object of these denunciations discover that he had to deal with a human being instead of a spectre, than all his terror appeared to be dissipated; his countenance resumed its customary expression, and he cried, in his usual familiar tone,—

“Well, father, I have often seen you in a passion, but hang me if ever I saw you in such a towering rage as this.”

“Villain!” I resumed, for I was maddened by his audacious nonchalance, “what is the name of the chemist who sold you the poisonous mixture to which I became a victim?”

“Do you mean Raby’s Restorative? capital stuff that! His name—his name? Hang me if I can recollect just now.”

“In what street of Newmarket does he live?”

“Street—street? I have forgotten that too. Oh no, I haven’t. I remember now; I bought it of a fellow that travels about the country.”

“Miserable liar! this shuffling is a confession of your guilt. With the same regard for truth you will doubtless deny that you destroyed the codicil of my will.”

“Codicil! what codicil? I am ready to take my oath that I never—”

“Hold your impious tongue, and do not add perjury to your other enormities. With my own eyes, while I was lying entranced, and not dead as you supposed, did I see you tear it up and commit it to the parlour-fire.”

“No!—did you, though? What an artful dodge on your part! and what a precious spoon I must have been not to shut the bed-room door!”

Not less irritated than disgusted by his obdurate manner and offensive language, I hastened the termination of our colloquy by saying,

“Hark ye, sirrah, while I address you for the last time. I have made a new will, by which you are utterly and irrevocably disinherited, with the exception of an annual pittance just sufficient to preserve you from

destitution, but only payable so long as you reside abroad. The moment you set foot upon the soil of England, its payment ceases. Here is a letter to my London agent, who will provide you a sum of money for your outfit. Away! hide your infamy in some of our colonies; the nearer to the Antipodes the better. Avaunt! Let me never see you more! Begone before I curse you!"

"The Devil and Doctor Faustus! here's a pretty go!" was all the reply of the hardened and unfeeling reprobate; and I had hardly quitted the summer-house when I heard once more the vacant and hideous laugh by which I had been previously insulted.

Not without difficulty did my tottering footsteps support me back to the carriage; I was lifted into it by the Doctor and his servant; and was no sooner deposited on the seat than nature sank under the exertions I had made, and I fainted away.

From my knowledge of Miss Thorpe's character, I was not in the least surprised to learn that this disinterested heroine, who piqued herself upon being neither sordid nor selfish, who held in special contempt the girl that could marry for money, despatched a letter to my son on the very next day, stating that her own sacred sense of filial duty would not allow her to espouse any man against his father's consent, and that, therefore, their engagement must be considered as finally cancelled. I never heard, however, that she returned the valuable presents made to her by her infatuated lover.

CHAPTER XIV.

WITH equal good judgment and kind feeling, my friend invited Sarah to spend a few days in his house, well knowing that her society and her assistance as a nurse would be far more efficient than all his medicaments in restoring my bodily health and my cheer of mind. On the morning of her arrival I appointed her lover to meet her, when I joined together the hands of the delighted couple; gave my formal consent to their union, sanctifying it by my blessing, and adding, that so far from lessening the sum I had originally left to my daughter, I would settle twice the amount upon her on the day of her marriage. Mason now became an almost daily visitant at the house, and neither he nor his betrothed evinced any regret when I expressed a wish that their nuptials should be solemnised without any unnecessary delay. Enraptured by the daily improvement in her father's health and spirits, combined with such a delightful and unexpected change in her own fate and prospects, my dear child seemed actually to imagine herself in heaven, and to my apprehensions she appeared to diffuse a heaven around her. Her radiant and smiling face was an incarnate sunbeam; her dulcet voice, melodised by joy, was the music of the spheres; her duteous and affectionate offices were the ministrings of a guardian angel. God bless her! there were moments when her fascinating endearments almost made me forget my repudiated son.

But they did not banish from my memory the vow made to my own soul while I was lying entranced and entombed, that in the event of my revival I would refund the sums I had unfairly gained in the execution of my government contracts. After having calculated their amount,

with interest, which raised the total to several thousand pounds, I remitted the whole anonymously to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Naturally fond of money, I always found delight in reckoning up my profits; yet can I truly declare that I experienced ten times more pleasure in refunding this portion of my fortune, than I had ever felt in legitimately gaining ten times as much.

So completely had my attention been engaged by the recent marvellous occurrences, and by the preparations for the approaching marriage—so carefully, moreover, did I abstract my thoughts from the painful subject of my son—that several weeks slipped away without my adverting to the long and singular silence of the London agent to whom I had consigned him. Its cause was at length explained by the following letter—full enough, Heaven knows! of sadness and humiliation, and yet not altogether divested of mitigating considerations.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—More than once have I taken up my pen to write to you, and as often have I wanted courage to complete my letter, fearing to afflict you with evil tidings in your present delicate state; and I have since been silent, because it required some little time to ascertain the exact situation of your son, of whose whereabouts I was left in ignorance for a whole month. On his first arrival I observed a good deal of levity, not to say wildness, in his manner and discourse, but not sufficient to denote any positive aberration of mind. He seemed quite reconciled to his immediate expatriation, and accompanied me on board a splendid vessel bound for New Zealand, in which I secured a good berth for him, and paid his passage-money. On the following morning I obeyed your directions, by advancing him a sufficient sum to provide a handsome outfit, and to give him an advantageous start on his arrival in the colony.

“That night he quitted my house, nor did I hear of him again till I learnt that he had been committed to prison for an unprovoked and violent assault, perpetrated in a drunken night brawl. From subsequent inquiries I learnt that the money he received had been lavished in riotous intemperance and excess of every sort, during which his eccentricities, freaks, and outrages, combined with his incoherent language and wild looks, had procured for him from his fellow-revellers the name of ‘Crazy George.’ Struck by the vacant expression of his features, and the rambling silliness of his language, I saw at once that he was in a state of mental alienation, brought on, as I conjectured, by his recent wildness of life; under which impression, having procured his discharge from prison, I took him to a physician, who has very extensive practice in the treatment of similar cases, and who has now seen him seven or eight times.

“His deliberate opinion, I am much distressed to state, is exceedingly unfavourable. Though the disorder of the faculties may have been more rapidly developed by recent occurrences, he does not consider it a temporary one, but arising from organic derangement, and therefore of a permanent and incurable character. He pronounces it to be a softening of the brain, a defect which gradually undermines the reasoning powers, and usually terminates in imbecility and idiocy. On my hinting that his patient was by no means a harmless simpleton, but had recently been harbouring heinous designs, he replied that a combination of cunning and contrivance with great wickedness frequently characterized the

incipient stages of this peculiar lunacy; and that, from the present condition of your son, he had no hesitation in declaring he must have been in an unsound state of mind for several months. ‘Depend upon it,’ such were the physician’s own words, ‘that this unfortunate young man, though he may have been competent to the ordinary purposes of life, has long been utterly defective in the moral sense; has ceased to know the difference between right and wrong, and cannot, therefore, during this period of morbid mental action, be fairly deemed an accountable being.’

“I have placed poor George for the present in a private lunatic asylum, and await your orders as to his ultimate disposal.”

CHAPTER XV.

SAD and afflicting as it was, I have said that this letter was not without mitigating suggestions. It is a great, a deplorable, a heart-rending calamity to be the father of an incurable idiot; but it is infinitely more terrible to have a son who could contemplate, while in possession of his reason, the diabolical crime of parricide. From this horror and disgrace I was relieved. My heart was enabled to throw off the incubus that had darkened and crushed it. All was now cleared up, everything was now intelligible, and my misfortune, though still a heavy one, was not tainted by the unutterably hateful associations with which I had been previously haunted. My son’s dabbings with the poisonous mixture—the monomania which stimulated his horrible purpose—his reckless conduct—his heartless levity of tongue, when he should rather have been overwhelmed with shame and sorrow—and the vacant, misplaced, offensive laugh by which I had so often been revolted—all had now received a solution which showed them to have sprung from latent insanity, not from premeditated and conscious wickedness, not from the frivolity and defiance of an utterly callous heart, not from the deliberate suggestions of an abandoned nature. From an object of unavoidable disgust and hatred, my unfortunate boy was converted into a claimant for the profoundest pity and compassion. It was something to feel that I still had a son, even though he might be little better than a filial statue.

Although Hodges the foreman, had strict moral justice been awarded him, deserved punishment rather than reward, I had made him a promise which I held myself sacredly bound to perform. Removing him, accordingly, from a neighbourhood where he might have been tempted to a renewal of his unhallowed practices, I purchased for him in a provincial town a long-established and respectable business, by attention to which he cannot fail to realise a moderate independence.

More than a year has elapsed since the occurrence of the events stated in the preceding narrative; and though I have no further marvellous adventures to record, the interval has not been altogether uneventful. Godfrøy Thorpe, after having run through his own fine fortune by every species of wanton extravagance, lived for some time upon the fortunes of others by running in debt, when, being unable to protract any longer the smash I had anticipated, he absconded from the seat of his ancestors, and is at present settled with his family at Boulogne.

Oakfield Hall, with its wide and fair domains, is now mine, and I am writing in the library of that Elizabethan mansion of which I had so long coveted the possession. Many of my fond and foolish yearnings have been chastised by my temporary consignment to the jaws of death; but *this* ambition, perhaps the vainest of my earthly vanities, has survived my apparent decease and real entombment, and I feel a daily and increasing pleasure as I wander over my broad acres. Nor are my rides less gratifying because I take them on my favourite white cob, whose back I never again expected to bestride when I caught a glimpse of him as the undertakers were depositing me in my coffin.

My daughter's marriage was solemnised a year ago, and I am already blessed with a little grandson, who bears my name, and who will become my heir. Mr. Mason, for whom I have purchased the advowson of the living, and who, conjointly with his wife, does the honours of Oakfield Hall, where they are permanently established, devotes himself with an exemplary zeal to the discharge of his pastoral duties, and is beloved by the whole neighbourhood. Their union promises to be more than usually blessed; a prospect which affords me the purest and most exquisite of all pleasures—the contemplation of that happiness which we have been instrumental in conferring upon others.

My poor son, whom I regularly see, though he no longer recognises me, is in a private asylum for lunatics, where he receives every succour and consolation that his unfortunate state allows. All hopes of his recovery have long been abandoned.

Though my constitution will never cease to feel the effects of the trying shocks it has sustained, I am still enabled, thank God! to participate in most of my customary enjoyments; nor am I without a hope that my moral health has been benefited by the ordeals through which I have passed, and that when I am finally called away, I may give a better account of my stewardship than I could have done at an earlier period.

An eminent cutler of the Strand, one of whose relations had been buried alive, left a legacy of ten guineas to be given to any surgeon who should pass a stiletto through his heart before his body was committed to the grave; to facilitate the performance of which operation, the weapon was tied to the will. This example I have followed. Vain and even ridiculous as the precaution may be deemed, I have too vivid, too harrowing a recollection of my past sufferings, to incur the possibility of their recurrence. I have no wish to write—and, probably, my readers would have as little inclination to peruse—a second "*Posthumous Memoir of Myself.*"

A DRIFT-LOG ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY ZEBEDEE HICKORY.

CHAPTER III.

RETROSPECTIVE.

"What frightens you thus, my good son?" says the priest,
 "You murder'd, are sorry, and have been confess'd."
 "O father, my sorrow will scarce save my bacon;
 "'Twas not that I murder'd, but that I was taken."

MATTHEW PRIOR.

LEAVING our friend Godfrey for a short time, we must now introduce the reader to some other personages who will occupy a space in this history.

It was on board the ship *Marathon*, the vessel which had brought Selborne across the ocean, and during the passage up the river, that three individuals were seated at the cuddy-table, on which were placed bottles and glasses, from which the party would seem to have derived an impulse to their conviviality, for their talk was of the noisiest, and their merriment of the most boisterous kind.

One was a person of small size, with a complexion almost feminine, with blue eyes and fair hair, which gave him the appearance of greater youth than he deserved. A rigidity of feature and outline, and a certain ease and assurance in conversation, would undeceive the careful observer, who might at last conclude that his age belied his appearance, though how much he would be at a loss to say. This individual had a remarkable volubility of utterance, which he brought so to bear on the present occasion as at times to engross the whole conversation to himself, for what was wanting in invention he supplied by resort to narrative, derived, as a stranger might suppose, from the wide field of an extensive experience, and related with a circumstantial minuteness and emphasis designed to attest the authenticity of his anecdotes. They were, however, received by his companions between each other with meaning glances, of which he was unconscious, and which would seem to attach to the narratives an apocryphal character. This person's name was Julian Alonzo Jones.

The individual on his right hand, whose laugh was the loudest, longest, and heartiest of the three, and whose countenance was at present a little flushed with wine, had, when serious, a heavy, stolid, and rather sullen expression. His manner was blunt, and his address unprepossessing. He spoke little, but laughed much, and apparently performed the character of a listener, without which the most amusing and brilliant companies are often tiresome. Mr. Joseph Metcalfe was evidently one who had never cultivated the polite arts, or followed intellectual pursuits, for his remarks were devoid of originality and elegance, but sometimes not without plain and homely common sense.

Mr. Theophilus Wright, who was seated at the opposite side of the table, was a gentleman whose suavity of manner and persuasiveness of diction might have done justice to a disciple of Chesterfield, but from

whose occasional resort to banter and satire, a practice denounced by that great instructor, one might suppose he was either not perfect in the character he assumed, or that the occasional promptings of a love of mischief, and a really native wit, with some considerable facility of expression, were powers too irresistible for the austere rules of the worldly-wise parent before mentioned altogether to suppress.

In person he was the tallest of the three. His appearance, if not handsome, was intellectual, and his smile was ready and pleasing.

This was the trio who were now, after a long and tedious voyage, devoting a few moments to the rites by which Bacchus is propitiated, and, though not indulging to excess, were for the time yielding to the licence which a termination of their voyage might pardon, before they separated, perhaps for ever, in pursuit of that fortune which the western hemisphere is supposed to offer.

While we join them in their revelry we must resume their conversation at the point to which it had arrived.

"I assure you," said Jones, pausing after the recital of an anecdote, "it was a fact, and very similar to an adventure of mine on the coast of Africa, where I was engaged in an intrigue in the family of the French ambassador, who surprised me in one of my visits to his house, and ran at me with his stiletto, but, missing his aim, struck himself in the tendons of the thigh, in such a manner that mortification would have ensued if the limb had not been amputated. I was so sorry for his misfortune that I nursed him and sat by him until he was well, so that he and I afterwards became such great friends that I stayed entirely at his house; he would scarcely hear of my leaving, and gave me the diamond ring which I now wear. That is really a fact."

"I thought," said Mr. Wright, drily, "that you bought that ring in London?"

"Well, so I did; but if it was not this ring, it was one very like it, which I left behind me. His very words to me were—'Jones,' he said, 'I don't deserve this kindness of you; take this ring, and, if ever I can do you a service, remind me.' His very words; they were, indeed."

Wright and Metcalfe exchanged a wink, which overcame the gravity of the latter individual so much, that, after a vain effort to suppress himself, he burst into a loud laugh, on which Wright put on a face of hypocritical solemnity.

"Well, you may laugh," said Jones; "but it actually did occur."

"I was thinking of something else," said Metcalfe, after partially recovering from his fit of merriment, which, however, threatened to burst out again.

"I don't see anything ludicrous in my story," said Jones, a little discomposed.

"O no; you must not mind him," said Wright; "he is always laughing."

"Well, to prove to you that this circumstance did occur," said the imperturbable hero, returning to the charge, "after the ambassador recovered, I met him at a dinner-table, where he became intoxicated, and entreated me to see him home, and I never had a harder piece of work in my life, for he could not use his crutches, and was only able to make one hop at a time, and then fall against me, when we would both tumble

down, until at last I could not set him upon his leg again, and had to roll him home."

"What did he say to that?" asked Wright.

"He didn't say anything, except when the crossings were rough."

"Well, and what then?"

"He said, 'Draw it mild, there's a good fellow.' But it so happened that I put him into the wrong house, and left him there in such a state of mud that his mother would not have known him, and I was thunder-struck in the morning to find my mistake, so that I thought it advisable to leave the town immediately, which I did; and if you doubt the story, ask him, that's all."

This time both Wright and Metcalfe laughed; and, as it was not out of place, Jones smiled in concert, and was about to commence again, when Wright asked suddenly—

"Where is Selborne?"

"Either on deck, or on board the steamer," said Metcalfe.

"I neither know nor care where he is," said Jones, helping himself and passing the bottle.

"We must not lose him," said Wright, "for you know we are all going together to the same hotel. Steward," said he, "go and ask Mr. Selborne to step down here."

"He will be down directly, sir," said the steward, returning shortly.

"I don't understand him," said Jones; "and, to tell the truth, I don't like him."

"Well," said Metcalfe, "tell us why. If it will relieve your mind at all, out with it."

"Well, I'll tell you," said Jones: and he thereupon entered upon a detail of grievances and fancied wrongs, embellished and extended to excite the sympathy of his friends. Every one knows that the end of a voyage is an occasion on which fellow-passengers love to indulge in criticism on their companions, and that character would be a perfect one which would escape. It is, therefore, no wonder that, the topic being started, poor Selborne's merits and demerits were discussed in no very measured terms, while he, unconscious, and perhaps indifferent to this fact, was making the acquaintance of the stranger on deck.

The city was almost gained before they thought of breaking up their party, and when they did come on deck they found Selborne gone. He and his companion had availed themselves of the stoppage of the steamer to land a little below the city, intending, as we have seen, to return shortly; and so, when the vessel was brought to her moorings at the wharf, his fellow-voyagers coming out sought him in vain.

"What is Selborne going to do here?" asked the loquacious Jones, when they were seated in a coach and fairly under weigh for the hotel.

"I don't believe he knows himself," said Wright.

"Who and what is he?" continued Jones.

"Why, he was," replied Wright, "a student at one of the northern colleges: he has been since in mercantile business in London, and unfortunate, as he informs me."

"And why does he come here?"

"Well, disappointment, I suppose, though he told the story to me in confidence."

"Confidential, eh! What was it?" asked the inquisitive Jones.

"Nay, replied Wright, you must get it from him yourself; I am not at liberty to retail it."

"I shall make a point of asking him some day."

And so the loquacious person, who did not like Selborne, could descend to the humility of gaining his private history, which he would receive with protestations of fidelity and secrecy, only to spread it (of course in confidence) as industriously as his want of occupation and restless propensity to tattle would permit, as if, in possession of the secret, he had a load too heavy for him, which made him uneasy until it was transferred, and until he had made the secret rather more public than a newspaper advertisement.

As we are historians, and can claim the privilege of access to all the sources of information necessary to complete our work, we find it necessary to display the outline of Godfrey's history and prospects.

His father, Walter Selborne, was a gentleman who had early retired from active life with a small competency, and who from that period had devoted himself entirely to scientific pursuits. The labours of twenty years after his retirement (before which period Godfrey was born) found him still absorbed in his vocation. He accumulated a library of books in his study, which lay in disarranged piles on the table and floor, besides a quantity which his copious shelves contained. The very names of these would have chilled readers who are addicted to feeding their minds only on literary food of attractive appearance and title. His family seldom strayed in here in search of amusing volumes. They would look in vain for *Bewick*, *Robinson Crusoe*, or the more sonorous names of *Shakspeare* or *Waverley*. Solemn treatises on the properties and relations of matter, algebraic equations, differential calculi, mathematical applications, and numerous tomes of a not more inviting character, were all that met the eye; while, on entering the room, the olfactory nerve was saluted by pungent odours from mysterious phials, whose contents, colourless and harmless in themselves, required only to be mingled to produce startling results. Some turned blue, some green or red, while others again became strangely troubled, and emitted vapours which not only rendered respiration disagreeable, but also tarnished bright objects in the room. He had his field to himself. The library, apparatus, liquids, solids, tests, and precipitates, formed one large book, composed in a language which he alone of all his household could interpret. The apartment was thus one of mystery. Sulphurous, carbonic, and perhaps mephitic gases, played in pungent volumes round his head. The austere books with their gilt lettered binding frowned on him from the gloomy shelves. Cabalistic figures, scribbled on a large black board as well as on fragments of paper, seemed to denote that when in solitude he employed a language different from his own, and the loud explosions which occasionally alarmed his family were almost the only sounds which broke the silence of his retreat.

It was in these studies that Walter Selborne passed the prime of his life. He was frequently called forth in his attendance on the various societies to which he belonged, and also had scientific visitors, who were closeted with him for hours together. In moments of his leisure he was an attentive and fond parent. Two boys and one girl called him father, and hailed his appearance from the solemn study with looks and voices of glee.

None of his family had any clue to the object of his studies, and, with

the world in general, supposed him to be a man who pursued science for pleasure rather than profit. Undoubtedly, at the outset of his studies, science was sufficient alone to induce him to devote to her service the energy of a vigorous mind now in its prime. But, after some time, the natural course of his investigations led him to make discoveries which startled even himself. He was for some time almost incredulous to these experiments. The important results which he foresaw the discoveries must attain, and the possible, nay probable, notoriety and eminence it could not fail to confer on himself, animated him with a thrill of exultation, and fired him with views of ambition to which hitherto he had been a stranger.

What this discovery was we cannot inform our reader further than that it was proudly termed, in the specification for a patent which he proceeded to draw out, "the production of light from a combination of chemical substances, and their reproduction and reconsumption in a manner and for a period that may almost be termed perpetual."

It is about this period that our narrative commences. At this moment the expectation, excitement, and triumph of Walter Selborne were in their first flush.

Walter, his eldest son, might be about five-and-twenty years of age, was then engaged in business at a distance from home, and was believed to be advancing rapidly in the road to wealth. He seldom visited the home of his childhood, and then only for a short time.

Rebecca was the youngest of the three, and at this period the only one remaining—a little flower that always presented its sunny side, and was the life of the family. She was now about eighteen. Of the graces of her person and mind we may hereafter speak.

Mrs. Selborne was a lady of domestic excellence, but of not high attainments, and therefore not fitted to appreciate the triumphs of her husband, though she sympathised with his joy. Consequently he was alone in his secret, and, though a man of great prudence, it had almost been too great a secret for him.

With regard to Godfrey, who is now absent, we shall give an anecdote or two that will illustrate his character better than description will do.

When a child, Godfrey was sensitive to an extreme. Of the temperament called nervous-sanguine, he was liable to sudden and violent emotions, by which his health was sometimes endangered. Passionate and hasty, he was at the same time generous and affectionate.

Once, when very young, an individual who had casually seen him at his father's house, returning after a long absence, singled out Godfrey for a present of some value, and in reply to his youthful acknowledgments said, "You will perhaps one day do the same for me." The little fellow, grateful for the kindness of one almost a stranger, cherished these parting words for a long time, and cast about in his head for some way of recompensing his benefactor.

This, however, was a difficult matter, as his stock of valuables was small, and consisted of a few books, which he prized very highly, and a boat, which latter, after much deliberation, he dismissed from his mind as unsuitable for the purpose. Amongst his books, however, he possessed an illustrated copy of "Robinson Crusoe," which formed his chief study, and which in the evenings he was seldom without. It was not, however, without a struggle that he could bring himself to part with it, but this

step he ultimately decided on, and immediately set about printing on it in large capitals the name of the gentleman for whom it was intended. This was all decided on in secret, and when the dedication was fairly inscribed the book suddenly disappeared from view, and various were the surmises as to its disposition. Godfrey, however, kept his secret manfully; but being a young deceiver, his obstinate silence, and his obvious desire for concealment, when questioned, only stimulated curiosity. His object now was to learn when his friend might be expected to return, which, fortunately for him, he was to do in a day or so; he began, therefore, to scheme the time and mode of presentation. This all arranged, and the time, almost the hour, arrived, he was undergoing some preliminary operations of the toilet, when Walter, his brother, who was in the dressing-room, suddenly came upon the precious volume, and, with an exclamation of surprise, hurried off with it to the drawing-room. Godfrey, when ready, went to get his book before following his brother, but, to his astonishment and dismay, it was gone. It was after a long and fruitless search, and with a heavy heart, that he now made his way to the sitting-room. At the door he met his brother with the open book in his hand, returning to replace it by his mother's direction. He took it from him angrily, and had just time to half enter the door, when he perceived the stranger seated at the window. As there was a smile on the countenances of all, he fancied his secret discovered, and the gracefulness of his design frustrated. He therefore hastily retreated, followed his brother upstairs, and fell upon him with great fury, but received a severe beating in return, when, closing himself up in an empty room, he tore the fly-leaf from his book, cast it and himself on the ground, and sobbed with vexation.

Here he lay until dark; and he, tired with his emotion, fell asleep. He was awakened by voices and lights in the room; and, looking up, saw his gentleman friend and his father. The former raised him kindly, and promised to keep his book, which, together with the fly-leaf, he had in his hand. His father looked on him for a few moments, and then said, sternly,

"These passions are dangerous, and should be discouraged. They are wrong, and deserve punishment."

But Godfrey's object had not been altogether lost; and his cheerfulness was restored.

After the lapse of some years, when he was, perhaps, at the age of fifteen, he was possessed of good parts. His aptitude and versatility of powers had excited remark and drawn applause at school; and out of it his employments were as numerous as they were unusual and changeable. His two heaviest accomplishments were the arts of music and painting. The former grew out of his admiration for the strains of a military band which performed at evening in his neighbourhood, and the latter from a natural taste nursed by means known only to himself.

The instrument to which he devoted his attention was the cornet-a-piston; which he admired on account of its martial sound, but which did not prove an equal attraction to the rest of his family, either from their dislike to the dissonant notes of war, or from his want of proficiency in producing them, so that he was driven to an unfrequented cliff on the sea-coast, about a mile from his dwelling, where he practised with such assiduity, that in time the sweetness of his strains drew forth

the wondering rustics to listen in groups—a sort of unasked offering to his skill, of which he was at first extremely proud. But he no sooner acquired anything like facility on this instrument, than he laid it aside to pursue the art of painting, which did not yield to his attempts so easily as the first accomplishment, and which, over and over again, he was tempted to give up in despair, until, in a particularly happy moment, he surprised himself by a small fancy daub—rude, of course, as an early production might be expected to be, but endowed with one or two touches which greatly elated him. With conscious pride, he showed it to all his acquaintances, and, amongst the rest, to an old and experienced critic, addicted to severe censure, who, on this occasion wishing to be lenient, “damned it with faint praise.” This so cooled the enthusiasm of the artist, that from henceforth he concealed the picture from every eye but his own; and, as his after-trials were without hope, he was never able to equal this performance. He therefore abandoned his attempts in disgust, resorting only to his cornet as a sort of safety-valve for the troubles and vexations of which he conceived himself peculiarly the victim—blowing at one time moving and melting strains, and, at another, fierce and martial blasts, by which his humour might be indicated. But he was soon called away to college, where his employments were of another and closer nature; but where he barely attained mediocrity, when he was recalled, and placed in the counting-house of a large East India merchant.

The last incident which we shall adduce represents Godfrey in a more unfavourable light; and we would willingly omit it, did the faithfulness of our narrative permit. His stay in the metropolis threw him much amongst a circle of acquaintance habituated to a gay life, and led him, from a weakness extremely culpable, to emulate their scale of expenditure to an extent for which his means were insufficient. In a fatal moment, when excited with wine, he was tempted to play. The evening commenced with inconsiderable stakes, but ended by leaving his companions in possession of his I O U's to a large amount. With the morning cool reflection came; and, distracted with remorse and shame, he reviewed the night's proceedings. He was long before he could resolve on the course of conduct to pursue.

He foresaw an exposure which would prejudice if not destroy his standing with the firm; and, moreover, a disagreeable if not a hostile interview with his companions at play, and he determined on leaving town that evening. To leave without first explaining his position to the partners in the firm might have been fatal to his reputation; and he attended at the office at an unusually early hour, in the hope of seeing the junior partner, with whom he was a favourite. This he was fortunately able to do; and, after a long interview, in which he satisfactorily displayed the accuracy of his accounts, he set off for the country with a feeling of relief. When he gained the parental roof, he sought out his father, almost slighting the embraces of his mother and sister in the passage. He was closeted with Mr. Selborne for some hours; and Rebecca in vain made excuses for passing and repassing the door, in the hope of seeing it open, and having the mystery explained.

Mr. Selborne was a severe moralist; and an occurrence like the present, so contrasted with the even and virtuous tenor of his own life, excited his serious displeasure. The disclosure was made by Godfrey

with an honesty and manliness that with many men would have palliated the offence, but with Mr. Selborne the sin was an unpardonable one. He sat in solemn silence for some time after his son had finished; and when he had gained composure sufficient to reply, he drew a long breath, and spoke with a distinctness which Godfrey afterwards used to term awful.

"I little thought," said he, "that a son of mine would have needed warning against the vice of gambling. Reason, pleasure, profit, there is none in it." A pause. "I fear, very much fear, from the nature of your employments, that the character of your associates will correspond, and that this is not the only *crime* by which you have brought disgrace on the family name. Silence, sir! I have a right to tell you this. You are my son, I brought you up, and I had hoped very much better things of you. That you have disappointed an anxious and attached father, who will now have to blush when he hears your name, you may thank yourself."

The son in silence cast his eyes on the floor, and, after a pause, the parent resumed.

"That I should relieve you of your obligations, or that this house should shelter you from the consequences of your own vice and folly, you cannot expect. I presume you do not suppose I am going to become your accomplice, and you surely have too much sense left to come here unprovided with some resource. What, silent!—this is worse than all. I had at least some faint hope that you would not add meanness to dishonesty,—that you could not have stooped to seek a refuge here, and implicate us in your disgrace. For shame, young man; for shame!"

"Father, hear me," said Godfrey, in a voice trembling with suppressed feeling, and articulating his words with difficulty.

"No more from you, sir," said the father. "I do not now pity, I only despise you."

"I assure you, sir—," began Godfrey again.

"Assure me of nothing, sir, but that you will be at least obedient, and satisfy yourself with destroying the peace of mind of your unhappy parent without forcing him into an angry altercation."

"Altercation there shall be none, sir," said Godfrey, rising, and speaking proudly. "If you have unfortunately misconstrued my motives, I have not had an opportunity of correcting you. I came here to confess, and I hoped to be forgiven. I came to let you know the worst from my own lips, and to ask a shelter from you until I could sail for America. This you have already anticipated, and denied. I leave"—here his voice faltered—"I leave you, father, to-night."

He walked out of the room as he spoke, and closed the door.

He was seated in an empty sitting-room with his elbows on the table, looking moodily out of the window. The door opened softly, and a light footstep approached, but he did not hear it, for it was a very light and stealthy footstep, and the person who approached thus was a young girl with long curly hair, and with eyes red from weeping. She walked forward hastily, flung her arms on Godfrey's shoulder, and kissed his cheek in silence.

"O Godfrey!" she said, at length.

"Well, Rebecca," returned he, with a poor attempt at cheerfulness.

"You are going away," said she; "is that true?"

"It is," he replied. "You will know why, some day, better than I can tell you now. My dear Rebecca, I would be cheerful, but I cannot."

I have lost my self-respect, but I have some excuse—I have, indeed; and I ask you not to believe all you hear.”

“Hush, Godfrey! or I shall cry again, if you speak that way.”

Their mother entered soon afterwards, and, addressing Rebecca, said,

“Come, child, we have a great deal to do this evening for your brother; leave him at present.”

Rebecca looked up for a moment in her mother’s face, and, taking her hand in silence, left the room.

“Poor boy!” said she, at length, “what has he done?”

“He has displeased your father very seriously; so much so, that I fear he will never forgive him.”

“But he is so broken-hearted,” urged Rebecca.

“Very likely; but of course I cannot countenance him in anything of which your father disapproves, and therefore must forbid your seeing much of him.”

“But, mother, he’s going away,” said Rebecca, sadly.

“Yes, shortly, I know,” said Mrs. Selborne.

“He is going to-night,” replied the girl.

“What!” exclaimed her mother in surprise; “how do you know?”

“He told me that nothing should detain him over to-night.”

Mrs. Selborne hastily drew Rebecca back into the room they had left, and when they emerged from it again, which was in about an hour, they had evidently both been weeping. He left that evening, and sailed in about a week afterwards. The first chapter of this history found him after his arrival at his destination. We must now resume the record of events after the adventure narrated in the chapter immediately preceding this.

CHAPTER IV.

PROGRESSIVE.

Cynthia (aside). Well, I find there are no fools so inconsiderable in themselves, but they can render other people contemptible by exposing their infirmities.”

Double Dealer, by CONGREVE.

WE left Godfrey in the empty house with the wounded man, at the moment when the two were unexpectedly intruded upon. The room was imperfectly lighted by the dying embers of the fire; and though the persons entering were made aware by the shout of Godfrey’s companion that the place was already occupied, they apparently could not well distinguish the persons of the occupants; for one of them, kicking the fire with his foot, drew from it a half-burnt stick, which he blew into a flame, and with this advanced cautiously to the two strangers, whom he had no sooner examined, than, with a surprise almost equal to theirs, he drew back in silence.

“Vas is de matter?” said one of his companions.

He only replied by pointing to the two, who were now watching, in anxious suspense, the movements of their visitors—Godfrey occasionally looking keenly, but in vain, for some weapon of defence.

“By Golly!” said the third, who appeared by his voice to be a half-bred negro. “D—n your soul! whar you come from? whar you bin? You come ’coon over us, eh—you almighty blackguard?”

Selborne’s companion only glared on him helplessly.

“Here, you sare!” said the first man, “you dam blackleg! Stay where you are till we square accounts.”

"Set me up," said the person addressed, to Godfrey. "We must make tracks out of this place mighty quick; we shan't have the chance soon."

"You are right," said Godfrey. "All that talk is not for nothing."

"Quick's the word then," said his companion, rising from a reclining to a sitting posture, and, placing his hand on Godfrey's shoulder, he essayed to rise. More than one knife glittered as the motion was perceived by the three desperadoes, who rushed forward to intercept the egress of the two.

Just at that moment heavy footsteps sounded on the floor, and two bulky figures marched in, each armed with a heavy truncheon shod with iron, with which he smote the floor. The sound had an instantaneous effect on the three assailants. Their knives were quickly sheathed, and they were about to withdraw themselves from the room, when one of the new-comers interposed his person in the doorway, rapping at the same time on the pavement of the street.

"What is the matter?" said one of the new-comers, who were no other than city watchmen.

"Murder would have been the matter shortly, I have no doubt," said Godfrey.

"Those men—" his companion began.

But the persons alluded to made for the door; and when the watchmen looked round, the retiring form of the last of the three was seen just making his escape.

"Hilloo!—stop!—stop!" shouted the watchmen, starting in pursuit. After a short chase they returned by themselves, not having been successful in capturing the fugitives. As the latter had the advantage in numbers, perhaps they were as well pleased.

Selborne hastily related his story to them, and, explaining the necessity of guiding his companion to some place of rest, slipped half-a-dollar into the hand of a watchman, and requested him to call a cab, which he did presently.

"Where must I drive ye to, jintlemen?" asked the cabman.

"To the St. Charles. You had better come with me to-night," said Godfrey, addressing the stranger; who briefly assenting, they were speedily on their way thither.

It was pretty far on in the morning before Godfrey got to bed, and he imagined he had barely closed his eyes when he was aroused by the sound of a gong, whereat he started up, and found broad daylight in the room. Dressing himself, he made his way to the office to find in what part of the house his friends were disposed, and the obliging clerk despatched a porter to show him the way to their room. The room, however, was empty; and Godfrey, supposing them to have gone down stairs, was just leaving when he saw an open letter lying on the floor. He picked it up for the purpose of discovering the owner, and, perceiving the handwriting to be Jones's, was folding it with the view of returning it to its owner, when he caught a glimpse of his own name. Now, though he was going to fold it without reading, yet the fact of his name occurring there stimulated his curiosity; and, glancing his eye down the paper, he saw his name frequently repeated. Selborne was mortal. Though a more honourable fellow than he did not exist, yet he was not proof against a temptation like the present, which accident had thus thrown in his way. He, therefore, opened the document out, and read it from beginning to end. Every word related to himself. It was apparently an unfinished letter to a friend of Jones's, and concerned a

trifling incident which had escaped Godfrey's recollection, but was narrated with an amount of absurd exaggeration and puerile falsehood he hardly conceived a friend of his capable of constructing. To crown the whole, the other side of the sheet contained a disagreeable and offensive caricature of himself. The letter was addressed to a person of whom Selborne knew nothing. The language was far from complimentary, and, whenever his name occurred, it was usually coupled with such an humbling and spiteful adjective as made his ears tingle.

To say that Godfrey was angry, would poorly describe the mortification and wrath which excited him as he perused and reperused the paper. He was at a loss to know how he had awakened the man's hostility. After he had almost made himself master of the composition, he folded it up, and put it into his pocket.

"The fellow is almost too contemptible for notice who can descend to an act of this kind," said he to himself. "Still, for a complete stranger to know me only by a ridiculous description like this is too bad."

So saying, he walked out, and proceeded to the room in which he had left the stranger, where he found him in the act of dressing.

"Where the devil is that Selborne?" asked Mr. Jones at the breakfast-table, where himself, Wright, and Metcalfe were seated.

"Don't know," said Metcalfe, with his mouth full; "gone off on a cruise, I dare say."

"I don't think he would," said Wright; "I don't think he would leave us so uncereemoniously."

"I think he would," said the imperturbable Jones; "he is uncereemonious and strange enough; ay, and singular enough."

"He is strange and singular in one respect," said the voice of Godfrey at his elbow (for he had just entered); "he is singular in having believed a word you ever said, Mr. Jones; and he is strange in being as unlike you as possible, though it may be a matter of opinion whether he is worse on that account or not."

"What do you mean by that, sir?" said Jones.

"Well, if you want it explained, he cares nothing for your bad opinion, or he would kick you handsomely for a thing like this," said Selborne, handing him the letter; "nor for your good one, for he can get along without it:" and he turned away.

Jones was too much confused to reply.

"Hush, hush!" said Wright, shaking hands with Godfrey. "You know listeners never hear good of themselves, and it does not do to be too thin-skinned."

"That is true," said Selborne; "but in order to live at ease in the society of some people, one ought to be deaf and blind altogether, or else have the hide of an ox." He was apparently *only* a little nettled, and no one who did not know the contents of the letter could estimate his self-control, as he seated himself without introducing his new acquaintance. The latter person, though rather pale, was much recovered.

"Who is your friend?" whispered Wright.

"Selborne introduced him as Mr. Manasseh Mudge, and then related his ramble of the previous evening.

"Quite an adventure," replied Wright; "you may thank your stars you have come off safely. But what do you intend doing to-day?"

"I have one call to make in the morning, and, unless an engagement springs from it, am at liberty for the rest of the day," said Selborne.

"What do you say to an evening at the theatre?" said Wright; "we are all talking of going."

"At your service," replied Godfrey. "I do not care much about it, but shall be glad for the sake of your company."

"Very well; we meet here to dinner at three, and can surely manage to pass the time in the neighbourhood until seven. It is an appointment, recollect."

"Very good, I shall be punctual," said Selborne, motioning to the waiter to reach him the cream-jug. The jug was on the opposite side of the table, and the waiter, without ceremony, inserted his dirty finger into the spout, and in that manner lifted it over to our hero, who, in helping himself, carefully tilted the vessel on one side. A gentleman opposite, noticing the motion, turned round to the unlucky waiter, who was a raw Irishman, and spoke to him sternly and slowly:

"How dare you put your thumb into the nose of that pitcher, sir!"

The man did not reply, but only blinked and stood still.

Three gentlemen, one of whom was talking very loudly, now entered the room. The topic on which they were conversing was apparently a political one, for the words "loco-foco" and "democratic" occurred frequently.

"What ticket do you go for?" said one of the gentlemen.

"I'm a real thunder and lightning loco-foco," said he. "I'm one of the greatest kind of democrats. I go for universal annexation, for extension of the blessed stars and stripes over every enslaved monarchy on the earth. That's what I say. Free soil don't suit my hook no how, and I don't believe in whiggism. But when you ask my vote for a real enlightened citizen, with out-and-out democratic principles, why, I'm thar."

"Who's your man this time?" asked his friend, who was no other than Mr. Snag.

"Kascaddy," replied the first speaker. "He's my man. He's a horse, he is, and no two ways about that. There's no free soil about him. That don't suit his hook. It smells too much of abolitionism and barn-burning for him."

"What are these?" said he, observing Godfrey and his friends. "Strangers, I reckon."

Mr. Snag looked for a moment, and then said, "Just arrived, I expect. One of 'em's a smart fellow—met him yesterday. I should know that fellow with them. By —, they're in queer company! that's—"

"Hush!—who is it?" said his friend.

Here they spoke inaudibly.

The noise of voices had not escaped our friends seated at breakfast, and Godfrey had noticed Mr. Snag and intended to renew his acquaintance with him presently. Mr. Mudge, on seeing them, was suddenly taken sick, and left the table, although he had been conversing freely but a moment before. Godfrey followed very shortly afterwards to inquire after him, but he found that he had left the hotel without any address behind him. He then returned to the breakfast-room in the hope of seeing Mr. Snag, but he and his party had gone, a circumstance which at first astonished him, but did not afterwards, when he observed how universal was the rapidity with which every meal was despatched.

He now made his way down stairs and into the street, and, after some directions, made sure he should have no difficulty in finding the person to whom his letter of introduction (he had only one) was addressed.

He passed down several streets bearing French appellations, until he

came to one which, by appearance, was a promenade, for gaily-dressed people were passing up and down. Godfrey's attention was attracted by a window in which were displayed clusters of artificial flowers, unusually beautiful and brilliant in colour and arrangement. He stayed for a moment to admire the taste with which the various colours were blended, and, when just going, very naturally glanced behind the flowers, and there saw a very pretty girl with a sprightly and sparkling pair of eyes looking very hard at him. When these eyes encountered his, they fell, and he could hardly say whether he admired the owner more before than now, when she glanced downwards and resumed her work, her eyes fringed with dark and drooping lashes.

There was no embarrassment or coquetry in her demeanour. At first, when he saw her, she attracted him by her sprightly and inquiring glance ; now more so, when that glance was withdrawn. There was something so quiet and matronly, yet so girlish and demure in her expression, that Godfrey lingered about the window till he was half ashamed. At last he made up his mind, and, returning to the charge, boldly marched into the shop, and inquired the name of the street. The young lady listened to his question with an unmoved countenance, and, when he had finished, shook her head, saying, as she ran out of the room,

"Je ne parle pas l'Américain."

"Confound you!" thought Godfrey ; "you will bring in some old lady that I do not care to see, and for whom I shall have to invent a lot of questions."

He judged truly, for an elderly lady returned with her, who understood English very well, and she directed him as he desired.

He darted a reproachful glance at the young lady, whose eye he did not again succeed in catching, and marched out ; but as he went he stopped to read the name over the door, which bore the following inscription in gilt letters :—

"Mademoiselle Floretta Lorone, Fabricateur des Fleurs."

"Floretta !—hum !—a pretty name, and a pretty little flower-maker too. I must make a memorandum of the street, or I shan't find it again," said Godfrey, suiting the action to the word. He kept repeating the name Floretta to himself several times, until he had reached the counting-house of the gentleman to whom his letter was directed.

"Orlando Forrest, Attorney-at-Law," was inscribed on the door-post, and, by way of security, on the wall in various places up a high flight of stairs. When Godfrey reached the summit, he entered a door, which opened at once into a large public office, where a number of clerks were employed. On inquiring for Mr. Forrest, he was shown into a species of railed enclosure, where sat in dignified seclusion the gentleman in question—a middle-aged, fresh-coloured man, of short stature, who pointed with one hand to a seat, while with the other he received Godfrey's letter. He read it carefully, while the latter person remained standing ; and when he had got through, he held out his hand, saying,

"Take a seat, sir ; I shall be happy to be of service. What is your object in coming here ?"

"Employment," replied Godfrey.

"Of what nature ?"

"I hardly know," said Godfrey ; "I studied a short period at college."

"Ah!" said he, "a clergyman. The market is overstocked ; and they are a class of persons generally not much thought of here. We

are an active population, and have not time for sermons, and can employ our money more profitably than in paying for them. They generally say here, that whenever a man is too lazy to work he takes to preaching."

"You mistake me, sir," said Godfrey, smiling, and hastening to undeceive the voluble gentleman; "I never thought of such a profession."

"What then did you study for?"

"I only attended the philosophical classes for some purpose which my father had in view," said Selborne.

"Have you ever written?"

"I have attempted it once or twice," replied Godfrey, blushing slightly, "and I am told," said he, hesitatingly, "with some—"

"Worse and worse," said Mr. Forrest, hastily. "I think an author (and I mean no offence, sir) has not even the excuse of a clergyman for an idle life. The clergyman sometimes expects to do good, but the author cannot; he only pursues an idle and trifling occupation to gratify a congenial mind."

"I had some idea," said Godfrey, "that a demand existed in a new country for an improved literature."

"Not by any means," said Mr. Forrest. "No demand for the fine arts. The useful, and not the ornamental, goes down here. Besides, we import our literature."

"Oh, that makes a difference," said Godfrey. "You have to get it somewhere. You perhaps know that in Europe authors are held in higher estimation than presidents."

"I know it," replied Mr. Forrest. "It is not the case here. We are a different people. We look on life in a more useful light. We study men and newspapers, and they find us plenty to do. I always look on an author as an effeminate person, who has nursed his fancies till he is unfit for the world, and who follows an occupation in which not one man in a hundred attains eminence; and when, after a long trial, he is, as he is nearly sure to be, unsuccessful, he comes on a world which he cannot understand, and which it takes a lifetime to learn, and fretfully taunts it with a want of sympathy and appreciation."

Godfrey hastened to inform him that he had no intention of following authorship as a profession.

"Well, sir, I do not know at present any branch of business which is not overstocked. I shall, however, be happy to be of service to you. At present I am busy, but at any other time call on me. Good morning."

Godfrey left him, and walked leisurely down stairs, and out into the street; somewhat mortified at the abruptness of the great man, and much dispirited that his interview had terminated so unsatisfactorily.

"After all," thought he, "where is the superiority of his pursuit? It has the advantage only in being more usually successful. Well, I suppose, if his opinion is harsh, it is sagacious. I think, however, that my letter might have procured me more attention from its complimentary tone."

A surmise in which Godfrey displayed his ignorance of the world, for he should have known that great and public men are generally overwhelmed with such cards; and though they generally receive more attention from those who are less highly elevated, yet it is usually unaccompanied by the power to be of use. Consequently a letter of introduction is a draft on the person addressed, and considered duly honoured if it procure for the bearer a distant civility. This is safe as a general rule, which contains some bright and shining exceptions.

A TOUR IN ULSTER.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

Ulster History—Church of St. Sachelin—Hill of Tara—Banqueting Hall and Stone of Destiny—The Boyne and the Blackwater—Castle of Navan—An Irish Funeral—St. Columba's House at Kells—Oratories and Round Towers—Virginia—Cavan—A Bishop's Militant—Imperfections of Irish History—(Jones and its Antiquities)—The MacMahons of Monaghan—Massacres of the Seventeenth Century—Scenery of Navan, Cavan, and Armagh—Political Fortunes of Armagh—Contrast of its Present with its Ancient Condition.

POPULATED, from the most ancient times, as its name—derived from the Scandinavian god Thor—would indicate, by men of the North, hardy, unconquered men of Gaelic and of Scottish origin, the Rev. Cæsar Otway, an accomplished tourist, designates Ulster as “an eternal defile.” It is well known that its rocks and woods, and almost impenetrable fastnesses, enabled its chieftains to uphold a kind of savage independence long after the subjugation of other parts of Ireland. Armagh is also designated, in a fragment of Irish topography, translated by Mr. Hardiman from the “Book of Ballinode,” as “the Head of Ireland.” Kimbath, thirty-fourth monarch after Ollamh Fodhla, according to the questionable genealogy of the bards, built for himself, at or near that city, the palace of Earnham, or Earnania, “the potent or noble city,” and in its neighbourhood was the mansion of the famous Knights of the Red Branch. Pity that fragments of what we are willing to receive as creditable history, as the subjugation of the Milesian Tuatha de Danaans by the Kings of Tara, should be blemished by such absurd flat-teries as attributing the descent of Heremon, first Milesian King of Ulster, from Scota, daughter of the Pharaoh (Amunothph II.) who reigned when the Israelites escaped from bondage!

The Curaidhe na Craoibhe Ruadh, or military order of the Red Knights, distinguished themselves in the earliest war on record that was carried on between the Kings of Ulster—

When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,
Led the Red Branch knights to danger—

and Connaught, and which, originating in a theft committed by a lady and a queen, lasted for seven long years. It was in this war that Cuchillin, one of the well-known heroes in Macpherson's Poems of Ossian, earned poetic distinction.

In the fifth century St. Patrick fixed his see at Earnania, the cathedral, built of willows or wattles, being called Drumsailech, or Ardsailech, the church of willows, or the high place of willows; but the saint changed the name to Ardmagh, or the high place. The see of Armagh had been founded, and the Dalriads of Ulster had given kings to Scotland, before the death of Olill, son of Dathy, made way for the Hy Nialls, or Nialls of Iona, the name which sheds more lustre than any other on the annals of Ulster. The incursions and ravages of the Danes, who carried their arms even as far as Armagh city on three different occasions, first exercised the prowess of the new dynasty. In the eighth century the Nialls warred with Feidlim, King of Munster, and Kenneth, Prince of Meath. In the ninth, the Nialls themselves were already

divided into four branches—Hy Nial, who reigned at Tara, and the heads of the Tyrone, the Tyrconnel, and the Clan Connell tribes. Brian Boru subjected the whole of the Nialls, but after the death of Turlough, in 1086, they were recognised as Kings of the North, while the Kings of Cashell were acknowledged rulers of the South.

On the arrival of the English in 1171, the men of Ulster withheld their aid from their countrymen invaded in the south; but a synod, assembled at Armagh, traced, with all the prescience of an Exeter Hall meeting, the intrusion of the stranger to an impious traffic in slaves. Ulster, however, did not escape entirely, even at the onset. The renowned De Courcy undertook a conquest which he never accomplished; but he established English rule in frontier strongholds, from whence it was never afterwards, only temporarily, displaced. In the reign of Henry III. we find all the chieftains of Ulster summoned as vassals to join with their forces in an expedition against Scotland. The episode of the Bruces in Ulster was as transient as it was brilliant. But even then a handful of English held Carrickfergus for a year, and the battle of Athenry was, perhaps, one of the best-contested engagements ever fought in Ireland.

The first created Irish lord was an Earl of Tyrone; but even at that time (the fourteenth century) the whole extent of British territory was comprised within the four shires of the Pale. The marriage of Con O'Neill with a sister of the lord-deputy, Gerald Earl of Kildare, did more towards bringing Ulster within the Pale than all the warlike energy of the De Courcys or the De Burghs. The Ulster chiefs still leagued occasionally—sided with pretenders, such as Perkin Warbeck—but they were uniformly brought after a time to terms; and in 1543 O'Neill appeared before Henry, at Greenwich, and surrendered his territory and his national title.

The redoubtable Shane O'Neill, however, once more lighted up the glory and the renown of the family name. In vain were Earls of Tyrconnel created and put forward to rival the men of the red shields; in vain was Shane pressed on one side by the English, on the other by the Scots,—he defeated the one at Armagh, and drove the other into the sea. But Shane had a weakness not uncommon to his countrymen; he trifled his time, and weakened his political position, by temporising with Queen Elizabeth for an English wife. He was once more attacked, driven into his fastnesses, and there hunted down by Oge MacConnell, and treacherously slain by his own countryman and former friend and ally.

Another episode in Ulster history, scarcely less remarkable, is attached to the same country, in the noble struggles of Hugh O'Donnell, surnamed Hugh the Red, and the last of "the O'Neills;" against whom Sir John Norris and the favourite Essex were alternately sent to combat. The battle of Blackwater was one of the most signal disasters ever incurred by the English in Ireland. But although "The O'Neill" was supported by the Spaniards under the renowned Don Juan d'Aguila, the great battle of Kinsale revenged the disgrace of the Blackwater, and the last of "the O'Neills" died in foreign lands.

Almost the whole of Ulster was forfeited to the crown by the outlawry of Tyrone and O'Donnell, and the minor revolts of O'Doherty. The colonisation of Ulster, which had been attempted in the time of Elizabeth,

was effectually carried into operation, and Londonderry and Coleraine rose up as bulwarks of English power in the north.

In the Great Rebellion in Charles I.'s time, the Ulster chieftains once more made themselves masters of the country—its cities, towns, forts, and fields; nor were the massacres and horrors which accompanied the fierce civil war that ensued put an end to till the irresistible energies of Cromwell were thrown into the balance. The Irish loyalists of Ulster made a faint attempt at a rise against the Parliamentarians, and the Protestants of Londonderry immortalised themselves by a successful opposition to James II.; but the Battle of the Boyne for ever settled the question of supremacy in Ulster; and the skirmishes of "Peep-of-day boys" and "Defenders," in their comparative insignificance, form an apt and proper conclusion to ages of disastrous wars and family feuds, and, like the last "forty-police-power" insurrection, constitute a termination to such sad and barbarous scenes which is most fitting to the times we live in.

Notwithstanding that moral and political discontent still exists among a portion of the Irish population,—that agrarian outrages and acts of criminal violence still stain the reputation of some districts,—notwithstanding that national prejudices are still zealously fomented by many,—there is at the present moment a more hopeful future open to Ireland than perhaps ever presented itself. The resolute perseverance of an united legislation in the path of amelioration, more liberal feelings in regard to education, the relief of encumbered estates, the introduction of new and the awakening of old branches of industry, the greater interest taken by all classes in the welfare of a sister island, the intermarriage of races, and the transfer of property—the very progress of general civilisation—are daily tending towards that state of things which the preponderance of an industrious, sober, and loyal population ensures for the future. The new interest taken by majesty itself—the incorporation of an English prince into the Irish peerage, and the anticipated erection of a regal residence on the island—are not among the less notable signs of the times.

Greater intercourse with, and more numerous and frequent tours and visits throughout the length and breadth of the island, are not among the least interesting results that may be expected to flow from this new state of things. Few countries hold out greater temptations to the lover of the picturesque, to the artist, to the archæologist, to the man of letters, or to the naturalist and the sportsman, than Ireland. Its inland waters, its mountains and rocks, and its coast scenery, are unrivalled in this country, and in many points eclipse anything of the kind in North Britain. As these resources become more known, they will also become better appreciated. The pen of the tourist, or the pencil of the artist, can do a good deal, but it is the common voice of fame which has made the repute of Windermere, of Loch Lomond, and of the Trosachs. Yet England and Scotland have nought to compare in their particular line with Killarney, the Killarries, Ballybunion, Kilkee, or the Sands of Donegal.

Some years back I was induced, after a short sojourn in Connaught, to visit some of the less frequented and more picturesque scenes in Ulster; and, for this purpose, I purchased from a late much-respected magistrate in Dublin a very serviceable little pony, upon which I performed nearly the whole of my peregrinations; my sturdy four-footed

companion returning in as good condition as when it set out. It has struck me that at the present moment some little account of such a trip may be of service, first of all, as helping to make nooks and corners of much interest in themselves better known,—and still more so, as showing what is to be met with, and what is to be expected, on such a trip.

It is not unworthy of remark, considering the fine weather I subsequently enjoyed, that it was as late as the 26th of September when I left Dublin on my proposed excursion. My road lay by Castle Knock, a ruin of olden time, beyond which verdant ravines, amid hills of limestone pebbles, separated me from tall plantations and a modern house, connected with which I observed still more ruins of olden time. About a mile from Clonee I passed another mansion, with a very rack-rent-looking aspect. Black Bull Inn bore the aspect of a thriving farm and tolerably busy hostelry, and led the way to where a ruined arch by the side of a modern church announced all that remained of *Douen ach Sachelin*—"the Church of St. Sachelin"—a nephew of St. Patrick's, ecclesiastical preferments and holiness being hereditary even in those ancient times. Dunshanglin, as it is now called, has a general appearance of antiquity; part of its old walls still remain, and close by were the remains of a Danish fort, with a fosse of unusual breadth. Leaving single-treed Rath Oath to the right, the road wended hence between two hills, ornamented, the one with the ruins of the Castle of Skyrnes or Screen—in the chapel of which Divine service is still performed—and the other with the new church of Tara; both companion landmarks on the great levels of Meath, and both commanding extensive prospects.

It was not without some misgivings, suggested by the memory of the curse laid upon the place by Saint Ruan or Ruadan, that I turned aside to ascend the renowned hill of Tara; but the simple, the natural, and the beautiful language of Ireland's greatest bard, so in harmony with the scene, came to my relief. It certainly was in no small degree impressive, to be riding thus alone amid the ruins of a city where so many monarchs now murdered or slain in battle had been crowned. Irish antiquaries know no beginning to the genealogy of the dwellers in Tara. According to one, the palace of Ollamh Fodhla, a prince of the time of the Roman Republic, stood on the one hand; according to another, three raths or mounds to the left commemorated the greatness of the mythic princess Graine, wife of no less a personage than Fingal of the Mist—the Finn MacCumhaill of antiquarians. After thirteen centuries of ruin, with the exception of the pillar-stone on the mound of Forradh, nothing remains of the principal habitations of this ancient city but circular or oval enclosures and mounds, called in Irish *raths* and *duns*, within or upon which the said habitations undoubtedly stood. As the position and extent of these have been laid down by Dr. Petrie and Mr. J. O'Donovan on the Ordnance Survey Map, it is unnecessary to give details here. The ruins of the Teach Midhechuarta, or the renowned banqueting-hall of Tara, consist of two parallel lines of earth, running in a direction nearly north and south, and divided at intervals by openings, which indicate the position of the ancient doorways, supposed to have been twelve, or, with the terminal ones, fourteen in number. These numerous doors, and the interior dimensions (360 feet), indicate an Oriental or public life led by the early kings of Ireland.

The royal feasts of Teamor are, indeed, celebrated in the songs of the old Irish bards, from the time that Ollamh Fodhla first assembled the three estates of the realm at this place—when Cormac Ulfida, grandson of Conn of the Hundred Battles, revised the Psalter of Tara, and founded three colleges at the same spot—when St. Patrick was brought before King Logaire, to destroy the idol Crom-cruach and convert both the king and the archdruid—and, indeed, till the time of Dermot, great-grandson of Niall of the Hostages, when the enraged Abbot of St. Ruan went in procession to the palace and cursed it, and no king sat, nor poet sang, in its halls from that day forth.

The pillar-stone of Forradh, it is worthy of remark, is considered by Irish archæologists to be the genuine Lia Fáil, or Stone of Destiny, upon which, for many ages, the monarchs of Ireland were crowned; and the stone carried away from Scotland by Edward I., and now preserved in Westminster Abbey, is supposed to have no real virtue attached to it. The Forradh monument is, however, acknowledged to have been erected, where it now stands, to the memory of some rebels slain in an encounter with the king's troops in 1798. (It would be difficult to say what could have induced the Irish to make a stand at a place with a curse upon it.) The question is, whether this monument is the pillar removed from Rath Righ, and reported to have been there by Irish writers of the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries, or whether that removed for the coronation of Fergus MacEark in Scotland is the original. The chances are in favour of the Forradh stone being the original—the more especially from its pillar form; but as many black stones are known, both to Irish and to Oriental archæologists, besides the one sacred to Bacchus, and derided by Clement of Alexandria, the one removed with honours to Rome by Elagabalus, the one at the tomb of Daniel, and the other at that of Mohammed, so it may be fairly hoped that Great Britain is rich in more than one regal talisman, and that minus the curse of St. Ruan.

Torna Eigeus, or “The Learned,” a chief Druid at the time when first the King of Munster and Nial contended for the throne of Ireland, prophesied that the foreigner would sit upon the sacred stone. The translation is from Mr. Hardiman’s “Irish Minstrelsy.”

Sons of the brave, our day is gone,
Our destiny is spoken;
A stranger rules in Cashel’s rock,
Another sits on Tara’s throne.

I have not seen it remarked by any Irish archæologist that Meath signifies the plain that surrounds the hill of Tara. Camden, speaking of Scotland, says—“*Nicolæ olim in Maiatas et Caledonios distincti erant, id est in campestris et montanos;*” and the same writer adds, at page 561 of his “Britannia”—“*Dehen Meath, id est planities ad Austrum.*” The word has somewhat the same signification in the Hebrew and Arabic languages.

As I proceeded on my way, ruminating upon the past grandeur and crimes of Irish kings, I was aroused from my musings by a fire and the shrieks of women. It was a temporary shed, erected for drying flax on peat, that was in flames, and the flax burnt in fitful gusts with terrific violence. The figure of a man was prominent on the pile, and loomed out of the flames like that of a fire-king, while a crowd of women were

shouting and howling around. I rode to their succour, and did not leave this scene of foolish excitement till I had dressed the well-singed integuments of the too-zealous peasant, and had received in return vociferous expressions of gratitude from the sooty fair sex.

North of Tara the soil undulated, and presented greater variety of aspect. Several stately mansions rose up here and there, and the thickly-wooded banks of the Boyne assisted in giving to the entrance to Navan a general tone of luxuriance and prosperity. Throughout Ireland, within as well as without the Pale, the castle is, as it was in good old barbarous times in England, the chief feature of a provincial town. The never-ending wars of septs, toparchs, barons, or kings, so well sustained by the Anglo-Irish lords after their advent to the same country, just as if the warlike and predatory spirit belonged more to the soil than to the people, necessitated everywhere places of refuge and of defence. The greater number of the Irish castles were, no doubt, erected by the Anglo-Irish, for we find the men of Tyrone described, even as late as in the time of Queen Elizabeth, as seeking for shelter in their native woods and fastnesses, rather than in their cities and castles; and in A.D. 1544, when the sons of O'Donnell were fighting against their father for want of a more worthy antagonist, the Irish were still so unskilful in attacking forts, that Calvagh O'Donnell was despatched to Dublin to hire English soldiers and siege engines to reduce the castle of Lifford, in which the head of this respectable family had taken refuge.

The Boyne and the Blackwater have already been, and are again about to be, illustrated historically and topographically; so we must content ourselves here with intimating that, beyond Navan, both, though famed in history, are insignificant streams enough, flowing at times over naked limestone rocks, but without the picturesqueness of the Usk or the Towey under similar circumstances. The castle of Navan, or Athlumny, stands at the junction of these two rivers, and is a ruin of considerable extent. The more ancient portion consists, as usual, of a massive quadrangular tower, with keep or donjon, and circular towers at the angles. The more modern wing must have contained some splendid apartments. A castle which has been described and figured even in the "Dublin Penny Journal" need not detain us. The journal in question, it is but fair to mention, is deserving of all praise for having done much towards dispelling the ignorance that prevailed relative to Irish antiquities, even in Ireland itself. The prospect from the top of the castle was at once striking and comprehensive. Tara hills to the south; the shady banks of the Boyne, terminated by the hills above Slane and Cullen, to the east; the wooded Blackwater stretching upwards towards Kells to the north and west. The sites of Tara, Navan, and Kells were, according to a rude tradition, marked out by a witch, who, in the form of a pig, leaped from the one to the other, but was killed by the third saltatorial effort. Navan contains the usual public edifices of a county town: infirmary, gaol, churches and chapels, good inn, and a college; the students at which are distinguished by flat caps, bordered with fur, which are worn with an inclination sometimes forwards, sometimes lateral, sometimes backwards; but, in whichever way worn, look like a flat cocked-hat, and impart to the wearer anything but a learned or instructive appearance. A visit to the abbey, where were some curious tombs—one old slab,

remarkable for the bold relief of its sculptures—was disturbed by the approach of a funeral. The coffin, which was nearly falling to pieces, was borne by four men, so thoroughly intoxicated as scarcely to appear conscious of what they were doing. At one moment it was the head, at another the feet, of the unfortunate deceased that rose almost perpendicularly in the air—changes of position to which an occasional variety was communicated by a sudden lurch laterally, which threatened to deposit the defunct in the gutter. A crowd of women and children followed in the rear, howling their grief, and quite unconcerned at the extraordinary evolutions which the dead man was performing. A good-looking girl, observing that my attention was arrested by this strange scene, stepped up to me.

“Sure, your honour, you would not be standing there and seeing these poor men so tired with carrying the dead, and not lend them a hand?”

“Lend a hand, my dear!” I stammered forth in my surprise; “to you, perchance; but to that ruin of a coffin!” and shaking my head, I stole away like a fox when he hears the hounds in the distance.

It was market-day at Navan (I am always particularly unlucky in visiting country towns on market-days), and I saw a fine specimen of national enthusiasm in a man who was selling apples, stripped and red hot by his exertions, and filling the whole market-place with his voice. Another, trying a horse, could not do that without throwing the animal and himself from the slippery flags against a cart that was close by. Navan, I must not omit to mention, has a public well, sunk to the depth of only a few feet; but as at the time of my visit there were no means of drawing water adapted for the community at large, each family had a separate tin can tied to the pump, each by its own string; and the effect produced by this arrangement was, as may be readily imagined, more “cannie,” as a Scot would say, than “braw.”

I left Navan at an early hour the ensuing morning, when the mist was still abroad busy coating in sparkling white the autumnal gossamer and the late-leaved bramble; but the sun had attested his supremacy long before I had attained the point where the long lines of ruddy hawthorn and many-tinted ash gave way to the once border town of Kells. This sombre but clean little town was occupied by a detachment of cavalry and infantry enforcing the claims of the tax-gatherer; so it was lucky that it was merely my breakfast station. That accomplished, and the inner man being upon good terms with tax-gatherers and tax-payers alike, my first visit was to the home of St. Columba, or Columbkil, who must not be confounded with St. Columba or Columbanus, both doves, but the former the greater dove or the pigeon of the church. Nor was it without a feeling of deep interest that I visited the home of this zealous propagandist. Accident has thrown me frequently in his footsteps. I have visited the ruins of his monasteries in desolate rocks in the Scottish seas—I have shot wild duck over his supposed burial-place on the coast of Northumbria—I had ever appreciated in their fullest extent the blessings that flowed from that far-off seat of learning, the small isle of Iona—and now I was going to visit one of the earliest homes of this distinguished prelate. What was my surprise at finding a small commonplace-looking building, rudely thatched with clods of turf, and its portals desecrated by the ragged descendants of a family reared from time immemorial within the precincts

of a building sacred to celibacy and learning—one of the most interesting monuments in Ireland! At once an oratory and a habitation, like St. Kevin's house at Glendalough and St. Flannan's at Killaloe, St. Cólomb's house, so insignificant in aspect, may yet be classed among the most remarkable structures of Christian times now to be found in Europe. It is one of the earliest examples of cylindrical vaulting, and all its details, which, with a good illustration, may be found in "*Wakeman's Handbook of Irish Antiquities*," are replete with interest. The fact, however, that in those primeval times the heads of the church should have been at so much trouble and expense to build small but imperishable edifices wherein to dwell secluded in a crowd, or removed to some wild and dreary spot, as was the case with the oratory of the woman-hater, St. Senan, and that on Bishop's Island, so characteristically called by the Irish *Oílcan-an-Easpoig-gertaigh*, "the island of the hungry or the starving bishop," is as curious as the edifices themselves, rare and remarkable as they are. The oratories and round towers of Ireland are alike peculiar and unexampled. Dr. Petrie's views, which have been pronounced by Thomas Davis, in the *Nation*, with true national enthusiasm, to be the most learned, the most exact, and the most important ever published upon the antiquities of the ancient Irish nation, however much they have done to remove former erroneous notions, are far from being so completely satisfactory as has been imagined by his countrymen. In the main there is no doubt that the Doctor's views are correct; the question is, do they fulfil all that might be deemed the possible uses of such lofty, massive, and important ecclesiastical structures? Curiously enough, as if to attest by demonstration in actual times that a belfry or steeple may be erected apart from the church, the good people of Kells have erected a modern *cloig-theach* close by, but apart from the actual church, and upon the ruins of the olden place of worship. The round tower of Kells, ninety feet in height and forty-eight in circumference, with walls three feet in thickness, and a conical roof, is not one of the least interesting specimens of the kind. The cross in the market-place has been figured in the "*Excursions*." Both the letters and sculptures with which it was adorned are much defaced, and it is impossible to tell if the animals depicted were of this or of an antediluvian era. Kells abounds in interesting antiquities, but of the walls erected by Hugh de Lacy there are few traces remaining. It was evidently a spot more favoured by learning and religion than important as a military station; true that that distinguished "routier," Janico d'Artois, slew two hundred Irish at or near this spot,—that at the same place the O'Reillys made their submission to Lord James Butler (A.D. 1539),—that in the rebellion of O'Neill the same O'Reillys rose up and burnt the town (A.D. 1597),—that Mountjoy garrisoned it shortly after,—and that as a frontier town, and the seat of a turbulent sept, it played a more or less important part in all the great struggles among the Irish themselves and between the Irish and English; but still the home of St. Columba confers upon it the most enduring and the most exquisite interest. At Glenveagh a flat stone with four cavities is pointed out as the spot where the founder of the Culdees was born; on a rock of Fannal is the place where, armed with bell and boat, and lighted up with holy tapers, he cursed the rats and mice and even the beneficial earthworm. At Clonmany is a well sacred to the saint, and a stone with the prints of his knees; in Skye and in Iona and in Holy Isle are cairns which, accord-

ing to different traditions, cover the holy man's mortal remains.* There is no end both in Ireland and Scotland to local traditions and reminiscences of this early teacher. Mosheim has given his testimony to the learning of his followers, and states that they were the only divines who refused to dishonour their reason by submitting it implicitly to the dictates of authority. But naturally subtle and sagacious as they were, the Trinity remained to them an insuperable difficulty. "You must either affirm or deny," they said, "that the three Persons in the Deity are three substances. If you affirm it, you are undoubtedly a Tritheist, and worship three gods: if you deny it, this denial implies that they are not three distinct persons, and thus you fall into Sabellianism." Benedict calls this a fallacious and sophistical syllogism, and Mosheim a miserable piece of sophistry. It was certainly calculated to puzzle their hearers, for they accused those of Tritheism who admitted their view, and cast the reproach of Sabellianism upon those who rejected it.

The success of his ministry, and the number and importance of his pious exploits, stand upon record as undoubted proofs not only of the resolution and patience of the prelate, but also of his dexterity and address. Refused an audience by the Pictish king, Bradeus, the saint is said by the power of his word to have made the gates fly open before him. He also claimed the faculty of second sight, having told the victory of Aidan over the Picts and Saxons on the very instant it happened. Still, as Mosheim justly remarks upon these early conversions of the Irish and the Scots, "They must be very inattentive and superficial observers of things, who do not perceive that the fear of punishment, the prospect of honours and advantages, and the desire of obtaining succour against their enemies from the countenance of the Christians, or the miraculous influences of their religion, were the prevailing motives that induced the greater part to renounce the service of their impotent gods." In the church, as elsewhere, it is zeal, success, and power, that make the man. Self-denying holiness and meek piety may take up their dwelling-place in the monastery or in the hermitage, and die unrecorded, save above. Power, and not goodness, is immortalised by history.

The splendid domain of the Marquis of Headfort, founded by Thomas Taylor, who accompanied Sir William Petty to Ireland, and whose surveys he assisted in completing in 1653, give to the environs of Kells a highly cultivated and thriving aspect, and impart beauty to the ride to Virginia, which is a kind of dependency upon Bective Castle. This latter place consists of but one street, and is entered by a bridge thrown across a pastoral stream called the Moreen, which falls at a few perches distance into the Irish Virginia Water—olden Lough Ramer. The Rectory of Virginia is a beautiful spot, and a pathway through Lord Headfort's deer-park leads thence along the shores of the lake to the church. The lake itself is between three and four miles long and half a mile in width. The upper end is thickly wooded, and I observed that ruins of

* It is to be observed that the Irish dispute with the Scots the possession of the remains of the saint who in his lifetime turned his back upon them. They pretend that an epitaph,

*Hi tres in Duno tumulo tumulantur in uno
Brigida, Patricius, atque Columba pius,*

records the entombment of the three saints in one tumulus or mound at Down. It must have been a mound of singularly capacious dimensions that would have kept down three such restless spirits in the same sepulchre!

olden time graced its little islets. I had some difficulty in effecting my way through Virginia; it was, as usual, market-day, and the assemblage of grey frieze coats was something wonderful to contemplate.

Beyond Virginia I began to rise up the hilly land that divided the head-waters of the Boyne from those flowing into Lough Erne. The perpetual limestone of central Ireland dipped more or less to the south on the south side, to the north on the north, and that at high angles of inclination, cropping out here and there in barren rocky knolls. There were also many small lakes and bogs abounding in water-fowl.

Cavan wears a rather imposing aspect to the approaching traveller. A college or school of magnificent proportions, and a county jail, domineer over the town like feudal castles, and herald the way to a goodly city with wealthy shops, several churches, an infirmary, and other public buildings—and what is not of least importance to the wayfarer—a good inn and an attentive hostess. This city has acquired, somehow or other, a repute for loyalty, and having once obtained this repute, has been solicitous to uphold it. The fact is, that rebellions never prospered much in this accessible county; Cavan is without the defiles of Ulster, and was hence generally under vassalage. In the early part of the fourteenth century, the MacTiarnans having ventured to try their hands with Niall O'Neill, the MacMahons, the O'Kellys, the O'Ferrall's, and other chieftains, in a struggle against English rule, they were defeated, and five-and-twenty of their chiefs were taken and beheaded on the spot. One of the Reillys of Cavan was, however, so loyal in the time of the great Earl of Tyrone, as to be designated the "Queen's" O'Reilly, and at the head of a regiment of Irish cavalry he not only covered the retreat of the English at the Blackwater disaster, but he sealed his attachment to the English government on that occasion with his life. The O'Reilly's were certainly implicated in the disastrous rebellion headed by Sir Phelim O'Neill in 1641, but they sheltered themselves under a pretended hostility to the puritan or parliamentary party, as expressed in a well-known document drawn up by Bedell, the protestant Bishop of Kilmore, and called "the Remonstrance of the Gentry and Commonalty of the County of Cavan."

I wished on leaving Cavan to have proceeded directly to the picturesque scenery of Loch Erne, but the great tract of country which lay to my right, the exploration of which could not be made to enter into a proposed return by the eastern coast, obliged me to forego that wish for a time. I accordingly took the road to Monaghan, and that in so dense a fog, that I might as well have been travelling at the bottom of the said lake itself as far as scenery was concerned. Out of this mist great crowds emerged ever and anon, so close as to threaten bumps like, but more formidable than, such as are inflicted on a summer's evening by reckless black beetles.

A circular white gable end, a pig in the gutter, and an urchin crying, announced a village—Ballyhays, on the river Annalee—to every appearance cleanly and thriving, with an active resident landlord, and built as if upon some preconceived plan, of which a pentagonal market-place, roofs of peculiar appearance, and circular gables, constituted the more superficial and consequently striking features. As I was riding through this village, a man in a state of matutinal inebriety (it was scarcely yet eight A.M.), seized my pony by the reins, asking at the same time who I was, and then, before he could get an answer, which was somewhat de-

layed by laughter, announced himself as a son of Daniel O'Connell's. I subsequently learnt, to my regret, that this man was a schoolmaster in this nice little village.

A long, cold, dreary ride, part by the well-preserved demesne of Scot's House, lay between me and Clones. The latter was one of the oldest and most advanced positions held by the English on the borders of Ulster. When King John visited Ireland, he effected a division of the English Pale into twelve counties, among which neither Fermanagh nor Monaghan are included. But in the lifetime of the same monarch one of the heads of the church militant, John de Grey, Bishop of Norwich, more warlike than episcopal in his tastes and pursuits, gave a considerable increase to the Pale by the erection of the Castles of Athlone, Cael-Uisge, and Clones. As at Athlone, however, so at Clones, the patron saints of Ireland had a previous footing, and it is well known that the Irish in those early times put as much confidence in the anger of their saints for discomfiting and injuring their enemies, as in their own prowess. Accordingly, when the tower of Athlone Castle fell and killed Richard Tuite, one of the most powerful of the English barons of Meath, it was Saint Kieran who did it; and when O'Neill made an assault upon the English at Clones, and Meiler, the son of Robert FitzHenry, fell with many other English knights, it was the patron saint that inspired the deed. As to Cael-Uisge, nothing is known of it further than that it was given in charge to an ancestor of the family of the Costellos, renowned in war and in literature, and that one O'Hegny burnt it, after having slain an unfortunate Gilbert Mac Costello.

Ver mac atque, O tu veros cognoscis Hibernos
His duobus demptis, nullus Hibernus adest.*

I cannot help remarking here, that in all the histories of Ireland hitherto published scarcely an attempt has been made to establish the actual locality of sites and places of secondary historical importance. Even in as comparatively recent times as those of Queen Elizabeth, the campaigns of Shane O'Neill, and of the other chieftains of Ulster, are perfectly incomprehensible as given in Irish histories. We read, for example, that O'Neill moved his camp from Carrickleith, and, having crossed the Finn, he advanced into the heart of Tirconnell, and encamped at a place called by the Irish writers Bally-Aighidhechaoin. It would scarcely be imagined that the perfect comprehension of so simple a statement is very much impeded by the fact that the site of Bally-Aighidhechaoin in the sixteenth century is as unknown as that of Cael-Uisge in the thirteenth. I could bring a hundred other instances of the same superficial mode of writing history for the students of the nineteenth century. The fact is, that archaeology and comparative geography ought to go hand-in-hand; a careful study of the olden Irish baronies to be found in the published reports would assist much in the inquiry, but no history of Ireland is deserving of being so called which contents itself

* Bad Latin and an inelegant distich, which reads better in English :—

By Mac and O
You'll always know
True Irishmen, they say;
For if they lack
Both O and Mac,
No Irishmen are they.

A Tour in Ulster.

with passing over all that wants to be cleared up as not worth the research.

To return, however, to my subject. In 1211 or 1212 Hugh O'Neill attacked the castle of Clones, and burnt it. It was soon, however, recovered by the English; and the abbey, originally founded in the sixth century, was rebuilt, probably in order to propitiate the local saints. Clones abounds to the present day in remains of olden time; among the most interesting are three Danish forts, one of which is surrounded by three fosses, in which water is still to be found. Of the abbey only the walls and a window remain, but attached to it is a round tower of great height (eighty feet) and noble proportions. There is a remarkable cross in the market-place; and in the cemetery are several curious circular tombstones with sculptured crowns, flowers, hour-glasses, bells, &c., and inscriptions in Irish. It is to be hoped that an increasing appreciation of the monuments of the past will save them from constant desecration. The round tower of Clones ought to be under the especial protection of one of those public officers called by the Romans "*Curatores Cloacarum*." Yet a spring, said to possess antibilious (purgative?) qualities, was quite dry at the time of my visit.

The road from Clones to Monaghan is at its commencement as straight as if laid down with Roman precision; and there was no want of cultivation and country-houses to cheer the wayfarer. Monaghan, unlike Kells and Clones, has to rely for distinction more upon edifices of modern times than relics of olden. The church is a handsome structure, only just completed; a pentagonal tower of the old abbey stands close by. The court-house, with its two columns for a portico, would do very well for a porter's lodge in this country. There are cavalry barracks and other public buildings. The inn, as in all the well-frequented places hitherto passed through, is everything that can be wished for; but, as in other instances, the town itself is made up of one-storied cottages of the most humble description—mere huts of the peasantry, whose ambition, like the Eastern's, seldom soars beyond that of a leisurely independence, full of privations, and engendering discord and discontent.

Monaghan was the country of the MacMahons, a sept as pugnacious although less powerful than its neighbours. In the time of Henry VI., Manus MacMahon distinguished himself by his inveterate hostility against the English, and the Irish annalists tell us that he ornamented the enclosure of the garden of his house at Baile-na-Lurgan by fixing Englishmen's ghastly heads on the tops of the stakes of the fence, "hideous and horrible spectacles to the beholders." Another chief of the same family, Brian MacMahon, however, joined the English against his kinsman Manus, and marched with them against Armagh, where they collected a great booty, and levied contributions, without "making any distinction between laymen and ecclesiastics." Mr. Wright has printed, from the first volume of the "*State Papers relating to Ireland*," a picture of the condition of Ireland in 1515, by which we find the MacMahons of Irish Uriel (now county of Monaghan) enumerated among the independent chieftains of Ulster—"History of Ireland," p. 275. When, in 1539, the dissolution of the Irish monasteries had been resolved upon, the monastery of Monaghan, we are told in the "*Annals of the Four Masters*," was only destroyed by force, and the guardian and some of the belligerent friars were beheaded.

In the time of Queen Elizabeth, MacMahon, in imitation of other Ulster chieftains, surrendered his country to the queen, and received a grant thereof under the broad seal of England to him and his heirs male, and, in default of such, to his brother Hugh. But MacMahon dying in 1589, Sir William Fitzwilliam had Hugh thrown into prison, indicted for treason, arraigned, and executed in his own house. The whole of Monaghan was then declared forfeited to the queen, and was divided into estates, the chief of which were granted to Sir Henry Bagnall and Lord Blaney. It must not be omitted, however, to notice that some of Hugh Roe's kinsmen were implicated in this abominable transaction, and came in for a division of the spoil. Monaghan was invested several times by the great O'Neill, or Tyrone, as he is more commonly called by the English writers, but it was relieved by Bagnall on one occasion, and by the hand-to-hand struggle at Clontibret on another. In the second insurrection in the north that occurred in the reign of Elizabeth, Monaghan was reconquered by the Irish, and, as usual, with the more exposed frontiers, suffered most for its rebellion; for Mountjoy "finding MacMahon, chief of Monaghan, to stand upon proud terms (though otherwise making suit to be received to mercy), his lordship spoiled and ransacked all that country." The day of retribution was not long in coming, and most fearful were the reprisals of an insulted, a plundered, and a persecuted population. At the time of the great rebellion headed by Sir Phelim O'Neill, Brian MacMahon, the head of the sept, was one of the most distinguished characters of an insurrection which was characterised by more fearful crimes and disastrous incidents than any of the numberless internecine wars, the memory of which still remains attached to this unfortunate country, and the blood of which still ferments in many a dark and overshadowed recess.

"It is difficult," says Leland, vol. iii. p. 86, alluding to these massacres, "if not impossible, for a subject of Ireland to write of the transactions now to be explained without offending some or all of those discordant parties who have been habituated to view them through the medium of their passions and prepossessions." It is, perhaps, equally difficult for an Englishman to write, except in the language of horror and abhorrence, of such savage reprisals. Even at this distant period of time, I cannot but acknowledge that the memory of the massacres of the seventeenth century hung like a cloud over a country already sombre-looking enough by nature. The cultivated limestone hills that lie between Monaghan and Armagh, the old square-turreted castle and ruined abbey, met with half-way, afforded no relief. As the apparitions at Portadown Bridge appeared to the survivors, so women and children passed before my mind's eye, driven like dogs, and goaded with pikes and swords, till some dark river received them in its Lethe-like bosom, or they were hurried into an isolated hut, and there burnt in one sad crowd. It did not require much exercise of imagination to picture to oneself the Irish cow-boy, who could boast that his hands were so weary with killing and knocking down Protestants into a bog-pit, that he could hardly lift his arms to his head; nor was the sense of hearing so very perverse, which could revive the shouts of frenzied joy of Ligoole priests, as they re-echoed so Christian-like a sentiment as, "Oh, how sweetly do they fry!" or the ribaldry of the more ignorant, who took

pride in imitating the cries of the sufferers, and in exemplifying how the children gaped when the fire began to burn them !

Armagh, with the same dark pages in history as other cities of Ulster—as the capital even subjected to still more varying fortunes—suddenly rose above these sombre lands and melancholy thoughts, like a Pharos upon the Black Sea. Its pious and learned institutions, its homes of sanctity, and its strongholds of knowledge, justly entitle it to this advantage of position as well as moral pre-eminence.

Rising up the acclivities of a gentle eminence, crowned by the cathedral, which is built in the form of a cross, the tower springing up from the point of intersection of the four compartments, Armagh resembles most other Irish towns in its suburbs of huts and streets of cottages ; but there is one part of the town which is more aristocratic than the other, or, in other words, rather better off. Still the effect is the same—that of a congregation of dwellings around a feudal castle, only here the castle is represented by a cathedral.

The scenery of Cavan, Monaghan, and Armagh, it may be observed, possesses none of those striking features which are met with in most of the northern districts of Ulster ; but there is much, peculiar to each county, that merits close examination and well-deserved eulogy. In Cavan there are few or no level tracts ; all is hilly ; and the proportions of barren or moorland, and of arable or pasture lands, varies constantly. In Monaghan, amid much cultivation and extensive plantations, we have more levels and bog-lands ; indeed a proportion of the latter of nearly 30,000 acres to 140,000. In Armagh, again, with greater variety of surface and soil—for the perpetual limestone begins to vary in its constituents on proceeding northwards—we have only 20,000 acres of bog and waste to oppose to 158,000 acres of arable or pasture lands. The hills in Armagh also possess a gentle slope, and for the most part a fertile soil ; but still, with these natural advantages, it is impossible not to feel that, upon contrasting the cultivated lands of Armagh, and their neat enclosures, with those of the like natural features in some neighbouring counties, we cannot attribute the bleak and inhospitable appearance of the latter to anything but a neglect of that industry which has operated so conspicuously in improving the appearance of the first-mentioned more favoured county.

It would be an endless and unprofitable labour to record the battles that Armagh has witnessed, or the sieges, sackings, and burnings that it has undergone. A seat of learning, riches, and power, in the heart of a country of as fierce, predatory, and warlike a people as ever occupied a tract of land of such limited dimensions in any part of the known world, it would be a wonder had it escaped. The ravages of Danes and Norwegians are evidently not to be laid to this score ; but the rebels who murdered Murtough O'Lochlin, Prince of Tyrone, in 1196, a man who is described by his countrymen as the "destroyer of the cities and castles of the English, and founder of churches and fair sanctuaries," and then ravaged his chief city, fairly come under that category.

The Irish annalists tell us that the English, in the time of the rebellion of Shane O'Neill, plundered Armagh twice in the space of one month. This, however, was long after both church and monasteries had been despoiled of their riches. The Earl of Sussex was the first to fortify the city

against the renowned chieftain of Ulster, and that act was one of the subjects of bitterest complaint, as he pretended that it "entrenched" upon his sovereign rights. In one sense of the word, it most decidedly did so. Sir William Russell and Sir John Norris had also their head-quarters at Armagh. This was already a very different state of things to when the Anglo-Irish lords never advanced beyond the Pale except in inroads and forays, without any further result than keeping up the antipathy of races and impeding the progress of civilisation; but still the subjugation of Ulster by the English was owing to the never-ending treachery of all parties concerned—for so small a country, a military operation, if it can be dignified by such a designation, of the greatest duration perhaps of any on record.

The strong ramparts erected by Sussex enabled the garrisons of Armagh and Monaghan to hold out for a long time against their assailants; but in 1596 Tyrone suddenly marched upon the city and took it by stratagem. The English, under Marshal Bagnall, once more obtained possession of the metropolis of Ulster and garrisoned it, but only to evacuate it again after the disastrous battle of the Blackwater. Recovered by Lord Mountjoy, it was again lost, and became the centre of those dread massacres in the time of Phelim O'Neill, before adverted to. This chieftain, whose ferocity lent terror to his name, in violation of the capitulation, set the town and cathedral on fire and put a hundred innocent inhabitants to death, but he was himself apprehended, brought to trial, and executed in 1652.

The defection of the Lords of the Pale during the troubles brought about in England by the Parliamentary wars raised the hopes of the Irish chieftains, and especially of Owen Roe O'Neill, who had succeeded to Phelim, to the highest pitch—and that in Ireland is much higher than where imaginations are less exalted and judgment not so buoyant. Cromwell and his successors kept these rebellious lords in check; but the restoration of Charles II. effected another diversion and a change of interests. A transition which was again witnessed in an equally remarkable manner in the times of James II. and King William, when the supremacy of the loyalists was succeeded by that of the Protestants; and the cathedral, founded by the apostle of a church which upheld such vain juggleries as those of the staff of Christ, the purgatory at Devenish, the extirpation of noxious animals, and a thousand other extravagances, became the seat of the primate of a reformed Christianity.

What a change has come in the present day over past times! Those pious idlers,—monks and friars of all orders and descriptions,—regular canons following in the suite of St. Patrick,—Culdees, teaching the sophistries of St. Columba,—Franciscans, for whom Bishop Scanlan erected a monastery in 1261,—have long since been driven to climates more genial to a lazy and unprofitable sanctity. With them also have disappeared the homes of nuns—rich and fair; wealthy preferments founded by the holy apostle for the express benefit of his canonised sisters, Bridget and Lupita. The latter appears to have died with a conscience ill at ease; for, according to Archdall, in his "*Monasticon*," her body was found buried deeply under the rubbish of her ancient nunnery in a standing posture, carefully and closely guarded by two crosses, one before and the other behind, from the assaults of the devil!

In the lieu of these pioneers of an early Christianity are now a primate and clergy teaching to the best of their power the Word of God,—schools inculcating knowledge alike to all sects and persuasions,—a noble observatory, founded by Lord Rokeby, possessing a resident astronomer, Dr. Robinson, one of the most distinguished men in the world of science.

Would that the purifying and enlightening doctrines of present times were admitted throughout the length and breadth of Inisfail, the island of “evil” destiny ! If the Roman Catholic peasantry no longer believe in werewolves, they still have faith in the miracles of the church. If the fire of St. Brigid is extinct, pilgrimages to the purgatory of St. Patrick are still rife ; if the apples of St. Kevin or the ducks of St. Coleman are no longer to be found, holy wells and paths of penitence still abound ; pieces of rag are still tied to bushes by the wayside ; and if rats and mice have returned since the days of Patrick and Columba, the peasants of Clonmany still collect the earth of a mound sacred to the latter saint to drive them away. Ireland is still, as it ever has been, a land of ecclesiastical wonders and superstitions. It is a characteristic at once of the people and of a particular stage in the progress of society, which time will undoubtedly gradually chasten and ultimately obliterate. I cannot better finish this portion of my tour than by quoting the opinion of the learned historian of the church—Mosheim—upon the miracles supposed to have attended upon the ministry of the early Irish preachers :—“ The simplicity and ignorance of the generality in those times furnished the most favourable occasion for the exercise of fraud ; and the impudence of impostors, in contriving false miracles, was artfully proportioned to the credulity of the vulgar ; while the sagacious and the wise, who perceived these cheats, were obliged to silence by the dangers that threatened their lives and fortunes if they detected the artifice. Thus does it generally happen in human life, that when the discovery and profession of the truth is attended with danger, the prudent are silent, the multitude believe, and impostors triumph.”

A D R E A M

WHICH PRECEDED THE DEATH OF MY FIRST-BORN.

BY FRANCIS WYMAN.

Coming events cast their shadows before.

Campbell.

I SAW in my dream
A misty stream,
Form'd less of wave than cloud ;
And a baby boat
Was there afloat,
And an infant in a shroud !
With a sense of pain
I look'd again,
I sought that little bark ;
But it faded away
Into mist and spray,
Or was lost in the vapours dark.

A Dream.

Then myriads more
 Sped past the shore,
 And athwart the cloudy waves,
 Without oar or sail,
 Dead, and cold, and pale ;
 And there was a smell of graves !

And some, as they sped,
 Would turn the head,
 And gaze all woebegone !
 Then shrivel away
 Into quick decay,
 And leave but a skeleton !

Then it seem'd to me,
 That, in mockery,
 Each skeleton babe that pass'd
 At me did grimace
 With its bony face,
 And looks of defiance cast !

Still I gaz'd intent
 With wonderment,
 'Till all but one had fled :
 'Twas a baby fair
 That linger'd there,
 And look'd as 'twere not dead.

The thought that I knew
 That baby, grew
 Strong, nay, almost intense :
 As it near'd the shore,
 I knew more and more
 Its look of intelligence.

Through vapour and spray
 It made its way
 Close to the shadowy strand ;
 And that wan pale child
 Upon me smil'd,
 And waved its pretty hand !

And it paus'd, and took
 A farewell look,
 Sweet, solemn, sad and fix'd,
 As if 'twere the last
 It had power to cast,
 Ere with the clouds it mix'd !

Oh ! the anguish I felt
 As I saw it melt
 Into the shrouding haze !
 'Twas so like my child
 In its aspect mild,
 And its pensive, stedfast gaze

THE SPIRIT OF CHANGE IN SOUTHERN EUROPE.

BY JAMES HENRY SKENE, ESQ.

CHAPTER VIII.

INEVITABLE INSURRECTION AGAINST THE TURKS.

THE Turk is the true and worthy son of Ishmael. "His hand is against every man, and every man's hand is against him." He looks down upon and despises all mankind, except the chosen race to which he himself belongs, and which he conscientiously believes to be the greatest and noblest on the face of the earth. He equally dislikes the Christian, the Jew, and the Pagan,—while he does not even protect, although he ceases to molest, the renegade from any of these creeds to his own. When thrown into immediate contact with the Greek, he rarely ever addresses or speaks to him without adding the contemptuous word "kiopeck," or dog, to that of "giaour," or unbeliever; and the Greek appears to consider the words "σκυλι," or dog, and "Τουρκος," Turk, to be synonymous, as he uses them indiscriminately. There must exist very grave causes to account for the fact of two nations thus living together during a lapse of several centuries, without their mutual hatred having in the slightest degree abated. It is the curse that was pronounced on Hagar's son before his birth; it was followed, it is true, by a promise, at a later period, that he should become the father of a great nation—and it has been fulfilled; but the hand of his descendant is still against every man, and every man's hand is still against him.

The character of the Turk is so totally opposed to that of European nations, that it is with the greatest difficulty that it can be rightly appreciated by them. There is much in it which they are tempted to admire, and there is also much which they cannot help condemning; the former qualities, however, are generally connected with their manners and habits, while the latter are more intimately dependent on their nature and disposition. Their exterior is advantageous, and it seldom fails in inspiring respect on first acquaintance with them; but the soul that is within cannot be even partially unveiled without exciting aversion and disgust.

The Turk is commonly held to be honest; but Mr. Maundrell, who was some time at Aleppo, asserts that "he will always cheat when he can find an opportunity;" and they are often called generous; but Dr. Russell, another old resident, says they are "taxed with conducting all their transactions on the narrow principles of self-interest." Many other authors have also loaded the Turks with invectives; but they have little reason to complain, for even *their* character has found many equally zealous panegyrists. Sandys, a traveller in the beginning of the seventeenth century, says of them, that they are a "lazy people that work by fits, and more esteem of their ease than of their profit; yet are they excessively covetous; and although they have not the wit to deceive (for they be gross headed), yet have they the will, breaking all compacts with the Christians that they find discommodious." How much better this quaint old writer has penetrated into the real nature of the Turk, than some of the self-confident modern authors who vaunt their honesty! for

honesty and truth are the very antipodes of Turkish principles ; their manners are an organised system of hypocrisy and dissimulation, their study is not to suffer any expression whatever to be seen on their countenance, and their ambition is to be able to talk in a sense totally different from their real feelings and opinions without even the smallest appearance of insincerity. To tell a skilful lie they hold to be the height of accomplishment.

It is not unusual to hear the Moslem characterised as a good-natured, kind-hearted person ; and some even go so far as to assert his superiority in this respect to the Greek : these opinions may have originated in the greater facilities which exist for noticing the peculiarities of the latter, by whom, as in most countries, travellers are liable to be imposed upon and pillaged ; when all they may have seen of the Turks is their calm and solemn bearing, united, as not unfrequently happens, with singularly handsome and prepossessing features. The ingenuous and unsuspecting temper of an Englishman leads him naturally to account for such an exterior by the supposition that it clothes a contented mind, an innocent heart, and a conscience at rest ; but a deeper insight into the Turkish character will convince him that indolence, overweening pride, and degrading habits, have been mistaken for these amiable qualities ; the lassitude and satiety which are left by over-indulgence are faithfully portrayed in his listless attitude ; and the indifference which is engendered by the neglect of self-restraint is fully depicted in his dull countenance.

Among half-civilised nations, untutored ignorance is generally betrayed by boisterous and foolish levity ; but the want of education, and, in many cases, the imbecility of the Turk, are veiled under a mask of dignity and self-importance, which is not the expedient of the individual, but the confirmed habit of the race : for the whole nation possess in the highest degree what the French call "*l'air capable*,"—an expression as happy as it is difficult to translate : it is not a stoical frame of mind which supplies them with that air of gravity, and neither does deep feeling nor profound reflection in general lurk beneath it : the dreamy state in which they vegetate is not absence of mind arising from intensity of thought, but it is the formal apathy of habit which thus weighs, like an incubus, on the features and movements of the race. With regard to the real claims which the Mussulman possesses to the merit and reputation of good-heartedness, they at once lose all semblance of validity when they are confronted with the numberless instances of cruelty which prove the contrary. It has been remarked that he is kind to animals ; and that trait of character is usually considered to be indicative of a kind disposition. It is true that Turks have been often known to give money to bird-catchers, in order to induce them to open the cage and restore the captive to liberty ; but they keep the cage of their human slaves close enough. It is also true that the Turks boast of not making use of whips for animals, while they allege that the mere manufacture of such instruments of torture employs thousands of workmen in European countries ; but the wounded flanks of their riding-horses, and their sharp broad stirrups frequently covered with blood, give the lie to their pretended kindness to animals on that score. It is further true that the Turks protect from injury the herds of masterless dogs which infest the streets of their towns, and they often have food purchased for them ;

but, in the first place, these dogs are valuable citizens, for they act both as scavengers and police, keeping the streets free from garbage and filth, and serving to intimidate nightly depredators. Secondly, would it not be more to the credit of the Turks, if the bread which is thrown to these dogs were given to some of the starving Christian families around them; and would not that be the employment of their kindness of heart, did it really exist? For want and destitution are rife and open to view; yet that species of charity is far from being prevalent.

This phlegmatic temperament encloses a latent fire of energy, and is possessed of a degree of elasticity, a strong spring of passion, which, when roused, becomes ungovernable. The Turk, in whom this combination exists, is consequently addicted to excess in everything. His indolence, when forced into action, gives place to inordinate exercise; his temperance falls into unbridled intoxication when his habitual sobriety is once violated; his inert sedateness becomes impetuous fury when he is provoked; and his cold-blooded voluptuousness, which betrays no symptom of real attachment, condemns without remorse the wife of his bosom to the death of a cat, when suspicion fires his implacable jealousy. In fact, the Turkish character in this respect is aptly illustrated by the old adage, "It never rains but it pours."

When the lurking rancour of the Turks against the Greeks is excited into open violence, whatever may have been its first cause, it invariably falls into the old subject of contention, which is the difference of religion. The talented and munificent Philhellene, General Gordon of Cairness, who not only fought in the Greek revolution, but also wrote its history, says, in his excellent work, that "The insolent superiority assumed by the Turks was the more galling that it arose entirely out of a principle of fanatical intolerance, which renders Mussulman superiority singularly bitter and odious to people of a different faith." Indeed, when persecution on the part of the Mahometans becomes active and wholesale, it generally takes religion for its pretext. Then does the Christian trust in vain to his wonted humility and cunning; and nothing can save him but the immediate abandonment of the Cross for the Crescent. Property, family, honour, and life, are at once laid low before the fury of the spoiler, which is lashed into frenzy by its own consummation.

Apostasy alone diverts the attacks of fanaticism; and is it not then extraordinary that there should still remain a single Christian in Turkey? For such fits of raving bigotry are not rare when the Turk becomes a wild beast, and is satiated only by blood. Let it not, therefore, be wondered at that the Greeks should have become what they are, but rather let them be admired for dying as martyrs, or living true to the Cross, by whatever means that life, and that faith, may have been preserved to them.

Uskup, and the surrounding villages, situated in the heart of European Turkey, were, only four years ago, the scene of a most atrocious persecution of the Christians. Armed bands of infuriated Mussulmen rushed about in all directions, torturing and slaughtering those of both sexes and all ages who refused to embrace Islamism. To save their lives, some did so, but many fell victims to the barbarous mob; others survived, mutilated and crippled, to find themselves the only living members of their families, which had been inhumanly butchered. Such horrors in the present day prove the fallacy of the idea that the Mahometans have

emerged from their primitive state of ferocity and barbarism. This erroneous notion seems to have arisen from the fact that most travellers judge of the state of Turkey by that of Constantinople; and, from all appearances, there cannot exist a more deceptive criterion, for no one who has been in contact with the inhabitants of the provinces can shut his eyes to the conviction that the Mussulman is now as bad, if not worse, than he ever was.

Circumstances have of late assimilated to a certain degree the characteristic features of Constantinople to those of the other great mercantile towns of the Mediterranean, and not only a certain semblance of modernisation may have imparted to the casual observer a more favourable than just opinion of its inhabitants, but also the comparison with the large and condensed communities of other countries may have produced an impression to their advantage; for the vices and corruptions which seem to be the natural growth of all large cities and commercial seaports have but little hold upon the Turkish disposition, and this redeeming quality is more conspicuous in the capital than in the provinces, where their true character, displaying itself more obviously, is less difficult of being discerned.

The atrocities of Uskup called forth the most vigorous remonstrances on the part of the representatives of the great powers of Europe at Constantinople, and they were followed by a nominal admission by the Divan of the principle of religious tolerance; but even supposing that this declaration were acted up to, there would still remain numberless pretexts for persecution in the reciprocal social attitude of the different classes of the population. Were these changed the level would be obtained; and although the Greeks are undoubtedly superior to the Turks, both in numbers and in intrinsic worth, still the latter would not be altogether useless in the state as they now are. The Turks, from their innate strength and vigour of character, might become valuable citizens and subjects, were they deprived of their unmerited privileges and supremacy over the other classes of the population. They possess, indeed, a species of idiosyncrasy which is all their own; and this quality it was which raised them to greatness. It should be amply taken into consideration in the fitting together and adjustment of the different component parts of a new state of matters, because it is a powerful lever, which may shake the very basis of its own policy, as it has that of foreign states. This it was which brought Islam into Europe, sword in hand, against the *élite* of Christendom, and kept their banners and horse-tails triumphantly flying until they were lowered under the walls of Vienna and Malta. The *prestige* of their name thus became terrible in Europe, whilst it was impossible to withhold all feeling of respect from such a people.

Fear, therefore, probably first dictated the admiration which was bestowed upon the Turks three or four centuries back; but now that their history seems to be forgotten, even by themselves, there certainly remains little either to admire or to dread. Moreover, if the accounts given of them by the older authors, who still wrote under that influence, were entirely laid aside, it is probable that opinions would not now differ so much on the subject of the reputation they merit.

Yet, as regards the politics of Europe, the Crescent shines in its wane nearly as brightly as it did in its ascendant. Its very impotence has procured it friends, and these supporters lavish praise on it, in order to justify

its continued existence as a power. Were the integrity and *statu quo* of Turkey no longer necessary to European cabinets, the vices and debility of the nation, and of their government, would soon be discovered and acknowledged; for state reasons, as they are called, bring conviction with wonderful rapidity.

The fact is simply this: for the present, the sultan happens to be the most convenient holder of Constantinople; therefore he is a great potentate, ruling a powerful people, endowed with virtues and rights innumerable; his tottering throne must be propped up, and his sceptre, too weighty now for his feeble grasp, must be supported for him, even at the expense and trouble of an occasional expedition to chastise a refractory pasha and to drive him back from Syria to Egypt. But this policy is no doubt better than that of a neighbouring government, which promised protection to the said pasha, and, when the time came that it was required, withdrew, and left him to receive a severe lesson as to the value of his patron's friendship, and the power of his Ottoman master's ally. The conduct of England in her decided support of Turkey at least suggests the hope, that, when that support shall cease to be necessary or politic, the same straightforward determination will be displayed.

The decline and present abasement of this once great empire is principally owing to the check on all progress which is effected by its civil and religious institutions. These were not placed in so great a contrast as they now are with those of Europe when the Turkish invasion first appeared on its eastern horizon; but the western nations have made immeasurable strides of improvement, while the invader has remained the same: hence has arisen a complete incompatibility with the advanced state of the rest of Europe; requiring, consequently, extraneous means to keep it in existence. Three hundred years ago, for instance, the Osmanli was a far more civilised and enlightened being than the rude Muscovite of those days; but the effects of this stationary tendency of the institutions of the one, and the rapid progress of those of the other, have rendered the modern Russian greatly superior to the Turk. Again, the inherent nature of the civil and religious principles of Mahometanism is favourable to conquest, while it is hostile to the growth of concentrated power; therefore, as long as the Turks kept advancing, they were strong and mighty; but when they were compelled to halt, and to set about consolidating their empire, it fell back to a state of debility and decay. Thornton remarks of absolute governments, that "one of the evils, and by no means the least of those, necessarily accompanying despotism is, that it represses the spring of improvement which there is in society. Whatever talents may have been called forth during the struggle which despotism was making to establish its dominion, become stationary at best, or more probably retrograde, when once it has perfected its plan, and stretched itself out to repose on the summit of its power."

In military conquest, therefore, the Ottoman despotism was great and powerful, but in stationary peace it has become weak and decrepit.

When the Turks renounced the project of further invasions, the noble stimulus of glory gave place to the debasing lust of gain: avarice became what territorial ambition had been—the mode of outbreak which their fitful energy assumed—and it acted as the safety-valve by which the dangerous vapours of the Turkish orgasm were carried off. The reaction

of their phlegm must of necessity plunge them into excess of some kind : formerly it found vent in wholesale conquest, afterwards it attacked the substance of their serfs ; and instead of usurping kingdoms and empires, as they did in the time of their glory, they seized private wealth and fortunes in this their diminished field of oppression. Thus, the power of plundering their inferior, in order to bribe their superior, became the sole object of desire in every grade of the sliding scale of petty tyrants—from the lordly pasha to the paltry tshaoush. Such is the fall of the once great successors of the still greater Romans ; and, as far as the absolute domination of the Turks is concerned, Constantinople may become the tomb of the second empire, as Byzantium was of the first.

It is a favourite theory with some who have lived in those countries, that their population will regenerate itself without any previous social or religious change. They think that the inequalities which appear on the surface of the relative position of its different parts will gradually wear down ; and that the rough edges, to use a homely metaphor, will be rubbed off in the course of time. The Greeks and the Turks would then, according to this idea, live happily together in the mean time, and ultimately rouse themselves to the standard of civilisation of other countries. To this doctrine may be traced many of the erroneous ideas which dictate our present policy with regard to Turkey ; and it has been the origin of the inferiority of our diplomacy there, when contrasted with that of the other great powers, which openly repudiate this notion as an evident fallacy.

It may be asked how similar expectations can be placed on the mere effects of time alone, when the experience of nearly four centuries proves that they have produced a diametrically opposite result. The longer the Greeks and Turks have lived together, the less have they liked each other. Again, the blame of the oppression under which the Christians of Turkey now groan is even imputed by these theorists to the slave, and not to the master ; and the Turks themselves are also fond of asserting this paradox. The fable of the wolf which accused the lamb of disturbing the clearness of the water, when the latter was drinking farther down the stream, is here realised. The effect is taken for the cause ; and if the Greek cheats the Turk, it is because the latter desires to rob him of his share. The water which the lamb drinks would be pure enough if the wolf did not trouble it higher up the stream. It is said, that if the Greek would leave off the attempts to overreach his rulers, they might then come to a perfect understanding together, and, to use the cant expression of some politicians, finally amalgamate. The spontaneous regeneration of the Turks, and their amalgamation with the Greeks under the pre-*ent* system, are two chimeras which can only assume bodily existence on the conditions of a change of religion, a total renunciation of old prejudices, and complete oblivion of their own history, which could as reasonably be expected as the fusion of the southern states of North America with their negro slaves.

By such a consummation the condition of the latter would, no doubt, be bettered, as that of the Greeks might also be in becoming thus amalgamated with the Turks ; but it cannot for a moment be seriously supposed by any one sufficiently acquainted with the nature of the two races, as they now exist in the provinces, that such an event could ever take place, unless a previous reformation of the social compact between

them is effected, and unless a real and practical religious tolerance is established.

How can the Turks be regenerated as long as the Koran remains their exclusive law? Their religious faith, their social system, and their code of laws, all spring from the same source; and the current of any one of these cannot be altered unless the whole stream is diverted. Nevertheless, in doing so, somewhat that is good might be lost with what is evil; for there are many principles of Mahometanism which give weight and stability both to government and to morals. It is not to be desired that there should be an absolutely radical change in all these, some of which it would be profitable to admit in the purest and wisest legislature. Such, for instance, are its prohibitions against over-indulgence in wine, the injunction as to ablutions and cleanliness, the strict observance of the forms of worship, the encouragement of filial piety, the illegality of usury, and the obligation which every Mussulman is under to learn some handicraft, whatever may be his wealth or birth; as the late sultan Mahmound, for instance, was a maker of toothpicks, which he was in the habit of selling for the benefit of the indigent; and besides these, there are other similar precepts of Islamism which it would be a pity to see altered. An accommodation, therefore, of the institutions of the one people to those of the other would suffice; and an examination of the Turkish sacred book will prove that such an issue is far from being impossible.

There is no subject connected with the East on which greater errors prevail among Europeans than that of Mahometanism, the real spirit of which is altogether mistaken. The Koran preaches justification by faith, and not by works, although faith is diverted from the true object; it acknowledges our gospels to be inspired writings, and Jesus Christ to be the spirit of God, and the Messiah of the Jews; it admits also that he is the appointed Judge of mankind,—including even Mahomet himself,—and the future head of a universal religion, as well as that he was born of a virgin. Mahomet tried to prove that he was the Paraclete, or Comforter, whom Jesus had promised to his disciples, and asserted that he was sent to reveal what the Son of God had omitted, because “they could not bear the whole truth,” as stated in St. John’s Gospel.

These facts sufficiently prove the Jewish and Christian derivation of Mahometanism, unauthorised and inconsistent as the superstructure is; and, indeed, according to a catechism printed at Constantinople, the Mussulman’s creed commences with the following words: “I believe in the books which have been delivered from heaven, and the prophets. In this manner was the Pentateuch given to Moses, the Psalter to David, the Gospel to Jesus, and the Koran to Mahomet.” This view of the subject is not generally appreciated, however undeniable it may be. Could the last article of their belief be suppressed, statesmen might then look for amalgamation between the Turks and the Greeks; and were the Turks to renounce their Prophet, and further adopt the spirit of Christianity, as well as what they now admit of its doctrines, the only object might, and probably would, be accomplished. What is contradictory being then abrogated, its precepts might be inculcated, considering that its authenticity is already allowed. The object would therefore be to attempt to modify, if it be not possible completely to abolish, those of the Prophet’s dogmas which militate against Christianity; and these,

although weighty it is true, are few in comparison with the matter obviously borrowed from the Old and New Testaments. The Jewish and Christian religions are the foundation-stones of Mahometanism, and they are solid, however small and weak the edifice may be which the impostor raised upon them.

There exist already divisions and a class of sceptics in the very heart of Islam, and the Mahometan faith, as it descended from its Ishmaelitish institutors, and as it was propagated by the Prophet's sword, now meets with many a doubtful consent. For besides the number of recusants which must exist in every faith from the profligate attempts to adapt religion to inclination, another and somewhat more respectable scepticism has arisen, as many serious thinkers among them begin to ask the question, how a future sensual recompence can be awarded to spiritual virtue in this life, and how the purity, which deserves reward hereafter, shall only obtain there what it was considered a duty to shun here, and what the very success of self-denial renders tasteless. Here we have a step to a great reformation, especially in a belief which admits the immortality of the soul, and the benevolent character of the Divinity, as axioms. But the misfortune is that the Church of Christ should not be represented in these countries by a worthier branch than the Eastern Church is.

The superstition of the ignorant classes, the worship of saints, and adoration of the Panagia, or Virgin Mary, are so repulsive to the Turk, and so discordant with his ideas of the dead, and his contempt for the weaker sex, that the Greek Church, with her processions, relics, and other mummeries, disgusts him with these ostensible features of Christianity. With the Greek, as with the Romanist, it is not the Almighty or the Saviour so much as the Virgin that occupies the chief place in their devotions, and it is not in the nature of the Turk to feel any sympathy with the worshippers of a woman, but rather will he despise both the adorer and the adored. The state of the clergy also, whose corruption, vices, ignorance, and venality are well known to him, makes the true faith disreputable in the eyes of the Turk. Nevertheless, the reformation of Mahometanism may not be so remote a consummation as is usually supposed; but the frequent diplomatic notes and political manifestoes, which have inundated the East in the negotiations of the present century, are little likely to forward religious conversion. Let these rather insist upon the social equalisation of the Ottoman subjects, and upon the adoption of complete religious tolerance to be strictly enforced, and then the fall of the Prophet may be reasonably contemplated; but, as matters now stand, the Turks will not change, and the Greeks cannot. Their present relative position, however, is beyond the power of diplomacy much longer to protract; England may strive to prop up the crumbling fabric of Ottoman despotism, and she may lengthen the agony of the dying monster, but she cannot restore it to health and vigour. The absolute sway of the sultan must and will fall; his ejection from Europe is a vision; let his stay, therefore, be made beneficial to the population which he governs, and at the same time advantageous to his allies in a higher degree than it now is. If the latter persist in attempting to uphold his present system of government, some untoward and unexpected abruption will sooner or later ensue; limb after limb will be severed from the feeble and diseased carcase, and the only effect which the

friendly hand of England will be found to have produced will be but to have added convulsions to the pain of each amputation.

According to the cant of political speculators, "the balance of power and equilibrium of European states" will be sustained at the expense of much suffering in the mean time on the part of the unhappy population, and then will come the storm of rebellion and bloodshed, the violence of general disorganisation, and absolute uncertainty of the final result, which will thus make the scale kick the beam.

The Koran, besides prescribing the religious faith, lays down also a political constitution, a code of laws, and even a system of administration to be observed, while the unity of the whole gives to each of the several component principles thus blended together a degree of extrinsic weight above the real strength of any civil organisation which is not so intimately connected with a religious doctrine. Traditions also, which descend from generation to generation among the Turks, with inviolable consistency, invest their customs with the sanction of long duration and tried expediency, in their own eyes at least, if not in those of others; and to this peculiar trait of the people is the stability of their internal administration much indebted. Though not by any means the less respected, most of their institutions are now notoriously behind the state of the motley population; and though their manners and ideas seem to differ so little from what they are represented to have been in the time of Besbequius and other early writers, those of the Christian population have altered so much as to produce an absolute incongruity.

The system of taxation, for instance, in Turkey, derives its origin from the practice of the Arabs. It consists in a gross contribution imposed on the municipalities, who have the power of apportioning the amount among themselves, thus essentially forming a direct assessment; and each community, whatever be its sect, tribe, or social position, collects this aggregate sum fixed upon them by the general administration in the manner which it may prefer. The oppression here is in the amount, and the system could not be complained of, did it never exceed the just proportion.

Mr. Urquhart, who is the advocate of the Ottoman principles of government, and seems to be thoroughly versed in all its details, considers this to be the secret link which holds the heterogeneous mass together; he thinks, also, that the contrary system is the source of all the evils which are occasioned by the taxation of so-called civilised nations. But the fiscal scheme of the Turks has the disadvantage of taxing improvement, by increasing in proportion as the power of contributing augments; and it is also too arbitrary for an unsettled state of affairs, such as generally exists in Turkey.

The administration of justice is likewise intrusted to the different communities of which the population consists, the Osmanlis being judged by their Cadis, the Greeks by their Patriarch, the Armenians by their Synode, foreigners or Franks by their Consuls, and the Jews by their Rabbis. At the same time, all litigants, of whatever nation or religion they may be, have the right of appeal to the Turkish judicial authorities. This, however, is rarely practised except by the rich, who may have been outsuited by a poor antagonist, for then the venality of the judge turns the scale; whereas, justice being in the market, the competition excludes the needy appellant from this last resource of the law. It is also easy to produce evidence before a Turkish judge to convince him either way, if

it should happen that his opinion is not to be bought ; and as the pecuniary means are rarely on the side of the Greek, he generally prefers abiding by the decision of his own tribunal.

Moreover, it is a matter of religious duty with the Christian in Turkey to suffer wrong rather than refer to the arbitration of the "Un-believers," as St. Paul himself enjoins in his first Epistle to the Corinthians; and the Greeks so interpret the rule as to make it obligatory on their church. In this manner the contact between the various constituent parts of the population is avoided, and the proof of its working is, that, however unjust and imperfect may be the social relations of the different races here enjoined, they are not the less preserved even without the aid and support of a common system of police.

These are, without doubt, remarkable peculiarities ; and were the other institutions of European Turkey similar to the system of assessment and administration of civil justice, the problem might be nearly solved. Their criminal jurisprudence, however, is far from being fit to be held up for imitation, for here the benevolent principle of giving to the accused the benefit of any doubt which may arise in the trial as to his culpability is reversed. The Turks laugh at this scrupulous practice; and although guilt cannot be proved, if the prisoner's innocence is not beyond a doubt, he is at once executed—upon the principle that it is better that any number of men should be put to death, than that a real culprit should ever escape punishment. The practice of the pashas in the provinces, however, seems widely to differ from that of the law-courts in the metropolis, where proceedings appear now to be more reasonably conducted.

The mode of leasehold tenure of land between the Greeks and the Turks is generally on the basis of partnership ; the former being invariably the tenants, and the latter the landlords. In some points it resembles the feudal practice of the middle ages—the oxen, seed, and implements belonging to the landlord, and a proportion of the produce, generally equivalent to one-third, is the share of the cultivator, in lieu of his labour. But it has to be borne in mind, in considering this state of the agricultural classes of European Turkey, that the Greek peasant, who thus tills the land of a Mahometan proprietor, may still be working in the fields that belonged to his own family ; for, in many instances, the cultivators have remained as tenants on the soil which they formerly farmed as owners, and that without having ever received any price or compensation for the loss of their property. The appropriation by the Turks was rarely effected by any other means than that of usurpation ; sometimes glossed over by the semblance of a confiscation, on account of some pretended act of felony, or of a seizure of a mortgage on debt, of which no account is given ; but a fair *bonâ fide* purchase of land by Turks from Greeks is almost unprecedented. Much property had been obtained possession of by the pasha, by imposing assessments on the villages which they had not the means of defraying; and the alternative left to the inhabitants possessing property was imprisonment and torture, or a declaration that their lands were "Tchiftliks," which constitutes a voluntary renunciation of their right to the soil, and the acceptance of a moiety of the produce in payment for cultivation.

Ali Pasha of Jannina had taken possession in this manner of immense tracts of property, which, at his death, fell to the crown ; and the pro-

duce of these lands now forms the principal revenue of the Turkish government in Albania. On one occasion Ali wished to send a pilgrim to Mecca, and the conscientious scruples of a common *cadi* prevented the execution of his design, which is considered by Mahometans to be an act of devotion little inferior to that of going in person, but Ali was moved to it by the additional incitement of his mother having enjoined it in her will. The law prescribes that the expense of a proxy shall be met by the sale of a portion of the lands of the sender, in order that a positive sacrifice may be made in accomplishing such a vow. Now the tenure of all the property which was virtually owed by Ali Pasha was so bad, that the *cadi* declared he did not possess sufficient lands with a legitimate title to cover with their price the outlay required. So that the powerful and wealthy pasha was obliged to give up his holy intention for want of the pecuniary means, although his excessive avarice devised, and had recourse to, every lawful and unlawful expedient for extortion and confiscation.

He was even prompted by his insatiable thirst of gold to enter into engagements with astrologers, and to fit up a laboratory, for the purpose of labouring in search of the philosopher's stone and of the elixir vitæ; as he aimed at the attainment of immortality as well as great wealth. They did not satisfy his wish on either point; but he was, nevertheless, immensely wealthy, and lived to the age of eighty-two, when his head was sent to Constantinople by desire of Sultan Machmoud. These alchemists, however, were kept at work during five years, and, as they had not succeeded, he had their heads cut off, and their utensils thrown away.

The cruelty of Ali Pasha gives a sufficient demonstration of the evils the people are exposed to in Turkey, where the character of their immediate governor is prone to such excesses. This noted Tissaphernes of Albania was in the habit of saying that his mind and genius resembled those of Napoleon Bonaparte; but the accounts of him which have been authenticated would rather suggest a comparison with Nero. He certainly was, like both of those emperors, one of the most remarkable characters of his age; and, according to his own assertion, he was the second of his race who had raised himself to power, as he traced his descent from the great Albanian conqueror, George Castriot, better known by the name of Scanderbeg, and styled by himself Prince of Epirus. The atrocities and enormities which Ali Pasha committed baffle all description; for, not satisfied with the power of arbitrarily disposing of human life, without further trial and judgment than the report of the accuser, he was in the habit of adding to the pains of death the most excruciating tortures. And, indeed, most of the pashas still regulate the grade of suffering which is inflicted at the execution of the condemned. One public proof of this still existed at Jannina, not many years since, in an elevated log of wood covered with sharp iron hooks, which occupied a conspicuous position in the town. On this most barbarous instrument of torture, criminals, real or supposed, were flung naked, to suffer a lingering death; enduring often to the second or third day before a period was put to their agony. This infamous scaffold was removed by the worthy Mustapha Pasha, who subsequently governed the province; and, to his infinite credit also, he much modified the previous practice in Albania in respect to executions and tor-

tures. Mustapha was a man of a mild and humane disposition, and the pashalik, which was fortunate enough to be intrusted to his charge, was, for the time, relieved from the general pressure of the barbarous tyranny of the Turks ; but such are rare exceptions.

An instance of the atrocious ferocity displayed by Turkish authorities, in the torturing of unhappy victims against whom little, if any, cause of guilt can be shown, took place at Salonika. Such cases have now ceased to be so frequent in the capital, and travellers thence infer that they have become obsolete in Turkey ; but in the provinces it is different, for events like the following are there of not unfrequent occurrence, and they speak for themselves. The wife of a Moslem officer had been murdered, with her two children and her niece, during the night, but no trace was found to lead to the discovery of the assassins. The pasha recurred, without hesitation, to the unwarrantable expedient of putting to torture the whole of the Greek inhabitants of the street where the crime had been committed. These unfortunate wretches, as little cognisant of the murder as the pasha himself, were chained by the neck in an upright posture, so as to prevent their changing their attitude without hanging themselves. For twelve days, under this infliction, they persisted in denying any guilt, and a new torture was resorted to. Heated iron collars were put round their necks, although, unfortunately for them, neither hot enough nor tight enough to produce death by burning the arteries of the neck ; they were then laid on their backs, and charcoal fires lit on their bare chests ; their temples were compressed with screws ; and they were pricked with red-hot needles. At length the English consul, having been apprised of these detestable barbarities, remonstrated with Mustapha Pasha, then Vizier of Jannina, and the superior of the brutal pasha who had ordered these horrors ; his interference prevailed, and the wretched sufferers were released. But this result was entirely owing to the fortunate circumstance of the governor being such a man as Mustapha, whose philanthropic character and kind disposition are almost unique in Turkey.

Captain Best, in his tour, illustrates the terror which the Turks inspire among the Greek rayahs, by an anecdote quite in accordance with the state of feeling in the provinces, and the hardships which occasion it. A poor woman in the village of Kidros had with some reluctance admitted him into her cottage, and, on discovering that he was not a Turk, exclaimed, " We should not have been afraid of you had we known who you were : you are Christians and friends : but, fearing you might be Turks, we were cautious ; for when they come to our village, they take forcible possession of our houses, turn us out, eat up all our food, kill our poultry, seize upon whatever we possess, and then pay us by beating our men and illtreating our females." Another English tourist, Mr. Jones, notices the fact of a woman dangerously ill of fever being thus turned out of her cottage in the night by his Turkish guide, in spite of his remonstrances in her favour,—and this took place at Petzali, near Jannina.

Such treatment as this must rouse the spirit of the most pacific nation ; and in the breast of the Greek the desire of revenge burns like a volcano. Even the love of their native land, in them so peculiarly strong, as in most mountain races, is counterbalanced by their aversion to the Turkish domination ; and the conterminous countries, such as Greece

and the Ionian Islands, are the resort of great numbers of refugees of all classes, whom I have often seen and conversed with. The poorer of these often beg their bread in exile,—for they are now as much foreigners in Greece as they are in the Ionian Islands,—rather than return to their native villages, in European Turkey, where they probably possess lands and houses. As a plea for their mendicancy, some of them give the wish to make up a sum which will suffice to bribe the Turkish head of their district to allow them to remove also their wives and children. Could such a state of matters exist were there no ground for the accusations against the Turks? The Greeks, of all people, would be the least disposed to expatriate themselves unless driven to it by unbearable oppression; as, independent of their keen feelings for their paternal home, they are sufficiently awake to their own interest to prevent their yielding to anything short of the hard necessity to abandon their property.

Now that a spirit of change pervades every country in Europe, that which has always existed in the Turkish provinces becomes more than ever alarming. Matters cannot go on in their present state; and if prompt measures be not taken to relieve the Greeks, a civil war will inevitably break out, bringing in its train serious embarrassments to the great powers of Europe.

ON AN OLD RAILWAY ENGINE.

BY J. P. ANTHONY.

THOU rusty ruin,
Thou piece of fallen greatness, that no more
Thy flight pursuing
Shall through the land like raging monster roar,
Or the deep bosom of the earth explore!

Thou look'st so quiet
That we may scarcely deem that thou hast been
A thing of riot:
The foremost actor thou in many a scene,
Wherever tumult, sometimes slaughter, 's been.

A monstrous fier,
That swift as lightning o'er the earth did sweep
On wings of fire,
Affrighting night—cleaving the darkness deep;
Thy burden mortals, some in trusting sleep.

And now art branded
As doubtful, dang'rous—and thus cast away,
Like monster stranded—
To fancy's eye—upon the shoal decay,
Thou used-up screamer that hast seen thy day.

And never more
Shall the woods echo to thy fiend-like yell,
Nor thy uproar
In caverns dark ten thousand echoes swell,
Like fearful discord of tumultuous hell.

Hush'd, and for ever,
Thy horrid voice—thy soul-appalling scream;
And thou shalt never
Fright Naiad more from fount or forest stream,
Or rustic rouse from Sleepy Hollow's dream.

A FORTNIGHT ON THE LOIRE.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

I.

THE attraction which Paris has had for me is of old date.

It is no easy thing—though in this changeable world it occasionally happens—to be disenchanted with one's first love. The current of time, or the force of circumstances, may have swept away much of the illusion which, in early life, is mistaken for reality; but something always lingers to the last, some fragments remain, to show that what our soul was once bound up in, was after all worth loving.

So it is with a great city. The novelty may have long since disappeared,—a multitude of untoward or painful events may have chanced,—its aspect may have completely altered,—but in the past there is still a charm which can never be forgotten.

It was certainly owing more to the past than the present that the pleasure was attributable which I felt, a few weeks since, in once more treading the streets of Paris, after an absence of about three years. The architectural embellishments remained the same, the treasures of art and science were as accessible as of yore; but all the life and spirit, all the gaiety and animation, all the picturesque movement which characterised the once lively Parisians, appeared to be entirely gone. The *cafés* on the Boulevards presented the same showy outside, but there was a sad falling off of *habitués*; the shop-windows were filled as usual, but the doors seemed hermetically sealed, no customers venturing to break the spell; and as I passed I fancied I saw the identical *objets* which had caught my attention when last I was in Paris. The only novelty was a larger *étalage* of "*chemises d'hommes*," a branch of trade which has probably increased since the *prolétaires* set themselves up for shirt-wearers. Of this class—I mean the *prolétaires*—for shirt-wearing is, perhaps, not general even yet—the numbers were immense, but they were exceeded by the hosts of dirty, lounging, idiot-looking soldiers, who, having no occupation at present save that of mounting guard here and there, devote their leisure to a close examination of the contents of every *boutique* in the principal thoroughfares. Curiosity has always been a prominent feature of the Parisian, but in that curiosity there used to be an air and manner, a significant gesture or spoken word, which rendered it legitimate; the same tendency to stop and stare exists now, but it is in a dull, gaping, wondering way, as if the object seen were beyond the comprehension of the gazer. In a word, the purely idle man *d'autrefois*, who enjoyed himself upon nothing, and by his *insouciance* contributed not a little to the enjoyment of others, has entirely disappeared; and his place is badly supplied by a clumsy imitation, on the front of which is stamped the word "Republican."

This changed aspect is apparent everywhere, but more particularly in the Palais Royal and the Tuileries. If it were not for the *Trois Frères* and old *Véry*, the former would be thoroughly done up. Chévet, it is true, holds out in his well-known corner; but though his shop is filled with good things, *gélinites* from the Ardennes, *ortolans* from the Pyre-

nees, pheasants from Chambord, trout from the lake of Geneva, and rare *légumes* from Holland—he stands amidst his wares with the mournful air of a Marius in the ruins of Carthage. He has been so long in the habit of purveying these things, that to do so still has become a necessity of his existence. He freely admits that nobody comes to buy anything now. “Il n’y a plus de luxe, monsieur!” he says with a sigh; but, taking refuge in a Frenchman’s unfailing expedient, he adds: “Que voulez-vous?” and, yielding to fate, he buries himself daily beneath a hecatomb of unsold dainties. Chévet’s shop is the finest study in the world for a painter of still life, and Chévet himself is, unfortunately, in every sense of the word, its presiding genius. There are quite as many glittering ornaments, quite as many variegated dressing-gowns, quite as many money-changers’ *comp-toirs* in the Palais Royal now as formerly; but diamond necklaces, lory-bird costumes, and English bank-notes, are not to be had without their equivalents, and the aspiring youths in *képis* and brick-red trousers, who constitute the bulk of the loungers there, are not yet in a condition to offer them; the time has not yet come for them to “spend half-a-crown out of sixpence a-day.”

On the other side of the Rue St. Honoré,—that is to say, in the Place du Carrousel,—the change is even greater. Beneath the lateral arches of the *Arc de Triomphe* there used to stand, within my recollection, the splendidly equipped and martial-looking soldiers of the *Grenadiers à Cheval*; this, however, was as far back as the time of the elder Bourbons; these were replaced by the troops of the citizen king, showing a change indeed, but still giving to the old palace an aspect of guarded royalty; now the Triumphal Arch is left to take care of itself,—the *guichet* is closed, and what soldiers there are to watch over the Tuileries are stationed at the entrances on either side of the square, to prevent, in these times of republican liberty, the free passage across, which was unimpeded in the days of an absolute monarchy. So literally do the new custodians interpret their *consigne*, that they not only refuse admission in the least courteous manner, but warn the stranger to quit the spot without a moment’s delay,—the privilege of gazing on these admirable troops from the pavement of the Rue de Rivoli being an interdicted pleasure. When these gallant fellows, however, are off duty there is no such restriction, and in the square of the Carrousel he may, if he pleases, gaze his fill at the apartments on the *rez de chaussée*, where they are quartered, and where he may see at an open window, as I did, a black man in his shirt-sleeves giving lessons in fencing, to the great delight of a gaping crowd outside. How the rest of the palace is tenanted I cannot pretend to say. Since the last revolution it has served the purposes of an hospital, a barrack, and an exhibition,—and before it is restored to its original destination, it may very probably be converted into a prison or a *maison de santé*. The gardens of the Tuileries are nursery-gardens to as great an extent as ever; the same old women lie *perdues* in them, behind the trees, ready to pounce down with unerring aim on the occupants of chairs; and seedy-looking individuals, who do not even disdain to beg, are as numerous there as elsewhere.

Before the revolution of 1830, the Swiss sentinels suffered none to enter the gardens who wore a casquette or blouse, or carried a bundle; and when the three glorious days were past, instead of the *consigne* being “On n’entre pas en casquette,” it was made a joke to say, “On

n'entre pas *sans casquette*." This has been improved upon in practice since the establishment of the republic, though there is no *mot* extant on the subject,—and if any one were desirous now of taking in at a glance the dirtiest and most ragged of the population, the gardens of the Tuileries, the Place de Concorde, and the avenues of the Champs Elysées, would offer him the finest opportunity of any part of the capital.

I have spoken only of those parts of Paris which, though they lie in a small compass, offer more amusement to the stranger than all the rest of the city; but a wider survey only confirmed the first impression. It was decidedly not worth while to linger in a place where nothing—not even an *émeute*—was going on; the time of the year, about the middle of September, when nobody is *censé* to be in Paris, was also against a protracted visit; so the party, of which I formed one, bidding adieu to such of the withered trees of liberty as had not yet been rooted up by order of the *préfet de police*, set out by the Orleans railway to pass a fortnight amongst the vineyards and châteaux on the Loire.

II.

No one requires to be told that the motto of republican France is "*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*." It is written on every public building and on every *pan de mur* that is long enough to hold it and clean enough to allow it to be visible. The only place where I observed it shorn of its fair proportions was on the outside of the Elysée Bourbon, in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, and there the word "*Fraternité*" was rather ominously huddled into a corner, like an afterthought, or an impossibility.

It is as well to accept this conclusion generally, for the thing itself is not to be met with. Neither can I say much for the application of the other high-sounding phrases. "*Egalité*" abounds, but it is not the equality which elevates: it does not raise the lowly from a debased condition, but brings down that which was above it to its own fallen state. As to "*Liberté*," whoever happens to meet with it must be a person singularly endowed. So far are they in France from taking off restrictions, that, with every move or improvement to make man a freer agent, a clog is added to counterbalance the gain. Take, for instance, the system in operation at all the French (as at the German and Dutch) railway stations. As soon as the traveller's ticket is taken, and his *excès de bagages* paid for (an inevitable result, let him travel in the very lightest marching order), he is admitted, *à travers* a file of armed men, into the waiting-room for which he has qualified.

These rooms are well enough of themselves, except for a paucity of light, which either enters from the roof or from the side remotest from the trains, and then they are placed so high as to be inaccessible; but though the couches and *fauteuils* are of oak and velvet, and all the decorations in excellent taste, the place is at the best but a pen from whence there is only one exit, and that at a given signal. As a matter of convenience to the railway authorities, and as a means of diminishing confusion, the arrangement is not a bad one, but the *morale* of the affair is at variance with one's preconceived notions. With "*Liberty*" staring one out of countenance at every turn, it seems something like an infringement

of it to be driven *nolens volens* into a corner, to be let loose only at the will and pleasure of a grim official, and whether for good or evil it seems to show that the genius of the country is in favour of restraint. You may dance if you please, but you must dance in fetters.

Although circulating libraries are not yet established at the French railway stations, cheap literature and newspapers without end are to be bought there, to beguile the time on the journey should it chance to hang heavily on hand. This was not likely to happen with us, for, though the country we were about to visit was not altogether new, the way to it was; and as we were whirled along through the rich orchards and smiling gardens which surround the numerous country-houses on the south side of Paris, it was impossible not to enjoy the scene. The weather was magnificent, the sun shone brilliantly in the clear blue sky, and the air was pure, fresh, and invigorating.

It is this lightness of the air which, more than anything else, offers the greatest contrast between France and his own country to an Englishman's sensations. It is to this air, in my opinion, that the French are indebted for that volatile quality which is the most amusing part of their character. There is a pressure upon them just now, they are exhausted with their internal political struggles, their losses have been heavy and their prospects are gloomy enough, but the national elasticity is unimpaired. Paris, the mirror in which all France is reflected, may for a time present a clouded aspect, but the vapours will pass away and the polished surface shine brighter than ever. My theory with respect to France may be a fanciful one, but I look upon her as the country created to keep the rest of Europe from stagnation. Her vivacity may occasionally be too mercurial for her more sober neighbours, but the quicksilver that flows in her veins is a happy set-off to the more solid metal of which other nations are composed. To extinguish the French character—if such a thing were possible—would be like putting down Punch: if the sprightly, malicious, unscrupulous puppet were finally knocked on the head, we should never laugh again.

The rate of travelling on such of the French railways as have been open for any length of time is nearly, if not quite, as fast as with us, express-trains of course excluded, there being no *convoy de vitesse* except for special purposes. It took us, therefore, only three hours to get to Orleans, passing through a country which for the greater part of the way was not only full of beauty, but abounded in objects of interest. It was not long before we were in the midst of the vineyards which skirt the Seine, and, as the vintage had not yet begun here, we saw them in the full glow of their golden leaves and purple clusters. The apple-trees, which were dotted along the line, were perfect pictures, and seemed as if they had served as models for the illuminators of old manuscripts, where the minute painting of flowers and fruit was carried to the extremest point of fidelity to nature. Then came sunny gardens shedding the perfume of mignonette and autumnal roses, and gleaming with the brightest and richest hues of many-tinted dahlias. At intervals were modern châteaux, the spires of antique churches, and here and there some relic of a feudal time,—such, for example, as the lofty tower of Monthéry, beneath which the bloody battle was fought that sufficed for the military fame of Louis XI., or the singular ruin opposite to Etampes, called Guinette, magnificent still in spite of the fissures which have cloven it half way down. Before we

reached this town, famed once for being an *appanage* for royal mistresses, but destined for a better celebrity by an event which has lately taken place within its walls, we observed the old *château* of Mesnil-Voisin, the property of the late unhappy Duke de Choiseul-Praslin, not otherwise noticeable, however, than as it recalled the fate of its owners. What adds to the interest of Etampes is the story of its four brides, the daughters of a once wealthy manufacturer named Bechu. From the wreck of an immense property considerable fortunes had accumulated for each of these young ladies, and they were constantly sought in marriage, but they resisted every solicitation, declaring that they would not change their condition until every claim upon their late father's estate was satisfied. The sums which they laid by for this purpose at length reached the required amount, and only a few weeks since the whole was liquidated to the uttermost farthing. They then felt themselves free, and no longer hesitated to give their hands to those who had sought them in marriage. All four were married on the same day, and it is a question if the old town of Etampes ever witnessed greater rejoicings. It may safely be affirmed that more genuine ones never took place.

There is a good deal in Etampes to gratify the antiquarian besides the walls of Guinette, which date from the eleventh century, and such is to be found in its ancient church of Notre Dame, its leaning tower of St. Martin, its turreted Hôtel de Ville, and the number of houses in the town which date from the period of the Renaissance. We could not, however, afford to stop on the threshold of the Loire, as it was our purpose to reach Blois that evening, so we contented ourselves with the ten minutes' survey allowed by the stoppage of the train, and then pursued our route across the wide plains of La Beauce, rich in garnered corn, and swarming with game. At the precise moment indicated in our "Foreign Bradshaw," we stopped in the *Gare* at Orleans.

III.

THOUGH our purpose was only to pay a flying visit to the city to examine its most remarkable monuments, we were under the necessity of taking all our baggage with us, as if we had contemplated a twelve-month's residence there. The reason assigned for this was the want of accommodation in the station, the railway officials observing, that if it were left in their care, the chances were it would either find its way back to Paris or on to Lyons. It is more than probable, however, that a better reason might be found in the desire to encourage the omnibuses which ply between the railway and the hotels, for the fares were more than doubled by the arrangement. We submitted, therefore, to what could not be avoided, and a ten minutes' drive deposited us at the old-fashioned but comfortable hostelry of the *Boule d'Or*, the substitute for the Hôtel de France, in the Place du Martroy, which was then—like most things in Orleans—undergoing repairs.

After an excellent breakfast, in which a conspicuous part was supplied by some very meritorious *saucissons* (though the wine which accompanied them was of the bluest, as our discoloured lips testified), we proceeded to visit the town. What there is to be seen in Orleans lies in a small compass, and the new street, called after Joan of Arc, facilitates the search, as the objects of chiefest interest are grouped at each extre-

nity, almost in a straight line. The cathedral, whose towers are visible so far off on every side of the city, attracted us first. We were standing on the *parvis* in front of the western entrance, and had just begun to compare opinions on this light and graceful but not over pure specimen of Gothic architecture, which dates only from the commencement of the seventeenth century, when we perceived a party of three persons approaching, the leader of whom was a very dandified young man of about one or two and twenty, evidently cultivating his first moustache, and, no less evidently, on the very best possible terms with himself. In addition to his two friends, he was accompanied by one of those pert-looking white dogs so constantly seen in France, with sharp noses and tails that curl over their backs like the mainspring of a watch. The dog's master made straight up to us, smiling very much after Malvolio's fashion, and perfectly assured that it was all right. As Hamlet prophesied of the intention of Polonius, I felt certain he intended to praise the cathedral. He did not leave me a moment in doubt.

"N'est-ce pas que c'est magnifique?" was his exclamation.

Now "magnificent" was not the word. Had he said "pretty," or "graceful," or made use of any term which did not place this bastard of Orleans on the same level with the grandeur of the first-rate cathedrals of France, such as Bourges, or Chartres, or Rheims, or Amiens, I might have suffered the phrase to pass, however unwilling to *improvise* a rapture which I had not yet felt; but this sudden demand upon my admiration, claiming the immediate surrender of my judgment, was more than I was disposed to agree to. Had the young man's tone been less arrogant, I might even at once have said "yes," and reserved my private sentiments; but as it was, I by no means responded to his enthusiasm.

"C'est assez beau, monsieur," I replied, "mais je ne trouve pas que c'est magnifique."

"Sir," returned he, speaking in faltered English, "I shall tell you that she is magnificent."

"Notwithstanding your assertion," (I might have said "assurance,") I answered, coldly, "I am not of your opinion."

It was clear that he had taken the Cathedral of Orleans under his special protection. His colour rose, his eyes sparkled, and he proceeded to clench his argument.

"Sir," said he, "*I have travelled a great deal farther than you have, and know a great deal more than you do.*"

Clairvoyance itself could hardly have settled a question more speedily than this. I might have been the Wandering Jew for anything this sprouting youth knew to the contrary, and had, in fact, been a traveller for more years than his whole life numbered.

"How do you know," I asked him, "that you have travelled farther than I have?"

"Because," replied he, "I have been over the world ever since I had fifteen years. I have made twenty-six thousand leagues."

"If the distance were twice as great," I answered, "it proves nothing until you know where I have been. There is one thing, however, which you have acquired by your travels on which I must congratulate you."

"What is that?" he asked, pertly.

"Politeness," returned I; "you have just given me a most decided proof of it."

He looked confused, but, evading the subject, returned to his darling cathedral.

"What do you object to her?" he inquired,

"The style," I replied, "does not satisfy me. I think it defective in the very quality you have named."

"It is perfectly *Roman*," he exclaimed, "the Roman of *two hundred years*."

This was the *coup de grace*; I could defend my position no longer, and wished him good morning. He seemed disposed for further parley, but, finding that I was walking away, he called out to his dog, "*Come along, Putty*," a name he had picked up no doubt on his travels in England, where it is commonly applied to dogs, and then rejoined his friends.

I suspect it must have been in the school of putty that this young gentleman acquired his knowledge of Gothic architecture.

Relieved by his departure, we now examined the building with some attention, and found in it a good deal to admire, though by no means without reservation. Its great beauty is its lightness, nor can it well pretend to any other, as the period at which it was built deprives it of any claim to originality, and in many of its details it has not even the merit of being a good copy. The best effects are produced by some of the transverse views, when the numerous pinnacles are well grouped together; but, taken to pieces, this cathedral is unsatisfactory, though it is *lèze majesté* to say so in the hearing of an Orléannois.

We next visited the *Musée*, which is lodged on the ground-floor of the old Hôtel de Ville, in an odd angle of the Rue des Hôtelleries. The old concierge, who was busily engaged in mending a pair of battered *sabots*, seemed scarcely willing to leave his occupation to show us the relics with which the two or three rooms are filled, and fairly left us to return to it before we had gone over them, consigning us to the care of his wife, who, having no doubt a taste for the fine arts (as they are cultivated at the annual *exposition*), has taken the picture gallery under her particular care. There are some good specimens of carved work in wood and stone, chiefly of the fifteenth century, chests, cupboards, chairs, chimney-pieces, &c.; but the principal relic is the heart of Henry II. of England. After the royal tombs at Fontevault had been rifled in the first revolution, and their contents scattered, an antiquary obtained possession of the heart, which owed its safety to the leaden case in which it is enclosed. The case is broken at the lower extremity, by design apparently, to admit of the heart being seen; in colour and texture it resembles a dried nut. In the gallery are some curious pictures, but scarcely any good ones. A large clock, the open works of which are of elaborate workmanship, is, after all, perhaps the greatest lion of the *Musée*. As we quitted the building we were reminded of certain French habits by the following inscription:—"Il est expressement défendu de cracher ici."

Groping through an arched passage which runs under the Hôtel de Ville, we issued into a narrow street from whence we found our way into the Rue du Tabourg, where two of the most interesting houses in Orleans are situated. These are the reputed residence of Joan of Arc, and the undoubted dwelling of Agnès Sorel. Externally the former exhibits nothing to justify its claim, and we had pronounced an opinion unfavourable to its antiquity on a dirty wooden house which we imagined was

meant for it, when a *marchand de légumes* living nearly opposite, and who appeared solicitous for the honour of his native town, set us right in this particular. "If we rang the bell of No. 35," he said, "we should find what we wanted inside." We did so, and the door being opened we were marshalled along a narrow passage into a large courtyard. A young woman met us here, and conducted us into an inner court at the back, beyond which was a garden stocked with enormous pears and fine Frontignac grapes. She showed us the exterior of a square pavilion with closely grated windows and ornamented in the style of the *Renaissance*. We were then taken inside and inspected it both above and below. The legend which ascribes to Jean Bouchet, the treasurer of the Duke of Orleans, the honour of having received the heroine is unimpeachable; not less indubitable is the fact that on this site stood his house; nor can any question be raised against the statement that the property has continued since the days of Jean Bouchet in the same family. But that the building has remained unchanged is another affair, and no one who glances at the character of the ornaments, and of the architecture generally, can form any other opinion than that the so-called pavilion of Joan of Arc is of a date nearly a century later than the period ascribed. To endeavour to convince a *conciërge*, whose mistakes are his religion, is a task which no experienced traveller will venture on; so, agreeing to everything that was told us, and setting down archæology for the nonce as a vain science, we took leave and proceeded to the house of a *marchand de sabots*, No. 15, in the same street, whose shop and workrooms form the ground-floor of the house of Agnès Sorel. To describe it I cannot do better than quote from the account given ten years ago in Miss Costello's "Summer amongst the Bocages and the Vines:"—

"The supposed habitation of Agnès Sorel is built with remarkable taste and care, the windows beautifully sculptured, and the doors of entrance of carved wood most elaborately worked in bas-relief, representing a perfect history in little. The lower court is well paved in a sort of mosaic of black and white stone; an antique well is at one extremity, the iron-work of which, and the extremity of the leaden pipe against the wall, are highly decorated; the latter with azure and gold, like a twisted ribbon. On the left of the court is a gallery, supported by three arcades of round arches, with strong and fine pillars, surmounted by richly executed capitals of great delicacy. This gallery sustains the corridor of the first story, the ceiling of which is adorned with panels, carved with much taste, representing hearts pierced with arrows, lighted torches, cupids, a tortoise, a sun, and in one a *plate of pears*, of that sort called *rousselets*, of which, it is to be supposed, Agnès was fond, and which also might have formed an allusion to her birthplace of Touraine, celebrated for this fruit. Fleurs-de-lis also occur here and there; and there are several heads placed (in medallions) along the wall. The staircase is beautiful, and runs from the lowest depth of the cellars to the height of the house; the steps are six feet long and two feet wide in some places, and on the landing-places the roof is elegantly carved with pendants. A large saloon, with an immense chimney, exhibits much carving, and the remains of gold and azure ornaments, which must once have encrusted it; but all is wearing away and disappearing, as the room is used for the purposes of the house.

* * * One of the heads presents a resemblance to that of Agnès, as

shown on her tomb at Loches, and another is like the head of Charles VII. on the coin of his time."

As a memorial of the spot, we bought some tiny pairs of sabots, and then, after visiting the house in the Rue des Albanais which bears the name of Diane de Poitiers, and that one in the Rue des Recouvrances called after François Premier, we returned to the Boule d'Or, reclaimed our baggage, had the pleasure of paying for it a second time, and took our places for the train which was about to set off for Blois.

IV.

AFTER leaving Orleans, the railroad, open now as far as Angers, pursues its course through vineyards and orchards which, with little intermission, are spread out on both banks of the Loire for nearly a hundred and fifty miles. The vintage was first beginning on the more favoured slopes, and the *vignerons* dotted about in their blue frocks added greatly to the harmony of the sunset scene. There are many supercilious English travellers who say that the vines of France are not more picturesque than currant-bushes; but if colour alone were the criterion, it would be sufficient to vindicate them from the aspersion. In this central district, moreover, the purple-leafed vine, or *gros noir* (the grapes from which are used for colouring the lighter-tinted wine), is distributed in large patches, and forms a rich contrast with the golden hue of the general mass. The vines here grow also to a greater height than in the south, and intertwine in pairs in a very graceful manner. Nor is the produce, though unknown or unsought for beyond the region of the Loire, of a quality at all to be despised. At Saint Ay a delicious wine is grown,—Beaugency will bear comparison with Bordeaux in all but the *premiers crus*,—and if the *vin mousseux de Vouvray* be not equal to Champagne, it is quite as pleasant as, and not very dissimilar in taste to, sparkling Moselle. Montlouis and Bourgueil have also an excellent reputation. There being no demand for these wines out of the country, the prices, even at the hotels, are very moderate. At Blois we got the best Beaugency for two francs a bottle, and paid three francs at Tours for first-rate sparkling Vouvray.

Daylight lasted till we reached Beaugency, a town whose appearance is rendered so striking by the enormous square donjon keep which towers gloomily over all the surrounding buildings. It was the last object we could distinguish along the line until our journey ended for the day. More imposing, however, and appealing more strongly to the imagination by the memory of the deeds of blood which were enacted in it, rose the magnificent castle of Blois, round the base of which we wound as we descended from the station to the town. ●

Murray, who is seldom wrong in these matters, had marked the *Tête Noire* on the quay as "very comfortable," to the exclusion of the Hôtel d'Angleterre at the foot of the bridge, on which he makes no comment; and rejecting the invitation to alight at the latter, we went to the *Tête Noire*, but luckily saw enough of it in two minutes to be satisfied that comfort was not very likely to be attainable there. A *brouette* was therefore put in immediate requisition, and we returned to the Hôtel d'Angleterre, which is, indeed, a first-rate house. The mistake has arisen in this manner:—

The hotel, formerly called "*Nouvelle Angleterre*," had fallen completely into decay; but the proprietor, M. Boilleau, who lived at Tours, where he was at the head of the *numismatic department* (?) of the *Musée*, and where he cultivated the archæological pursuits which were more agreeable to him than innkeeping, was obliged by the events of the revolution of February to look after his more material interests, and resume an occupation which he had abandoned for fifteen years. He returned, therefore, to Blois a few months back, and immediately set to work to place the hotel on a footing which it had never known before. His labours were scarcely ended when we arrived, for the workmen were still busy with some of the external decorations; but the interior was finished, and had been open to travellers about three or four weeks. Nothing more comfortable or elegant can well be imagined than the manner in which the house is fitted up; everything is new, the attendance is excellent, and the charges are extremely moderate. One suite of apartments, looking on the river, which the inspecting general of the district had just occupied, is as splendidly furnished as the best private establishment in Paris. Nor is the general *salon*, with its finely-arabesqued ceiling, its classically-formed lamps, its large oaken *buffet*, and its walls covered with all the devices of the chase, inferior to anything of the kind that can be met with. In short, the Hôtel d'Angleterre at Blois must henceforward figure as A 1 in Mr. Murray's "*Handbook*." An excellent supper, commended by some "*thé délicieux*," a brace of superlative partridges, and a bottle of admirable Beaugency, completed the favourable impression produced by the general aspect of the hotel, and sent us fully satisfied to our beds, though with little disposition to sleep, for by the time we got upstairs the moon had risen, and the sparkling waters of the Loire danced in the light she threw upon them, the stars glittered with a lustre unknown to our northern climate, and a gentle air, sweet as the breath of summer, shed a delicious fragrance on the night.

If the ancient and picturesque city of Blois were not so rich in the architecture of the middle ages and of the *Renaissance* as the traveller finds it to be; if its public gardens, its beautiful *Mall*, and its noble river, were not sufficient attractions, there is the *château*, renowned from the days of Count Stephen, which alone is worth going any distance to see. A more majestic or imposing mass it is impossible to conceive, as you stand at the foot of the enormous buttresses on which it is raised, and look up at the triple row of ornamented galleries which extend along the eastern front, the highest of which runs directly under the roof.

Even in its irregularity, which exhibits the various styles from the early Counts of Blois to the time of Gaston of Orleans, the same character of massiveness prevails, completing a whole which groups well, though consisting of incongruous parts. A double flight of steps leads to a winding road beneath a deep archway, by which the ascent is made to the southern entrance—the work of Louis XII., whose effigy, with that of Anne of Brittany, was once to be seen over the gateway, but both disappeared at the first revolution, when the *château* was converted into a barrack. A barrack it still remains, though only in part, for the eastern side, which was rebuilt by François Premier, has been completely restored, and exhibits internally a fac-simile of the splendour

it wore when the faithless Henry III. planned and executed the murder of the Duke of Guise and his brother the Cardinal d'Amboise.

When one enters the quadrangle of the château, it is difficult to withdraw one's gaze from the exquisite carving and beautiful ornaments with which the whole of the *corps de bâtiment* of François Premier is encrusted. The salamander of Francis, and the double cipher of Henry II. and Catherine de' Medici, appear everywhere; and the open spiral staircase which leads to the apartments is adorned in every part with tracery of the most graceful form, where the devices of Francis and Claude are constantly repeated. But the greatest surprise awaited us in the interior—for Murray did not tell, nor had public report bruited, the extent or nature of the restorations which have been made under the auspices of Louis-Philippe, who, it is said, entertained the idea of giving the *château* as a residence to one of the princes of his family. From the fragments which remained, smirched, whitewashed, and mutilated as they were, the perseverance and intelligence of the artists employed were able to reconstruct the whole, and at this hour the interior of the Château of Blois presents the identical appearance which it wore when the famous *Etats* were assembled in 1588, save only in the absence of furniture. All the rest—the richly-painted walls, the gorgeously-carved chimney-pieces, the many-patterned parquets, the heavily-timbered ceilings, the *oratoires*, the bedchambers, the *salles d'attente*, the *cabinets de travail*, the *salles des gardes*, the *salle des quarante-cinq*—every one attest the taste, and skill, and labour, which have been bestowed on them to restore them to their original condition. This near approach to their former state rendered the effort to recal the events which have taken place in the *château* far less difficult than it was before, when whitewash and neglect had effaced everything except the mere form of the apartments; imagination aiding, we may easily fancy the scene in the *salle de conseil*, when the Duke de Guise, seated at the head of the table, desired some of the king's *pruneaux* to be brought to him, and, while he was filling his *drageoir*, receiving the summons to attend his royal master, threw the remainder on the board, exclaiming, "*Messieurs, à qui en veut !*" We may follow him into the old cabinet, where the "Forty-five" were waiting with scowling looks and hidden daggers; see him raise the tapestry which led into the king's bed-room; fancy the first blow struck at that moment,—the sweeping fury with which he felled his assailant with the *drageoir* he still held in his hand,—the rush of the murderers on their victim,—and the fierce struggle at the foot of the bed which left him a corse with upwards of forty wounds, "the least of them a death." We may hear the glib Gascons mocking the dead man with the salutation of "*Le beau Roy de Paris*,"—may see the pale, coward face of the treacherous Henry, and note him as he exclaims, in accents in which fear and astonishment strive for the mastery, "*Mon Dieu ! qu'il est grand ! il paroist un corps plus grand mort que vif !*"

The grated window of the dungeon in the tower below, where the Cardinal d'Amboise was thrown, can be seen from Catherine's oratory, into which ascended on the same evening the groans of the second victim of her son's perfidy, when he cut out the work which he was so ill able to sew together again. In that oratory, only a fortnight after the murder of the Lorraine princes, Catherine herself lay dead.

V.

DURING our stay at Blois, we devoted one day to an excursion to the château of Chambord. The distance is about ten miles, and the charge for a carriage with one horse from the Poste aux Chevaux is twelve francs, with a gratuity to the driver. The weather was delightful, and although the road, after we had quitted the *levée* on the left bank of the river, was not the best in the world, the fact that it took its course through several miles of vineyard was quite enough to reconcile us to its inequalities. The driver, beside whom I took my seat, was an intelligent fellow, and had plenty to say for himself, not obtrusively, but with politeness and simplicity. He was a dismounted postilion, the railroad along the Loire having emptied a great many saddles. It had, he said, almost ruined his calling, and but for the cross-roads, the châteaux round about, and such a god-send as the inundation of '46, he scarcely knew what would have become of his master's establishment—including, of course, himself.

"At my time of life," he continued (looking upwards of fifty, though in fact only forty years of age), "I don't know what I could turn my hand to out of a stable. *Je m'ennuie si j'n' panse pas des chevaux—c'est mon métier—ça m'est entré dans l'sang.*"

He was not the only one, as I afterwards found, who complained of the injury done to them by the railroads. In the provinces of France there are so many people connected with the former vast system of *roulage*, that the sudden change in the mode of transit for goods has caused numerous interests to suffer. But a greater objection arises from the injury which the railroads have occasioned to the small properties through which they have been driven. To a large proprietor a railroad generally does more good than harm; the compensation is in proportion to the size of his estate, and when constructed it offers him many local facilities. But the poor man, with a few *hectares* of land, with his vineyard cut in two, or his house separated from his plot of ground, is at a great disadvantage; the compensation is always inadequate, and the inconveniences positive. Hence steam travelling by land finds little favour with Jacques Bonhomme, and, like my friend the postilion, he hears of such a break-up as that caused by the inundation referred to with something like an inward feeling of satisfaction.

On this subject, Louis—that was his name—was very eloquent; he pointed out to me where the great *crevasses* had taken place, showed me a landmark at least half a league from the river to which the waters had ascended, and detailed a system of policy of his own invention,—with reference to what *might* have been done with the horses in his master's stables when five leagues of the railroad were carried away by the torrent,—which would have done honour to the late proprietor of the neighbouring château of Valençay,—the wily Prince Talleyrand. Unluckily his master had no faith in his plan, or wanted courage to adopt it, and he failed to make his fortune. He spoke very feelingly, however, of the sufferings of the poor on the occasion, and it was particularly gratifying to hear him describe in terms of the greatest warmth the admirable conduct of the English clergyman at Tours—the Reverend Mr. Biley,—when, uniting with the Catholic priests on the same mission of charity, he rowed about in a small boat from house to house, distri-

buting provisions with his own hands, and relieving the wants of innumerable families.

"Il n'est pas d'nôt' r'ligion, à ce qu'on m'a dit," added Louis, "mais faut bien être un brav' homme, et le bon Dieu ne l'oubliera pas—allez!"

After something more than an hour's drive we reached the confines of the territory of Chambord, which is enclosed within a wall extending seven leagues round. It is, for the greater part, an immense forest, filled with game of all descriptions, from wild boar and deer to pheasants and partridges. Permission to shoot is not difficult to obtain from the gentleman who has the control of the property, as intendant of the Duke de Bordeaux, whose share of France is limited to this spot; but the permission is always specific, an order for killing a stag not extending to a rabbit, or *vice versa*.

"Vous tuez l'gibier," said Louis, "qui est indiqué sur vot' carte; si c'est une grosse pièce, vous l'emportez, sans toucher au p'tit gibier, et ainsi d' suite."

I asked if any English ever came there to shoot.

"Mais oui," he replied; "l'année passée y avait un fameux; c'était un milor—je n' m' rappelle pas d' son nom;" he made an effort to pronounce it, but failed to convey any idea of what it could possibly be; "quant à c'lui là, j' n'ai jamais vu d'individu si passionné pour la chasse. Et lui qui disait toujours, 'C'que j'aime l' plus au monde, c'est le premier baiser d'une femme et le dernier soupir d'un loup!' Ah! le gaillard!"

We continued our course along a broad, sandy, straight road which led us through the wood till we came in sight of the numberless pinacles of Chambord, and then, making a détour to the left, drove round to the village, which, after the fashion of feudal days, belongs entirely to the château, with its two *hôtels* (country inns of course), its shops, and its little church. I dare say there is no want of devotion here, but that feeling does not interfere with the custom of the hotels, which during the summer must make a good thing of it, the visitors to Chambord being so numerous. Louis told me that on the first day when the railroad was opened as far as Blois, no less than a hundred and fifty persons came to see the château from Paris alone!

The view of this enormous pile from the little bridge over the Cosson—a shallow stream which flows before it a few hundred yards distant—is very imposing; but we were all impatient to see the interior of the remarkable edifice which, begun by François Premier, is still unfinished, and, although labourers were even now busily at work upon it, seems likely to remain so till—who shall say when? The Legitimists perhaps would answer the question by adducing exultingly the events which are every day increasing the chances of the Comte de Chambord.

The entrance to the château is by the rear of the building. A large party, under the care of the *conciërge*, were visible on the roof, gazing over the stone parapets; and this arrangement left us under the care of that functionary's daughter, a pretty, merry, bright-eyed girl, who appeared to derive infinite amusement from everything that was said, and who only assumed a serious air when she furtively but earnestly gazed on the dresses of the ladies of our party; as if she were studiously intent on committing to memory every item of their costume, in the persuasion, no doubt, that it was the very latest Paris fashion. How she

was to turn her knowledge to account in the secluded woods and tenantless chambers of Chambord, did not perhaps enter into her calculation.

Armed with a heavy bunch of keys, our guide tripped lightly before us, and after crossing the *basse cour* we were shown into a vast hall, or rather into what forms one of a series of vaulted halls, grouped in the shape of a cross round the base of an enormous double staircase, which rises to the roof, the pride and wonder of Chambord. Francis I. appears to have had a passion for spiral staircases, and in this instance the architect has combined ingenuity with a noble effect. It is so contrived that an inner staircase is contained in the outer one, and a party dividing at the bottom meet only at the summit, though occasional glimpses of each other may be had through the open windows which light the ascent. To particularise the countless towers and turrets, or the endless succession of apartments (our guide made them correspond in number with the days of the year, a coincidence which guides are fond of), would be impossible, especially as, with only two or three exceptions, there are neither furniture, nor pictures, nor anything to indicate other inhabitants than the owls, which, we were told, abounded. There were tenants, by-the-by, so our conductress said, in a large dreary *mansarde* above the chapel, where a forest of timber seemed to have been cut down to supply the beams; but these tenants may be packed in a small space, being of the invisible order of *revenants*, as it is believed that the spirits of François Premier and Diane de Poitiers have selected that part of the *château* to "walk" in. Why the beautiful Duchess de Brézé should choose the father instead of the son as the companion of her nocturnal promenades can be explained only on the principle that "on revient toujours à ses premiers amours."

The exceptional chambers were a bed-room and dining-room, with a few old-fashioned chairs, some portraits, and a few busts, all of them referring to the members of the *branche aînée* and their adherents. A model in bronze of an equestrian figure on a pedestal, supported by cannon and round shot, and in the centre of an enclosure similarly formed, attracted our attention.

"Whose likeness is this?" we asked.

"*Mais c'est le roi,*" very innocently replied our guide, as if she knew nothing of the existence of a Republic, or as if she thought that the Comte de Chambord was, at all events, king in his own castle.

The model is a clever one, and shows that Henri Dieudonné has inherited something of the peculiar talent which distinguished his great-uncle Louis XVI.

For nearly a couple of hours we roamed about the halls and roofs of this extraordinary building, finding something to admire in the midst of all its incongruities: the beautiful forms of the *renaissance*, the countless devices of Francis and Henry, and the singularity of that which was not beautiful, creating in itself a sort of charm. On the battlements, the air came loaded with fragrance from the pine forests which surround the *château*; and the stillness of the scene as we looked out upon it was only disturbed by the barking of dogs (a French sportsman's dogs always bark) and the discharge of an occasional fowling-piece. At length we descended the famous staircase, and bade adieu to our cheerful guide, whose good-humour seemed untiring, though of all lives that of a *custode* must be

most trying to a person's patience. Variety in the appearance of visitors may, perhaps, have some share in relieving this monotony, and when it comes in the shape of fashionable gowns and bonnets its effect on a female *cicerone* may possibly counterbalance a great deal of wearisome repetition.

Outside the château we lingered for some time longer beneath the shade of the avenues of chesnut which extend towards the river, and then, retracing our steps through the halls, returned to where we had left our carriage, under the care of the driver. He was soon ready to depart ; and just as the sun was setting we reached the steep bridge of Blois, the river flooded with a golden light, and the old château darkly frowning above.

The *chef* had not been unmindful of our wants in our absence, and travellers' appetites did justice to his care and skill ; a very excellent dinner being crowned by some of that delicate condiment famed throughout the country as the *crème de Saint-Gervais*, which one of our party, very knowing in these matters, was of opinion was simply "a very nicely whipped cream."

VI.

WITHOUT exhausting the attractions which Blois holds out to the stranger, but having fully enjoyed what we did see—and this included the fine church of St. Nicholas with the singular and variously-carved capitals of its columns, besides numerous quaint specimens of domestic architecture—we now turned our faces in the direction of Amboise.

An hour on the railway sufficed to carry us there, and an omnibus deposited us (with the baggage as usual—a concomitant as inevitable as a travelling Turk's carpet) at the door of the "Swan," though a more appropriate ensign would be that of St. Martin; for this reason, that above the doorway is portrayed, in the rude sculpture of the fourteenth century, an emblem in stone of the charitable saint in the act of dividing his cloak with the beggar. It has always struck me that St. Martin gets more credit for this act than he deserves. It was little privation to him to give away half his cloak when he was so comfortably clad in other respects ; now, had he divested himself of some of his other garments and snipped them in two, there would have been more self-denial made manifest, though the saint might perhaps have cut rather a more ludicrous figure. Scarcely more ludicrous, however, than he has been made to assume in this sculptured effigy, where the saint vies with his horse and his horse with the beggar in awkwardness of expression and ungainliness of attitude. But there was an air of *bonhomie* about the whole affair which pleased us excessively, and, were the *relievo* mine, I would not exchange it for a much more artistical piece of work.

"The Swan," which stands at the foot of the bridge, in the faubourg of Amboise, is a building apparently as ancient as the sculpture I have been speaking of. Such strange-looking *pignons* and turrets and winding staircases have not graced a hostelry since the days when St. Martin was looked upon, with St. Julian, as the professed patron of hungry travellers. We justified our claim to the latter appellation by clamouring loudly for breakfast, and, as a preliminary to its being got ready, the pretty, good-natured hostess (Madame Dubois, be it known,—she will not

quarrel with me for employing phrases so rightly applied), and her no less good-natured attendant, set to work to remove from the breakfast-table a variety of objects of furniture which had been put away on it for the night, as if they were safer there than on the floor. When this feat was accomplished, and without spreading a tablecloth (a luxury not much prized in Touraine), scalding *café au lait*, smoking cutlets, and newly-made bread and butter were introduced, of which we proved ourselves, I hope, not unworthy.

In the mean time, that the fineness of the morning might not be wasted, a *calèche* had been got ready, and, when we were equally so, it was brought to the door, from whence, under the auspices of St. Martin, we set out for the château of Chenonceaux, that being the principal object of our day's excursion. Some private instructions with regard to a roast fowl on our return were replied to by Madame Dubois with a faithful assurance that she would prepare something whose similitude never clucked, and thus, with a trustful reliance on the future, we started merrily for the château of Diana of Poitiers.

In crossing the second bridge over the Loire, which throws a little island between the branches that divide the faubourg from Amboise, we glanced upwards at the turrets of the old castle, in the hope of getting a glimpse of the captured sheik, whose imprisonment is so deep a stain on the chivalry of France. We were not fortunate enough to see him at this time, though we did so on our return, when, the bright sun having warmed the air to a temperature more nearly approaching to that of his own clime, Abd-el-Kader was plainly visible, reclining in a *fauteuil*, at one of the open windows of his pavilion-tower, enveloped in a large white bernous. What his occupation was we could not, at the distance at which we stood, very clearly discern, but, to judge by an occasional motion of his hand, it seemed as if he were looking over some papers—perhaps a copy of the treaty on the faith of which he trusted his liberty to France! The seclusion in which he lives is complete; but this is at his own desire, as, it seems, he has no ambition to be made a lion of and show himself through the bars of his cell. His followers, however, indulge in more liberty, and are occasionally seen. One infant Hannibal, too young yet for mischief, has a French *bonne* for its nurse, and is brought up in the faubourg of Amboise, being taken to the château twice a week to visit its parent.

As the *château* was closed against visitors, we could only profit by what the outside offered as we drove beneath its lofty walls, and of these we soon lost sight as we wound through the narrow town, and quitted it by rather a steep ascent, where the troglodyte propensities of the inhabitants on the shores of the Loire were brought close under our inspection. The caves here were, however, used less for habitations than cellars, though several were garnished with windows and some with chimneys. In general the houses, regularly fashioned by the builder's art, stood on one side of the road, and the cellars, constructed amid cavernous rocks, were on the other. In this district the vintage was in full progress, and opposite every door were immense casks of crushed grapes, which filled the air with their perfume. Indeed, this odour of wine pursued us henceforward throughout our journey, impressing a character on the scene peculiarly its own.

The ascent continued for some time after leaving Amboise, but the way was not tedious, the morning being so bright and fresh, and rich

vineyards skirting the road entirely to the summit. There the vines were replaced by the forest of Amboise, through which we drove to La Croix de Bléré, a neat village, where we quitted the *grande route* and pursued a much better one, running parallel to the Cher, and leading to Chenonceaux. We followed it for four or five miles, beneath a *côteau* which lay open to the south, swarming with *vignerons*, who were gathering a plentiful harvest, and rapidly filling the casks which stood by the wayside in carts, drawn by the sleekest and best-conditioned donkeys I ever saw; fellows who looked as if they knew how to enjoy themselves, under their own fig-trees perhaps, and occasionally making merry with the lees of wine. At length the driver indicated to us some turrets rising above the trees, and a little farther on we came to a long avenue of lime and poplar, which led direct to the château. At the end of the avenue, where two large sphynxes—by modern hands—stop the way, we left the carriage, and Chenonceaux stood before us.

The first effect which it produces on a stranger is admiration at its beauty and antiquity; the next, surprise at the singularity of its construction; for, on approaching nearer, he finds that it is literally built *on* the river, a deep and narrow branch of which forms the last moat, and the main body of the current runs beneath the bridge which supports the rear of the building. A guardian tower, itself protected by a huge, roaring dog, stands on *terra firma* on one side, like a sentinel, to intercept all comers. It is the abode of the *conciërge*, who presently came out from the front door of the château, diverting our attention from the elaborately-ornamented exterior by intimating that she was prepared to show us the inside. Prepared she might have been, but it was after her own fashion, and that a sour one, which led to a remonstrance on our part, when we found she wished to hurry us through the rooms with as little ceremony as if we had been a flock of sheep. The reason which she assigned for this was, that some of the family were going to breakfast in the outer room of the principal suite; but we turned her flank by intimating that, if we took a cursory view of this part of the château in the first instance, it would only be to return to it afterwards at more leisure; and to this stipulation she was obliged to agree, though in a grumbling way.

The courtesy of M. de Villeneuve, the present proprietor of Chenonceaux, is so great, in allowing free access to everybody, that it is a pity his design should be marred by a churlish attendant; but, having established our point, we did not allow the ill-temper of our guide to spoil our own, but gave ourselves up to the enjoyment of the place without reserve. And there are few places that I remember which so completely reward the attention bestowed on them as this. Preserved by the greatest good fortune from the accidents of wars and revolutions, uninjured by time or neglect, Chenonceaux stands now as perfect as it was in the day when, with a heavy heart, Diana of Poitiers took leave of it to bury herself within the walls of Chaumont, for which she was compelled by Catherine de' Medicis to exchange her pleasant residence. Our useful friend "Murray," in speaking of Diana's expulsion, says,—“She was dispossessed of her fair mansion on the death of Henry, *by the wicked and unscrupulous Catherine.*” There is no doubt that Catherine was wicked and unscrupulous enough in most of her acts; but if ever there was an occasion when she was justified in exercising her power, it was when she “dispossessed” the woman who, throughout the whole of Catherine's

wedded life, had usurped her place in her husband's affections, had trampled on her authority, and shown by every possible ostentatious device how the claims of the wife could be set aside by the fascinations of the mistress. Speak of Catherine as you will, but do not dispraise her to excite a false sympathy for the adulterous wife of the Duke de Brézé, to whose memory is raised that gorgeous monument at Rouen, with its hypocritical inscription and crocodile emblems.

Memorials of the haughty Italian and her lovely rival are to be seen in all parts of the château, as well as of the gay and magnificent Francis, of Henry II., and of a host of their contemporaries, whose portraits fill one entire chamber, the royal race extending from Charles VII. to Henri Quatre. It is in this apartment that the famous picture of the royal favourite, by Primaticcio, which represents her as the Goddess of the Silver Bow, is placed. Of this portrait the author of the "Bocages and Vines" has given the following graphic description :—" There is a happy mixture, in the dress, of the classical and the costume of the period, which marks the time, and yet does not shock the imagination. She is stepping along with graceful swiftness, her head rather turned, as if listening; she holds a hound and her bow; her head is, as usual, crowned with a crescent; the hair flies lightly on the air; her bodice is tight to the shape, and laced—the waist rather long and pointed; her full petticoat is of rich stuff, with gold embroidery, but it hangs in fine folds, and her springing foot is advanced. The landscape is spirited and good, the colouring well preserved, and the whole picture admirable. This is the most remarkable portrait of Diana, though there are others."

Whether it was owing to the artistical preparations of M. de Ville-neuve's cook, to the antique jars filled with fragrant lavender which were scattered throughout the apartments, to the perfume of the soft air that stole through some of the open casements, or to all these causes combined, I cannot well say, but a more delicious atmosphere than that which pervaded the whole château I certainly never breathed. It reconciled one at once to the idea of living always amidst these relics of a departed grandeur, and supplied the idea of comfort which is generally wanting in all show places, whether old or new.

But to see only, not to possess, was our lot, and delighted we were with all we saw, whether the eye rested on the crystal goblet of *François Premier*, on his richly-damasquined *masse d'armes*, or on the mirror of Mary Stuart, into which the ladies peeped with an expression of curiosity, as if they rather expected to behold the fair features of its former lovely owner. Perhaps they were not altogether disappointed by those which were presented to their view!

The interior of Chenonceaux is an epitome of the sixteenth century in France; the portraits of the chief actors during that time look down at us from the walls, and on every side are objects with which they were themselves familiar; their beds, their cabinets, their tapestry, their jewelled cups, their personal ornaments, everything which, while they were living, ministered to their pleasure or their pride. A few family pictures serve to keep up the link which unites the past with the present proprietorship; but there is nothing objectionably placed in Chenonceaux; and even the bust of Rousseau, in one of the lobbies, has a certain right to be there in consideration of the *Dévin du Village*, which was brought out in the little theatre at the southern extremity of the upper gallery over the Cher, when the clever and amiable Madame du Pin was the mistress

of the château. The lower gallery, a ball-room in the days of Catherine de' Medici, is appropriately decorated with large medallion portraits of French kings and great men of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. They are well executed, and the likenesses are authentic. Amongst the treasures of Chenonceaux must not be omitted the beautifully enamelled china of Bernard Palizzi, on which—or rather *in* which—are grouped the most perfect representations of reptile nature which it is possible to imagine. The lovers of this quaint but exquisite style of art will learn with pleasure that at Tours, at the present day, exists an artist who has discovered and executes to perfection the enamelling of Palizzi.

When we had supped full of the pleasures which the interior of Chenonceaux afforded, we adjourned to the beautiful grounds which surround it, and passed some time amid the shady walks which stretch beside the swiftly-flowing and abounding Cher, the squirrels that crossed our path and the jays that screamed over our heads being the only sharers with us in this delicious solitude. In these shades we could willingly have passed the entire day, watching the current as it flowed mysteriously through the dark arches on which Chenonceaux rests, or filling up the picture suggested in such a spot by the memories of the past. But "Time, like a pitiless master," cried "Onward!" and we were obliged to attend to the summons; we walked back to the village where our steed was stabled, refreshed ourselves with some excellent Chasselas grapes at the cost of a few sous, and returned to Amboise as we went.

Uncertainty as to where our destiny would allow us to dine that day had been the motive which prompted me to request that the *poulet rôti* might be ready on our return, with the design of carrying it off as a snack by the way; but hunger was too strong for us, and Madame Dubois' promise had been so well kept that we could not resist the temptation, but ate it up as the Israelites ate the Paschal lamb, with our loins girded and our staffs in our hands, not even sitting down to the repast; and few people, perhaps, ever made a better meal or a hastier—the inexorable train being at hand to speed us on our journey.

For the sake of its cheapness, no less than for its orthography, I transcribe the *mémoire* of Madame Dubois, premising that the second item was for the carriage that took us to Chenonceaux.

It ran thus:—

Amboise Hotel du cygne, Savoir.

	f.	c.
Dejeune trois.....	4	50
Course.....	12	0
Provisions	4	0
Summa.....	20	50

When it is considered that the "provisions" consisted of a splendid fowl, an excellent bottle of Beaugency, *pain à discrétion*, and a quantity of the finest and largest pears that ever were seen, the charges of our smiling hostess will not be deemed exorbitant. With many promises to return at some future day, we bade farewell, and an hour afterwards were in the capital of Touraine.

But what we saw at Tours, at Loches, at Angers, and at Nantes, must be reserved for another occasion, here ending the "fyrste fytte" of "A Fortnight on the Loire."

DR. LAYARD AND THE LAST OF THE CHALDEES.

THERE has been a general feeling among travellers and learned men alike, that Dr. Layard, in recording his important and interesting explorations and discoveries, has passed over the labours of his predecessors in a very supercilious manner. We do not think that so severe an expression is merited. So remarkable an omission, in a work otherwise of great ability, arises probably from two simple causes; first of all, that, written mainly on the spot, Dr. Layard was really not acquainted with all that Dr. Hincks, Mr. John Landseer, and other Oriental scholars had done at home; and when he was intimate with the explorations and even with the persons of other travellers, he deemed them so well known—so generally accepted—that allusion to them on his part was unnecessary and supererogatory. Laying aside at the present moment the questions as to the antiquity of the Assyrian monuments, in which further research tends to show that Dr. Layard has erred on the side of excess, and those questions of comparative geography which would lead to the belief that Dr. Layard's Nineveh was the Asshur or Athur of early times, the learned doctor also visited in the same lands the so-called Nestorian Christians—the only remains of the Chaldeans of old—and whom the doctor proclaims, as if for the first time, to be “as much the remains of Nineveh and Assyria as are the rude heaps and ruined palaces.” The only references made by Dr. Layard to previous travellers in the account given of this visit to the Chaldeans, are a brief notice of the school and dwelling-house built by the American missionaries, to Dr. Grant's travels and death, to Mr. Ainsworth's writing of Kasha Kana of Lizan as resembling in his manners and appearance an English clergyman, to the murder of Schultz, and, in his chapter on the Chaldean church and people generally, to the researches of Messrs. Smith and Dwight, missionaries whose travels did not extend to the mountain districts.

Now, without going back to olden days, or even to those of Tavernier, who visited the Nestorian country, the facts of the case in more modern times are as follow:—it was to the information obtained by Mr. Rich, the distinguished Resident at Baghdad, and by the expedition sent by her Majesty's government to the Euphrates and Tigris, that the revival of the interest felt in these remarkable people was in this country entirely and solely to be attributed; and it was by Messrs. Smith and Dwight's travels that the same interest was awakened in America. From the interest thus aroused in the two great Protestant nations for their brethren in the East, sprang first the missions of the Americans, and next an expedition for general exploratory purposes and friendly intercourse, sent from this country by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge and the Royal Geographical Society. The American missions in Persia, hearing of the proposed expedition from this country, to a certain extent anticipated it by at once despatching Dr. Grant, the medical man attached to the missions, into those mountainous districts, whose recesses were still at that time cast in gloom by the recent murder of the naturalist Schultz.

The results of the American expedition were the subsequent founda-

tion of a mission within the country of the mountaineers, and at the same time the adoption of a belief in the Jewish origin of the so-called Chaldeans—a view of the subject which was ably expounded and ingeniously supported in a work published by Dr. Grant in this country in 1841, under the title of “*The Nestorians; or, the Lost Tribes.*” The results of the English expedition were the establishment of friendly intercourse, not carried out as far as might have been wished, owing to the want of means and proper support; a physical and geological section of the whole chain of the Kurdistan mountains; the determination of many positions astronomically; and a strong and earnest vindication of the Chaldean or Assyrian origin of the so-called Nestorians and supposed converted Jews—a view of the matter which was not at the time so favourably received by the public as that upheld by the American missionaries, but which has now been boldly adopted and clearly and distinctly announced by Dr. Layard in his preface and in the body of his work, without the slightest reference or allusion to any previous sifting of the question, or to any of the laborious researches of his predecessors in the same field of inquiry.

Such an omission—one, to say the truth, scarcely in accordance with the rules generally adopted by travellers and men of science or learning towards one another—might be put down to inadvertence—to ignorance it cannot be—or to the circumstance before alluded to, that Dr. Layard deemed all that had gone before sufficiently well known in this country; but it is not a little singular, and therefore somewhat characteristic, that the same omissions occur in the case of his visit to the Sinjar country, and to the chief temple of the Yezidis, or Devil-worshippers. The Sinjar, the abode of rebellious Kurds, and its skirts, ever haunted by predatory Bedouins, had baffled many a traveller in attempts to penetrate into the interior. This was effected, for the first time, by Dr. Forbes, an enterprising young traveller, who was subsequently murdered in Persia, and who published his success in the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*. This exploratory journey, made so few years before Dr. Layard's, deserved at least honourable notice. So, likewise, in regard to the Yezidis. Mr. Rich, in his time, described all that was then known of their great place of pilgrimage—that it was at Sheikh Adi, three hours' distant in the mountains beyond Sheikh Khan, to which he adds details concerning the practices of these strange people, who, as devil-worshippers, had a reputation which interfered greatly with Mr. Rich's as well as other travellers' wishes to see their chief place of worship. The English expedition was not, however, deterred by this bad repute, but it visited and examined (for the first time, it is believed) this mountain sanctuary of the devil-worshippers; yet the only notice which the successful explorer of Nineveh vouchsafes to these minor successes of his countrymen—important to them as vouchers for their zeal and enterprise—is to correct a trifling mistake made in their narrative, in which it is stated that the Yezidis burnt naphtha or bitumen in the temple, whereas they burnt oil!—the error having originated in the great accumulation of residue that had undergone imperfect combustion.

To return, however, to our subject: the English expedition became painfully aware, from a number of indications, that the interest taken by the Americans and the English in these remote Christian moun-

taineers, and manifested by these proceedings, had aroused the jealousy of the Mohammedan population around them, and fanned their religious and national prejudices into a flame which threatened misfortune to the Chaldean mountaineers.

This sudden interest, so explicitly and so actively shown (wrote the historian of the English expedition in 1842) on the part of other Christian nations towards a tribe of people who have almost solely prolonged their independent existence on account of their remote seclusion and comparative insignificance, has called them forth into new importance in the eyes of the Mohammedans, and will, undoubtedly, be the first step to their overthrow, unless they are assisted in such an emergency by sound advice, or the friendly interference of the representatives of brotherly Christian nations at Constantinople. It will be the most cruel thing imaginable to have excited so much attention from surrounding powers towards the condition of these able, courageous, and pious mountaineers, only to leave them to the tender mercies of Mohammedanism.

This failing to produce any results beyond a number of letters, chiefly from clergymen of the Established Church, some of whom endeavoured to move Sir Robert Inglis to bring the subject before the House of Commons, one of the members of the Kurdistan expedition published in 1843 a tract, in which he once more advocated in earnest language the claims of the Christian Aborigines of the Turkish empire, and more especially of the Chaldean mountaineers, to protection.

With regard to the Chaldeans (observed the author) there can be no hesitation in pronouncing them, both from our own researches, and those of the American missionaries, as one of the churches the least contaminated by superstitious and unscriptural doctrines of the East. They want the light of education, and of a true knowledge of the gospel: isolated from the rest of the world, living in a difficultly accessible country, knowledge has rather retrograded than advanced; and it is much to be wondered at that more errors have not crept into their forms and discipline. No Christian nation offers so fine a field to the true philanthropist for disseminating the advantages of a Christian education; and no nation, for its simplicity of manners, its general morality and good conduct, its unfeigned piety, and its severed condition, is more deserving of the friendly communication and assistance of more favoured and more civilised countries.

This appeal met, however, with little success, but still attention was aroused to the condition of these poor mountaineers; and although persecuted and robbed of life and liberty, still it was not entirely without remonstrance. It is to be observed here, that at the time the English expedition went among the Chaldeans a Turkish army was actually encamped at Amadiyah, on the confines of their country, in order to subject and enslave the people; but the Turkish troops were unable to do that which a Machiavelian policy employed the more hardy Kurd mountaineers to accomplish. To deny the complicity of the Turks in the inroads and massacres of the Kurds, when they were the first to enter into hostilities, is absurd. All the summer that an Englishman was with his small party, wandering amicably throughout the country of these gallant mountaineers, crossing their snow-clad mountains, or reposing in their beautifully wooded and watered valleys, the baffled Turks remained in hostile array without those tremendous ramparts that stood as if raised by Nature in defence of a long lost, and now almost extinct people. When they found that from the character of the country it was inaccessible to cannon, that it was also in every respect redoubtable to men unaccustomed to the most rugged mountains, they withdrew, leaving the work of destruction to be carried on by the more practised and equally merciless Kurds.

In 1843, a year after the above warnings were given, Beder Khan and Nur Ullah Beys, both powerful and ferocious Kurdish chieftains, the latter the instigator of the murder of Schultz, invaded the country of the Chaldeans from the north, ravaging and devastating Asheetha and Lizan and the greater portion of the Tiyyari and other neighbouring districts, massacring in cold blood nearly 10,000 of the unoffending Christians, and carrying away as slaves a large number of girls and children. Mr. Rassam, a member of the English expedition, who had been appointed vice-consul at Mosul, maintained and clothed at his own expense the Patriarch of the Chaldeans, who had taken refuge in his house, besides many hundred Chaldeans who had escaped from the mountains. He also, by his own exertions, obtained the release of many slaves, and saved the honour and the faith, as well as the freedom, of many a poor Chaldean girl. Sir Stratford Canning, the energetic and enlightened representative of Great Britain at the Porte, being informed of the horrors which had attended upon this barbarous invasion of a remote unfriended people, at once threw the whole of his influence into the scale in their favour. He prevailed upon the Porte—it need not be mentioned how much against their will—to send a commissioner into Kurdistan, for the purpose of inducing Beder Khan Bey and other Kurdish chiefs to give up the slaves they had taken. He advanced himself a considerable sum towards their liberation; and at an after period, perceiving the lukewarmness of the Turks, he despatched an English commissioner—Colonel Rose, we believe—to interpose personally between the Kurds and the Chaldeans.

It was immediately subsequent to Beder Khan's first invasion, and before the sanguinary inroad of the Kurds into Tkhome, a Chaldean district which escaped the first massacre, that Dr. Layard penetrated into the country of the Chaldeans. He first directed his steps to Asheetha, one of the chief places of the mountaineers:—

On the morning following our arrival I went with Yakoub Rais to visit the village. The trees and luxuriant crops had concealed the desolation of the place, and had given to Asheetha, from without, a flourishing appearance. As I wandered, however, through the lanes, I found little but ruins. A few houses were rising from the charred heaps; the greater part of the sites, however, were without owners, the whole family having perished. Yakoub pointed out, as we went along, the former dwellings of wealthy inhabitants, and told me how and where they had been murdered. A solitary church had been built since the massacre; the foundations of others were seen amongst the ruins. The pathways were still blocked up by the trunks of trees cut down by the Kurds. Watercourses, once carrying fertility to many gardens, were now empty and dry; and the lands which they had irrigated were left naked and unsown. I was surprised at the proofs of the industry and activity of the few surviving families, who had returned to the village, and had already brought a large portion of the land into cultivation.

Yakoub Rais, who accompanied Dr. Layard, is described as being naturally of a lively and jovial disposition, yet he could not restrain his tears as he related the particulars of the massacre. The descent upon Asheetha was sudden and unexpected. The greater part of the inhabitants fell victims to the fury of the Kurds, who endeavoured to destroy every trace of the town. We have previously alluded to the jealousy with which Turks and Kurds alike viewed the intercourse of the English and the Americans. Dr. Layard corroborates this by the following statement:

I walked to the ruins of the school and dwelling-house, built by the American missionaries during their short sojourn in the mountains. These buildings had been the cause of much jealousy and suspicion to the Kurds. They stand upon the summit of an isolated hill, commanding the whole valley. A position less

ostentatious and proportions more modest might certainly have been chosen; and it is surprising that persons, so well acquainted with the character of the tribes amongst whom they had come to reside, should have been thus indiscreet.

The position was most probably selected more with a view to health,—as also to the avoidance of those pests of the country, gnats and sand-flies, which oblige even the Chaldeans to sleep on elevated platforms, than for ostentation. Dr. Layard adds, that these missionaries were most zealous and worthy men; and had their plans succeeded, they would have conferred signal benefits on the Chaldeans. After the massacre, Dr. Grant's house in Mosul was filled with fugitives, whom he supported and clothed. Their sufferings, and the want of common necessities before they reached the town, had brought on a malignant typhus fever, which Dr. Grant caught, and he thus fell a victim to his humanity. Mosul now holds the remains of most of those who were engaged in the American missions to the Chaldeans.

Zaweetha had luckily been spared. In Miniyanish, out of seventy houses, only twelve had risen from their ruins; the families to which the rest belonged having been totally destroyed. Yakoub pointed out a spot where above 300 persons had been murdered in cold blood; and "all our party," says Dr. Layard, "had some tale of horror to relate." Murghi was not less desolate than Miniyanish, and eight houses alone had been resought by their owners. "We found," adds the doctor, "an old priest, blind and grey, bowed by age and grief, the solitary survivor of six or eight of his order." Of Lizan, the chief place of the Tiyari country, one of the most beautiful and remarkable sites, perhaps, in the world, Dr. Layard says: "I need not weary or distress the reader with a description of desolation and misery, hardly concealed by the most luxuriant vegetation." It was here that occurred one of the most horrible incidents of the massacre. An active mountaineer having offered to lead the doctor to the spot, he followed him up the mountain.

Emerging from the gardens we found ourselves at the foot of an almost perpendicular detritus of loose stones, terminated, about one thousand feet above us, by a wall of lofty rocks. Up this ascent we toiled for above an hour, sometimes clinging to small shrubs, whose roots scarcely reached the scanty soil below; at others crawling on our hands and knees; crossing the gullies to secure a footing, or carried down by the stones which we put in motion as we advanced. We soon saw evidences of the slaughter. At first a solitary skull rolling down with the rubbish; then heaps of blanched bones; further up fragments of rotting garments. As we advanced, these remains became more frequent—skeletons, almost entire, still hung to the dwarf shrubs. I was soon compelled to renounce an attempt to count them. As we approached the wall of rock, the declivity became covered with bones, mingled with the long platted tresses of the women, shreds of discoloured linen, and well-worn shoes. There were skulls of all ages, from the child unborn to the toothless old man. We could not avoid treading on the bones as we advanced, and rolling them with the loose stones into the valley below. "This is nothing," exclaimed my guide, who observed me gazing with wonder on these miserable heaps; "they are but the remains of those who were thrown from above, or sought to escape the sword by jumping from the rock. Follow me!" He sprang upon a ledge running along the precipice that rose before us, and clambered along the face of the mountain overhanging the Zab, now scarcely visible at our feet. I followed him as well as I was able to some distance; but when the ledge became scarcely broader than my hand, and frequently disappeared for three or four feet altogether, I could no longer advance. The Tiyari, who had easily surmounted these difficulties, returned to assist me, but in vain. I was still suffering severely from the kick received in my leg four days before, and was compelled to return, after catching a glimpse of an open recess or platform covered with human remains.

When the fugitives who had escaped from Asheetha spread the news of the massacre through the valley of Lizan, the inhabitants of the villages around collected such part of their property as they could carry, and took refuge on the platform I have just described and on the rock above; hoping thus to escape the notice of the Kurds, or to be able to defend, against any numbers, a place almost inaccessible. Women and young children, as well as men, concealed themselves in a spot which the mountain goat could scarcely reach. Beder Khan Bey was not long in discovering their retreat; but being unable to force it, he surrounded the place with his men, and waited until they should be compelled to yield. The weather was hot and sultry; the Christians had brought but small supplies of water and provisions; after three days the first began to fail them, and they offered to capitulate. The terms proposed by Beder Khan Bey, and ratified by an oath on the Koran, were the surrender of their arms and property. The Kurds were then admitted to the platform. After they had taken the arms from their prisoners, they commenced an indiscriminate slaughter; until, weary of using their weapons, they hurled the few survivors from the rocks into the Zab below. Out of nearly one thousand souls, who are said to have congregated here, only one escaped.

We had little difficulty in descending to the village; a moving mass of stones, skulls, and rubbish, carried us rapidly down the declivity.

The massacre of the wild Berbers in their caves in Algeria created a general consternation throughout Europe; there was not a pen that did not stir in the cause of a common humanity and mercifulness. Nearly 1000 men, women, and children—remote, unfriended, Christian brethren—were barbarously slain in a cave of Kurdistan, and scarcely was a single notice taken of the transaction by the press—all powerful where the sympathies are to be aroused—throughout the length and breadth of the land.

The villages in the valley of the Zab had suffered more from the Kurds than any other part of Tiari.

Chonba was almost deserted; its houses and churches a mass of ruins, and its gardens and orchards uncultivated and neglected. There was no roof under which we could pass the night; and we were obliged to spread our carpets under a cluster of walnut-trees, near a clear and most abundant spring. Under these trees was pitched the tent of Beder Khan Bey after the great massacre; and here he received Melek Ismail, when delivered a prisoner into his hands. Yakoub, who had been present at the murder of the unfortunate chief of Tiari, thus described the event. After performing prodigies of valour, and heading his people in their defence of the pass which led into the upper districts, Melek Ismail, his thigh broken by a musket-ball, was carried by a few followers to a cavern in a secluded ravine; where he might have escaped the search of his enemies, had not a woman, to save her life, betrayed his retreat. He was dragged down the mountain with savage exultation, and brought before Beder Khan Bey. Here he fell upon the ground. "Wherefore does the infidel sit before me?" exclaimed the ferocious chief, who had seen his broken limb; "and what dog is this that has dared to shed the blood of true believers?" "O Mir," replied Melek Ismail, still undaunted, and partly raising himself, "this arm has taken the lives of nearly twenty Kurds; and, had God spare me, as many more would have fallen by it." Beder Khan Bey rose and walked to the Zab, making a sign to his attendants that they should bring the Melek to him. By his directions they held the Christian chief over the river, and, severing his head from his body with a dagger, cast them into the stream.

Alas, poor Melek Ismail! But three years before, the writer of this article had received at his hands one of those simple but touching presents, the memory of which we often hoard with as much tenacity as far more costly gifts; it was a rare and beautiful flowering plant from his mountain snows; there was little in it, but it showed that a Melek of the Chaldeans could take an interest in a traveller's pursuits and pleasures.

Dr. Layard, crossing the Zab, penetrated to the south-eastward to the Chaldean district of Tkhoma, which had not been explored by his predecessors. Here he found a threatened invasion by Beder Khan the chief subject of conversation, and that although these poor Christians had been forced by Nur-Ullah Bey to join in the previous massacre of their own brethren. A deputation was chosen, and at once sent to the Pasha of Mosul, bearing a touching appeal, which set forth that they were faithful subjects of the Sultan, that they had been guilty of no offence, and were ready to pay any money, or submit to any terms that the pasha might think fit to exact. At the same time, no precaution was omitted to place the valley in a state of defence, and to prepare for the approach of the Kurds. Neither were of any avail to these poor people. It was not likely that the successor of the pasha, who had been foiled in the execution of his plans of subjection and extermination a few years ago, was going to interfere with the just exercise of the sword of the faithful! Nor was the strength of five small and secluded villages sufficient to oppose to the inroad of an enemy far more numerous and as versed in mountain warfare as the Chaldeans themselves.

A few days after my return to Mosul (Dr. Layard relates), notwithstanding the attempts of Tuhyar Pasha to avert the calamity, Beder Khan Bey marched through the Tiyari mountains, levying contributions on the tribes, and plundering the villages, on his way to the unfortunate district. The inhabitants of Tkhoma, headed by their Meleks, made some resistance, but were soon overpowered by numbers. An indiscriminate massacre took place. The women were brought before the chief, and murdered in cold blood. Those who attempted to escape were cut off. Three hundred women and children, who were flying into Baz, were killed in the pass I have described. The principal villages, with their gardens, were destroyed, and the churches pulled down. Nearly half the population fell victims to the fanatical fury of the Kurdish chief; amongst these were one of the Meleks and Kasha Bodaca. With this good priest, and Kasha Auraham, perished the most learned of the Nestorian clergy; and Kasha Kana is the last who has inherited any part of the knowledge and zeal which once so eminently distinguished the Chaldean priesthood.

The last atrocious massacre excited such loud expressions of abhorrence, that the Porte could no longer preserve a semblance of opposition, and at the same time an attitude of indifference. An expedition was fitted out under Osman Pasha to remonstrate with the Kurd for the excessive cruelty of his proceedings, and at the same time to make him disgorge a portion of his ill-gotten plunder. Beder Khan could not at first understand that he should be employed at one moment to exterminate the infidels, and at another that he should be upbraided for carrying out his secret instructions at the point of the sword. The demand for a share in the profits of the incursions he, as a well-educated Turkish vassal, could better understand, and so he offered what resistance he could, and finally shut himself up with his slaves and property in one of his mountain castles. A semblance of hostilities was gone into between the Turkish and the Kurdish chiefs; the castle was nominally invested, and a compromise was soon entered into, by which Beder Khan was guaranteed the enjoyment of his property, with the reservation of his harem, slaves, and attendants; the only sacrifice he was to make was one of political necessity—he must quit the seat of his government till the discontent of European friends and allies should slumber in oblivion, when it would require no great acquaintance with Oriental

antecedents to prophesy that he will be restored to his original position. The manner in which Dr. Layard relates these results is either a piece of amusing diplomatic mystification, or, if the writer is sincere, it argues not over-favourably for the clear-sightedness of the new *attaché* of legation.

There is no doubt that Beder Khan Bey was, like most Kurdish chieftains, more of a vassal than a subject, and that he was often rebellious ; but that in this case he was first of all a tool which, its work being accomplished, was cast off, there can be little doubt among all who are acquainted with the campaigns of the Turks in Kurdistan since 1838. If Beder Khan Bey was not made a nominal sacrifice to policy, how does it happen that, according to Dr. Layard, Nur-Ullah Bey, whose allegiance to the Pasha of Van, and consequently to the Pasha of Erzurum, there can be no doubt about, was yet permitted, after the subjugation of Beder Khan, once more to fall suddenly upon the devoted Chaldees, to enslave and to destroy the few that remained, or to put them to torture under pretence of concealed treasures, without a remonstrance ?

We believe it is a common thing to say at the Foreign-office, of Oriental travellers, that they expect too much of them—more, in fact, than they have the power to do. But surely this was not the case in the present instance, where a single word in time might possibly have saved thousands of innocent lives. Had it been insisted upon, when the Chaldeans were threatened, that an energetic and honest remonstrance should be sent to the Pashas of Mosul or Van, the Kurds would never have ventured to move. As before said, the Turks themselves began the movement, which the Kurds only carried out ; or, if the patriarch had been placed under the protection of England, in the same manner as the Roman Catholics of Syria are under that of France, the intervention of the British representative in their favour would have been still more efficient. That opportunity has now gone by, but another happily presents itself at the present moment. The tottering, decrepit, and inefficient rule of the Osmanlis is once more likely to be saved from annihilation by the political necessities of Great Britain and France. There will be for some time an active and positive feeling of gratitude for this intervention, or, if there is not, there ought to be, which is the same thing for the purposes in view. It would be a great act of humanity if such an opportunity was taken advantage of, to negotiate the protection sought by the patriarch and the clergy of Chaldea from Great Britain, or at all events to ensure by treaty their future rights as subjects of the Porte—rights which, from their mountain seclusion and remoteness, have hitherto been entirely disregarded. It would be but a small return for securing the integrity of an empire to ask for the emancipation of a people ; but it would be ennobling to the cause of a general humanity and civilisation that the hand held out to the Mohammedans in the hour of distress should also uphold, in its last sad hour of prostration and extermination, the small remnant of a most interesting and ancient Christian community, the few and only living descendants of the Assyrians—“as much the remains of Nineveh and Assyria as are the rude heaps and ruined palaces”—and who will appear to some, perhaps, quite as deserving of interest and sympathy.

SOAPEY SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MR. SPRAGGON'S EMBASSY TO JAWLEYFORD COURT.

WE left Mr. Jawleyford at the bottom of Scrambleford Hill, where he sat eying the field getting small by degrees and beautifully less, with a sort of fixed gaze of earnestness. His attention, however, was not riveted on the hounds, or the horsemen, or the scene, or to anything he was looking at. He was considering the fix he was in with regard to Jack Spraggon, and wondering how to get rid of his agreeable company next day at dinner. The honour of riding on the right of my lord, coupled with the excitement of the scene, and the quick find and get away of the pack, had prevented his following up his first effort to procure a postponement of the visit; but now that he was left alone in his glory, alone at least with the exception of the boy in blue, whose horse kept fidgiting and fretting, while the rider thought what a slow coach his master was to sit still instead of trying to follow the hounds—now, we say, that Jawleyford was alone, and the horrid infliction of Jack Spraggon's company flashed full upon him, he sat staring and meditating what would be the best way of getting rid of him.

Woodmansterne—Lord Scamperdale's residence and Jack's billet—was a long way from Jawleyford Court—twenty miles at least, and twelve from where they stood; and though anything but a humane man to his horses, Jawleyford saw the impossibility of trumping up an excuse that would stand the scrutiny of an impromptu put-off, or justify the sending over such a distance that day. After due consideration, during which the hounds gradually disappeared in the distance, and the late excited country resumed its wonted quiet, there being nothing further to stare at, Jawleyford turned his horse's head about and recommenced the ascent of the high, hog-backed hill that separated the vales in which Lord Scamperdale and he respectively lived. As he toiled up one side and led down the other, he pondered upon the most convenient peg whereon to hang an excuse. A bad cold is a convenient thing, and the unwonted exertion of hunting might favour the presumption of such an acquisition; but then Mr. Sponge would be there to contradict him. The illness of a friend, a sudden call from home, the recollection of a forgotten engagement, were all open to the same objection.

At last Mr. Jawleyford came to the resolution that a good sick headache would be the thing to have, and which, while it would save his Wintle that night, could be used with great apparent truth and security in the morning. Nobody could look into his head to see whether it was aching or not.

Accordingly, when Mr. Sponge returned, all dirtied and stained, from the chase, he found his host sitting in an arm-chair over the study fire, dressing-gowned and slippered, with a pocket-handkerchief tied about his head, looking as much of a wretch as could well be desired. To be sure he played rather a better knife and fork at dinner than is usual with persons with that peculiar ailment; but Mr. Sponge, being very hungry, and well attended to by the fair,—moreover, not suspecting any ulterior design,—just ate and jabbered away as usual, with the exception of omitting his sick papa-in-law in the round of his very sensible and gentlemanly observations.

So the dinner passed over.

"Bring me a tumbler and some hot water and sugar," said Mr. Jawleyford, pressing his head against his hand, as Spigot, having placed some bottle ends on the table, and reduced the glare of light, was preparing to retire. "Bring me some hot water and sugar," said he; "and tell Harry he will have to go over to Lord Scamperdale's, with a note, the first thing in the morning."

The young ladies looked at each other, and then at mamma, who, seeing what was wanted, looked at papa, and asked "if he was going to ask Lord Scamperdale over?". Amelia, among her many "presentiments," had long had one that she was destined to be Lady Scamperdale.

"No—over—no," snapped Jawleyford; "what should put that in your head?"

"Oh, I thought as Mr. Sponge was here, you might think it a good time to ask him."

"His lordship knows he can come when he likes," replied Jawleyford; adding, "It's to put that Mr. Jack Spraggon off, who thinks he may do the same."

"Mr. Spraggon!" exclaimed both the young ladies. "Mr. Spraggon!—what should set him here?"

"What, indeed?" asked Jawleyford.

"Poor man! I dare say there's no harm in him," observed Mrs. Jawleyford, who was always ready for anybody.

"No good either," replied Jawleyford,—“at all events, we'll be just as well without him. You know him, don't you?" added he, turning to Soapey—"great coarse man in spectacles."

"Oh yes, I know him," replied Soapey; "a great ruffian he is too," added he.

"One ought to be in robust health to encounter such a man," observed Jawleyford, "and have time to get a man or two of the same sort to meet him. *We* can do nothing with such a man. I can't understand how his lordship puts up with such a fellow."

"Finds him useful, I suppose," observed Mr. Sponge.

Spigot presently appeared with a massive silver salver, bearing tumblers, sugar, lemon, nutmeg, and other implements of negus.

"Will you join me in a little wine-and-water?" asked Jawleyford, pointing to the apparatus and bottle ends, or will you have a fresh bottle?—*plenty* in the cellar," added he, with a flourish of his hand, though he kept looking steadfastly at the negus-tray.

"Oh—why—I'm afraid—I doubt—I think I should hardly be able to do justice to a bottle single-handed," replied Soapey.

"Then have a little negus," said Jawleyford; "you'll find it very refreshing; medical men recommend it after violent exercise in preference to wine. But *pray* have wine if you prefer it."

"Ah—well, I'll finish off with a little negus perhaps," replied Soapey; adding, "Meanwhile the ladies, I dare say, would like a little wine."

"The ladies drink white wine—*sherry*"—rejoined Jawleyford, determined to make a last effort to save his port. "However, you can have a bottle of port to yourself, you know."

"Very well," said Soapey.

"One condition I must attach," said Mr. Jawleyford, "which is, that you *finish* the bottle. Don't let us have any waste, you know."

"But if I drink it without wanting it, it will be equally wasted, won't it?" asked Soapey.

"That may all be," replied Mr. Jawleyford; "but one doesn't like to see old wine left unfinished—wasted, as I call it, for it's never half so good the next day."

"Well, I'll do my best then," said Soapey, determined to have it; whereupon Mr. Jawleyford growled the word "Port" to the butler, who had been witnessing his master's efforts to direct Soapey's attention to the negus. Thwarted in his endeavour, Jawleyford's headache became worse, and the ladies, seeing how things were, beat a precipitate retreat, leaving our hero to his fate.

"I'll leave a note on my writing-table when I go to bed," observed Jawleyford to Spigot, as the latter was retiring after depositing the bottle; "and tell Harry to start with it early in the morning, so as to get to Woodmansterne about breakfast—nine o'clock, or so, at latest," added he.

"Yes, sir," replied Spigot, withdrawing with an air.

Soapey then wanted to narrate the adventures of the day; but, independently of Jawleyford's natural indifference for hunting, he was too much out of humour at being done out of his wine to lend a willing ear; and after sundry "*hums*," "*indeeds*," "*sos*," &c., Soapey thought he might as well think the run over to himself as trouble to put it into words, whereupon a long silence ensued, interrupted only by the tinkling of Jawleyford's spoon against his glass, and the bumps of the decanter as Soapey helped himself to his wine.

At length Jawleyford, having had as much negus as he wanted, excused himself from further attendance, under the plea of increasing illness, and retired to his study to concoct his letter to Jack.

At first he was puzzled how to address him. If he had been Jack Spraggon, living in old Mother Nipcheese's lodgings at Starfield, as he was when Lord Scamperdale took him by the hand, he would have addressed him as "Dear Sir," or perhaps in the third person, "Mr. Jawleyford presents his compliments to Mr. Spraggon," &c.; but, as my lord's right-hand man, Jack carried a certain weight, and commanded a certain influence, that he would never have acquired of himself.

Jawleyford spoilt three sheets of cream-laid satin-wove note-paper (crested and ciphered) before he pleased himself with a beginning. First he had it "Dear Sir," which he thought looked too stiff; then he had it "My dear Sir," which he thought looked too loving; next he had it "Dear Spraggon," which he considered as too familiar; and then he tried "Dear Mr. Spraggon," which he thought would do. Thus he wrote:—

"DEAR MR. SPRAGGON,—I am sorry to be obliged to put you off; but since I came in from hunting I have been attacked with my old enemy—a sick headache—which generally incapacitates me from the enjoyment of society at least for two or three days. I therefore think the kindest thing I can do is to write to put you off; and, in the hopes of seeing both you and my lord at no distant day,

"I remain, dear sir, yours sincerely,

"CHARLES JAMES JAWLEYFORD.

"To John Spraggon, Esq.,
&c. &c. &c."

"Jawleyford Court.

This he sealed with the great seal of Jawleyford Court—a coat of arms containing innumerable quarterings and heraldic devices. Having then refreshed his memory by looking through a bundle of calls on railway shares, and selected the most threatening of the lawyers' letters to answer the next day, he proceeded to keep up the delusion of sickness, by retiring to sleep in his dressing-room.

Our readers will now have the kindness to accompany us to Lord Scamperdale's seat at Woodmansterne. "Love me, love my dog," being a favourite saying of his lordship's, he fed himself, his friends, and his hounds, on the same meal. Jack and he were busy with two great basins full of porridge, which his lordship diluted with milk, while Jack stirred his up with hot dripping, when the put-off note arrived. His lordship was still in a complete suit of the great square, gammon-board looking, red and yellow Stunner tartan; but as Jack was going from home, he had got himself into a pair of his lordship's yellow ochre leathers and new top-boots, while he wore the Stunner jacket and waistcoat to save his lordship's Sunday green cut-away with metal buttons, and canary-coloured waistcoat. His lordship did not eat his porridge with his usual appetite, for he had had a disturbed night, Soapey having appeared to him in his dreams in all sorts of forms and predicaments; now jumping a-top of him—now upsetting Jack (Mr. Spraggon)—now riding over Frostyface—now crashing among his hounds; and he awoke, or rather arose, for he had hardly had any sleep, fully determined to get rid of him by fair means or foul. Buying his horses did not seem so good a speculation as blowing his credit at Jawleyford Court, for, independently of disliking to part with his cash, his lordship remembered that there were other horses to get, and he should only be giving Soapey the means of purchasing them. The more, however, he thought of the Jawleyford project, the more satisfied he was that it would do, and Jack and he were in a sort of rehearsal, wherein his lordship personated Jawleyford, and was showing Jack (who was only a clumsy diplomatist) how to draw up to the subject of Soapey's pecuniary deficiencies, when the dirty old butler came in with Jawleyford's note.

"What's here?" exclaimed his lordship, fearing from its smartness that it was from a lady. "What's here?" repeated he, as he inspected the direction. "O, it's for *you*!" exclaimed he, chucking it over to Jack, considerably relieved by the discovery.

"*Me!*" replied Jack. "Who can be writing to me?" said he, squinting his eyes inside out at the seal. He opened it: "Jawleyford Court," read he. "Who the devil can be writing to me from Jawleyford Court when I'm going there?"

"A put-off, for a guinea!" exclaimed his lordship.

"Hope so," muttered Jack.

"Hope *not*," replied his lordship.

"It is!" exclaimed Jack, reading, "Dear Mr. Spraggon," and so on.

"The humbug!" muttered Lord Scamperdale; adding, "I'll be bound he's got no more headache than I have."

"Well," observed Jack, sweeping a red cotton handkerchief, with which he had been protecting his leathers, off into his pocket, "there's an end of that."

"Don't go so quick," replied his lordship, ladling in the porridge.

"*Quick!*" retorted Jack; "why, what can you do?"

"*Do!* why, go to be sure," replied his lordship.

"How can I go," asked Jack, "when the sinner's written to put me off?"

"Nicely," replied his lordship, "nicely. You know you have to go to Starfield for me: well, I'll just send word back by the servant that you'd started before the note arrived, but that you shall have it as soon as you return, and you just cast up there as if nothing had happened." So saying, his lordship took hold of the whipcord-pull and gave the bell a peel.

"There's no beating you," observed Jack, thinking of the legacy that awaited his calling on Pouncebox at Starfield.

Bags now made his appearance again.

"Is the servant here that brought this note?" asked his lordship, holding it up.

"Yes, *me* lord," replied Bags.

"Then tell him to tell his master, with my compliments, that Mr. Spraggon had set off for Jawleyford Court before it came, but that he shall have it as soon as he returns—you understand?"

"Yes, *me* lord," replied Bags, looking at Jack supping up the fat porridge, and wondering how the lie would go down with Harry, who was then discussing his master and a horn of small beer with the lad who was going to drive Jack.

Jawleyford Court was twenty miles from Woodmansterne as the crow flies, and any distance you like to call it by the road. The road, indeed, would seem to have been set out with a view of getting as many hills and as little level, or ground over which a traveller could make play, as possible; and where it did not lead over the tops of the highest hills, it wound round their bases in such little, vexatious, up-and-down, wavy dips as completely to do away with all chance of expedition. The route was not along one continuous trust, but here over a bit of turnpike and there over a bit of turnpike, with ever and anon long interregnums of township roads, repaired in the usual primitive style with mud and soft field-stones that turned up like fitches of bacon. A man would travel from London to Exeter by rail in as short a time, and with far greater ease, than he would drive from Lord Scamperdale's to Jawleyford Court. His lordship being aware of this fact, and thinking, moreover, it was no use thrashing a good horse over such roads, had desired Frostyface to put an old spavined grey mare, that he had bought for the kennel, into the dog-cart, and out of which, his lordship thought, if he could get a day's work or two, she would come all the cheaper to the boiler.

"That's a devilish good-shaped beast," observed his lordship, as she now came hitching round to the door; "I really think she would make a cover hack."

"Sooner you ride her than me," replied Jack, seeing his lordship was coming the dealer over him—praising the shape when he could say nothing for the action.

"Well, but she'll take you to Jawleyford Court as quick as the best of them," rejoined his lordship; adding, "The roads are wretched, and Jaw's stables are a disgrace to humanity—might as well put a horse in a cellar."

"Well," observed Jack, retiring from the parlour-window to his little den along the passage, to put the finishing touch to his toilette—the green cut-away and buff waistcoat, which he further set off with a black satin stock—"Well," said he, "needs must when a certain gentleman drives."

He presently reappeared full fig, rubbing a fine new eight-and-six-penny flat-brimmed hat round and round with a substantial puce-coloured bandana.

"Now for the specs!" exclaimed he, with the gaiety of a man in his Sunday's best, bound on a holiday trip. "Now for the silver specs!" repeated he.

"Ah, true," replied his lordship, "I'd forgot the specs." (He hadn't, only he thought his silver-mounted ones would be safer in his keeping than in Jack's.) "I'd forgot the specs. However, never mind, you shall have these," said he, taking his tortoiseshell-rimmed ones off his nose and handing them to Jack.

"You promised me the silver ones," observed our friend Jack, who wanted to be smart.

"Did I?" replied his lordship; "I declare I'd forgot. Ah, yes, I believe I did," added he, with an air of sudden enlightenment,—“the pair upstairs; but how the deuce to get at them I don't know, for the key of the Indian cabinet is locked in the old oak press in the still-room, and the key of the still-room is locked away in the linen-press in the green lumber-room at the top of the house, and the key of the green lumber-room is in a drawer at the bottom of the wardrobe in the Star-chamber, and the—”

"Ah, well; never mind," grunted Jack, interrupting the labyrinth of lies. "I dare say these will do,—I dare say these will do," putting them on; adding, "Now, if you'll lend me a shawl for my neck, and a Mackintosh, my name shall be *Walker*."

"Better make it *Trotter*," replied his lordship, "considering the distance you have to go. Here, Bags!" said he to the old butler, who was loitering at the door; "get Mr. Spraggon my red worsted comforter and a Mackintosh, or something to protect him, or rather my coat, from the weather."

"And a rug for my knees!" exclaimed Jack, as Bags shuffled away; adding, "It'll be precious cold crawling all that distance." Having got himself into a fine shining sack of a Mackintosh, and having turned the velvet collar up to his ears, leaving nothing but his nose and spectacles visible below his flat hat, our friend proceeded to the splendid portico under which the wretched vehicle was standing, accompanied by his lordship, who crowned himself with a Stunner tartan cap to protect himself from the wintry blast.

"Now mind, *do your best*," said his lordship, squeezing Jack's hand, as he helped to button him into the dog-cart. "Now mind, do your best, and tell Pouncey to be here at three at latest; and tell him to bring a pen with him, for I don't think we have any that will write."

"I will," said Jack.

"Better say *two* o'clock, perhaps," said his lordship, thinking he mightn't get rid of Mr. Pouncebox before dinner if he came so late as three.

"Good," said Jack, driving away.

"It will be a blessing if we get to Starfield," observed Jack to the liveried stable-lad, as the old bag of bones of a mare went hitching and limping away.

"Oh, she can go when she's warm," replied the lad, taking her across the ears with the point of the whip. The wheels followed merrily over the sound hard road through the park, and, the gentle though almost

imperceptible fall of the ground giving an impetus to the vehicle, they bowled away as if they had four of the soundest, freshest legs in the world before them, instead of nothing but a belly-band between them and eternity.

When, however, they cleared the noble lodge and got upon the unscraped mud of the Deepdebt turnpike, the pace soon slackened, and, instead of the gig running away with the old mare, she was fairly brought to her collar. Being a game one, however, she struggled on with a trot, till at length, turning off on to the deeply-spurlinged clayey-bottomed cross-road between Rookgate and Clamley, it was all she could do to drag the gig through the holding mire. Bump, bump, jolt, jolt, creak, creak, went the vehicle, Jack now diving his elbow into the lad's ribs, the lad now diving his into Jack's; both now threatening to go over on the same side, and again both nearly chucked on to the old mare's quarters. A sharp cutting sleet, driving pins and needles directly in their faces, further disconcerted our travellers. Jack felt acutely for his new eight-and-sixpenny hat, it being the only article of dress he had on belonging to himself. With their flat hats fronted with half-frozen sleet, looking like chimney-sweepers' badges, our travellers at length found relief in the rough cobble-stone pavement of the village town of Starfield—glorious place, where a dog-cart creates a sensation! To be sure the lad had a cockade in his hat, a thing that makes about the same sensation in the country that her Majesty's first scarlet-coated outrider makes in Hyde Park. Mr. Spraggon being well muffled up, and much the same shape and make as Lord Scamperdale, the ostler and people at the inn (the Crown) found it convenient to make out that it was his lordship, and fussed and ran about accordingly. Instead of letting Jack go into the kitchen or the bar to get a glass of brandy, they insisted upon showing him into the long room up stairs, where he witnessed the attack of a red-hot poker upon a grate full of green wood and bad coals. Having disposed of his brandy before the fire got fairly hold, he went off to Mr. Pouncebox's, whither he desired the dog-cart might follow as soon as the mare was fed and the lad had got his dinner.

Pouncebox was in such a hurry to obey his lordship's summons, that the postchaise which he immediately ordered to convey him came to the door long before Jack's equipage was ready. Some people think it necessary to spend as much money as they can when travelling at other people's expense. Pouncebox's usual mode of conveyance was his own one-horse chaise; but then, if that had appeared at his brass-knocked green door, no one would have supposed he was going to his noble client Lord Scamperdale's. So Pouncebox went in what he thought "state,"—a yellow po-chay, with straw in the bottom. Apologising for leaving Mr. Spraggon to the care of his very ugly stick of a wife, Mr. Pouncebox hurried off as if Lord Scamperdale was at his last gasp.

It was two o'clock before Mr. Spraggon was again in his jolter, encountering the unnumbered miles that lay between Starfield and Jawleyford Court. Long and tedious as was the road, weak and jaded as was the mare, and long as Jack stopped at Starfield, he yet reached Jawleyford Court before the messenger Harry.

As our friend Jawleyford was stamping about his study anathematising a letter he had received from the solicitor to the directors of the Doem-brown and Sinkall Railway, calling upon him for "another thousand," he chanced to look out of his window just as the contracted limits of a

November day was drawing the first folds of night's muslin curtain over the landscape, when he espied a gig drawn by a white horse, with a dot-and-go-one sort of action, hopping its way up the slumpey east entrance.

"That's Buggins the bailiff," exclaimed he to himself, as the recollection of an unanswered lawyer's letter flashed across his mind; and he was just darting off to the bell to warn Spigot not to admit any one, when the lad's cockade, standing in relief against the sky-line, caused him to pause and gaze again at the unwonted apparition.

"Who the *deuce* can it be?" said he to himself, looking at his watch, and seeing it was a quarter past four. "It surely can't be my lord, or that beast Jack Spraggon coming after all?" added he, drawing out a telescope and opening a lancet-window.

"*Spraggon, as I live!*" exclaimed he, as he caught Jack's harsh spectacled features, and saw him titivating his hair and arranging his collar and stock as he approached.

"Well, that beats everything!" exclaimed Jawleyford, burning with rage, as he fastened the window again.

He stood for a few seconds transfixed to the spot, not knowing what on earth to do. At last resolution came to his aid, and, rushing up stairs to his dressing-room, he quickly divested himself of his coat and waistcoat, and slipped on a dressing-gown and nightcap. He then stood door in hand listening for the arrival. He could just hear the gig grinding under the portico, and distinguish Jack's gruff voice saying to the servant from the top of the steps—"We'll start *directly* after breakfast in the mornin', mind." A tremendous peal of the bell immediately followed, convulsing the whole house, for nobody had seen the vehicle approaching, and the establishment had fallen into the usual state of undress partial torpor that intervenes between calling hours and dinner-time.

The bell not being answered as quickly as Jack expected, he just opened the door himself; and when Spigot arrived with such a force as he could raise at the moment (Sneil to wit), Jack was in the act of "peeling" himself, as he called it.

"What time do we dine?" asked he, with the air of a man with the right of *entrée*.

"Seven o'clock, my lord—that's to say, sir—that's to say, my lord," for Spigot really didn't know whether it was Jack or his master.

"*Seven o'clock!*" muttered Jack. "What the *deuce* is the use of dinin' at such an hour as that in winter?"

Jack and my lord always dined as soon as they got home from hunting. Jack, having got himself out of his wraps, and having run his bristles backwards with a shilling pocket-comb, was ready for presentation.

"What name shall I enounce?" asked Mr. Spigot, fearful of committing himself before the ladies.

"MISTER SPRAGGON, to be sure," exclaimed Jack, thinking, because he knew who he was, that everybody else ought to know too.

Spigot then led the way to the music-room.

The peal at the bell had caused no little, though somewhat suppressed commotion in the apartment, which, in all probability, would have burst into a downright listen, or peep at the door, had not Mr. Sponge been there.—Buried in the luxurious depths of a well-cushioned low chair, Soapey sat, "Mogg" in hand, with a toe cocked up, now dipping leisurely

into his work—now whispering something sweet, or something that he thought sweet, into Amelia's ear, who sat with her crochet-work at his side, while Emily played the piano, and Mrs. Jawleyford kept in the background, in the discreet way mothers do when there is a little business going on. The room was in that happy state of misty light that usually precedes the entrance of candles—a light that no one likes to admit is darkness, lest their eyes might be supposed not to be good. It is a convenient light, however, for a timid stranger, especially where there are not many man-traps of footstools set to trip him up—an exemption, we grieve to say, not accorded to every one.

Though Mr. Spraggon was such a cool, impudent fellow with men, he was the most awkward, frightened wretch among women—ladies at least—that ever was seen. His conversation consisted principally of coughing. “*Hem!*”—(cough)—“yes, mum,”—(hem—cough, cough)—“the day,”—(hem—cough)—“mum, is”—(hem—cough)—“very,”—(hem—cough)—“mum, cold.” But we will introduce him to our family circle.

“Mr. SPRAGGON!” exclaimed Spigot, in a tone equal to the one in which Jack had announced himself in the entrance; and forthwith there was such a stir in the twilit apartment—such suppressed exclamations of, “Mr. Spraggon!—Mr. Spraggon! What can bring him here?”

Our traveller's creaking boots and radiant leathers eclipsing the sombre habiliments of Mr. Spigot, Mrs. Jawleyford quickly rose from her Pembroke writing-desk, and proceeded to greet him.

“My daughters I think you know, Mr. Spraggon; also Mr. Soapey Sponge? Mr. Spraggon,” continued she, with a wave of her hand to where our hero was ensconced in his form, in case they should not have made each other's speaking acquaintance.

The young ladies rose, and curtsied prettily; while Mr. Spongo gave a sort of backward hitch of his head as he sat in his chair, as much as to say, “I know as much of Mr. Spraggon as I want.”

“Tell your master Mr. Spraggon is here,” added Mrs. Jawleyford to Spigot, as that worthy was leaving the room. “It's a cold day, Mr. Spraggon; won't you come near the fire?” continued Mrs. Jawleyford, addressing our friend, who had come to a full stop just under the chandelier in the centre of the room.

“*Hem—cough—hem*—thank ye, mum,” muttered Jack; “I'm not—*hem—cough*—cold, thank ye, mum.” His face and hands were purple notwithstanding.

“How is my Lord Scamperdale?” asked Amelia, who had a strong inclination to keep in with all parties.

“*Hem!* (cough) *hem!*—my lord—that's to say, my lady—*hem!* (cough)—I mean to say my lord's pretty well, thank ye,” stuttered Jack.

“Is he coming?” asked Amelia.

“*Hem!* (cough) *hem!*—my lord's—*hem!*—not well—(cough)—no—*hem!*—I mean to say—*hem!* (cough)—my lord's gone—*hem!*—to dine—(cough) *hem!*—with his—(cough)—friend Lord Bubbley Jock—*hem!* (cough)—I mean Barker—(cough).”

Jack and Lord Scamperdale were so in the habit of calling his lordship by this nickname, that Jack let it slip, or rather cough out, inadvertently.

In due time Spigot returned, with “Master's compliments, and he is

very sorry, but he is laid up with a bad sick headache, which perfectly incompetates him from seeing company."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Jawleyford.

"Poor *pa*!" lisped Amelia.

"What a pity!" observed Mr. Sponge.

"I must go and see him," observed Mrs. Jawleyford, hurrying off.

"*Hem!* (*cough*) *hem!*—hope he's not much—*hem!*—damaged?" observed Jack.

The old lady being thus got rid of, and Jawleyford disposed of—apparently for the night—Mr. Spraggon felt more comfortable, and presently yielded to Amelia's entreaties to come near the fire and thaw himself. Spigot brought candles, and Mr. Sponge sat moodily in his chair, alternately studying Mogg's "*Cab Fares*"—"Old Bailey, Newgate-street, to or from Adelphi, *the Terrace*, 1s. 6d.; Admiralty, 2s.; and so on; and hazarding promiscuous sidelong sort of observations, that might be taken up by anybody. He seemed determined to pay Mr. Jack off for his out-of-door impudence. Amelia, on the other hand, seemed desirous of making up for her suitor's rudeness, and kept talking to Jack with an assiduity that perfectly astonished her sister, who had always heard her speak of him with the utmost abhorrence.

Mrs. Jawleyford found her husband in a desperate state of excitement up stairs, his Jack sick headache being greatly aggravated by Harry having returned very drunk, with the mare's knees desperately broken "by a fall," as Harry hiccuped out, or by his "throwing her down," as Jawleyford declared. Horses *fall* with their masters, servants *throw* them down. What a happiness it is when people can send their servants on errands by coaches or railways, instead of being kept on the fidget all day, lest a fifty-pound horse should be the price of a bodkin or a basket of fish!

Jawleyford now settled in his mind that Harry had never got to Woodmansterne—a supposition that at once accounted for Mr. Spraggon having come. What between Jack and the lad and the lawyer's letter, he was in a pretty state of mind. He insisted upon poor Jack being put into a wretched dog-hole sort of room, with a fireplace that always smoked, a window that looked against a dead wall, and furniture that had been drafted from the housekeeper's room. "Anything," he said, "was good enough for such a fellow as that." Into this little dreary dark-papered dungeon Jack was shown by Spigot as soon as the thundering gong announced it was time to dress for dinner. Poor Mrs. Jawleyford had done her best to mitigate the glaring imperfections of the room, but it was questionable whether the muslin cover she put over the old deal table, and the Indian matting with which she hid the holes in the carpet by the side of the washhand-stand, did not rather expose the wretchedness of the rest of the furniture than contribute to the comfortable appearance of the room.

Jack, however, not being much used to either space or smartness at Woodmansterne, did not think much of it, and prepared to occupy the room without observation. Perhaps the outbursts of smoke that every now and then proceeded from the fire might tend to divert his attention, or it might be that he was too intent on adonising his own person. There is no creature, however ugly, that does not think himself captivating; and it is observable that the queerist-looking objects are often the most conceited and anxious about their persons. Jack Spraggon even was not

too ugly to be exempt from the common failing. He would stand squinting at his coarse, square, vulgar-looking features and Spanish pointer nose with all the satisfaction of a girl of sixteen; and though he might occasionally think that it would be as well perhaps if he looked straight, he would nevertheless console himself with the reflection that a squint gave a very decided character to the face, and that it was all right when he had his spectacles on.

Miss Amelia's condescension, so unexpected on Jack's part, quite turned his head, and he squinted at his lordship's best clothes, all neatly laid out for him on the bed, with inward satisfaction at having brought them.

"D—n me!" said he, "I really think that girl has a fancy for me." Then he examined himself minutely in the glass, brushed round his whiskers into a curve on his cheek-bones, the curves almost corresponding with the curve of his spectacles above; then he gave his bristly porcupine-shaped head a backward rub with a sort of thing like a scrubbing brush. "If I'd only had the silver specs," thought he, "I should have done."

He then began to dress—an operation that ever and anon was interrupted by the outburst of volleys of smoke from the little spluttering, smouldering fire, whose heat, if it had any, seemed to go up the chimney, and whose smoke all came into the room.

Jack tried all things—opening the window and shutting the door, shutting the window and opening the door; but finding that, instead of curing it, he only produced the different degrees of comparison—bad, worse, worst,—he at length shut both, and applied himself vigorously to dressing. He soon got into his stockings and pumps, also his black Saxony trousers; then came a fine black lace fringed cravat, and the damson-coloured velvet waistcoat with the cut-steel buttons.

"Dash me, but I look pretty well in this!" said he, eyeing first one side and then the other as he buttoned it. He then stuck a chased and figured fine gold brooch, with two pendent tassel-drops, set with turquoise and agates, that he had abstracted from his lordship's dressing-case, into his, or rather his lordship's, finely-worked shirt-front, and crowned the toilette with his lordship's best new blue coat with velvet collar, silk facings, and the Flat Hat Hunt button—"a striding fox," with the letters "F. H. H." below.

"Who shall say Mr. Spraggon's not a gentleman?" said he, as he perfumed one of his lordship's fine coroneted cambric handkerchiefs with lavender-water. Scent, in Jack's opinion, was one of the criterions of a gentleman.

Somehow Jack felt quite differently towards the house of Jawleyford; and though he did not expect much pleasure in Mr. Soapey's company, he thought, nevertheless, that the ladies and he—Amelia and he at least—would get on very well. Forgetting that he had come to eject Soapey Sponge on the score of insufficiency, he really began to think he might be a very desirable match for one of them himself.

"The Spraggon's are a most respectable family," said he, eyeing himself in the glass. "If not very handsome, at all events devilish genteel," added he, speaking of himself in particular. So saying, he adorned himself with his spectacles and set off to explore his way down stairs. After divers mistakes he at length found himself in the drawing-room, where the rest of the party being assembled, they presently proceeded to dinner.

Jack's amended costume did not produce any difference in Mr. Sponge's behaviour, who treated him with the utmost indifference. In truth, Sponge had rather a large balance against Jack for his impudence to him in the field. Nevertheless, the fair Amelia continued her attentions, and talked of hunting, occasionally diverging into observations on Lord Scamperdale's fine riding and general manly character and appearance, in the roundabout way ladies send their messages and compliments to their friends.

The dinner itself was rather flat. Jawleyford had stopped the champagne tap, though the needle-case glasses stood to tantalise the party till about the time that the beverage ought to have been flowing, when Spigot motioned Snell to take them off. The flatness then became flatter. Nevertheless, Jack worked away in his usual carnivorous style, and finished by paying his respects to all the sweets, jellies, and things in succession. He never got any of these, he said, at "home," meaning at Lord Scamperdale's—Amelia thought, if she was "my lady," he would not get any meat there either.

At length Jack finished; and having discussed cheese, porter, and red herrings, the cloth was at length drawn, and a hard-featured dessert, consisting principally of apples, followed. The wine having made a couple of melancholy circuits, the strained conversation having about come to a full stop, and Spigot having considerably placed the little round table, as if to keep the peace, between them, the ladies left the male worthies to discuss their port and sherry together. Jack, according to Woodmansterne custom, unbuttoned his waistcoat, and stuck his legs out before him,—an example that Mr. Sponge quickly followed, and each assumed an attitude that as good as said "I don't care twopence for you." A dead silence then prevailed, interrupted only by the *snap, snap, snapping* of Jack's toothpick against his chair-edge, when he was not busy exploring his mouth with it. It seemed to be a match which should keep silence longest—in short, who should be rudest to the other. Jack sat squinting his eyes inside out at Soapey, while Soapey pretended to be occupied with the fire. The wine being with Soapey, and at length wanting some, he was constrained to make the first move, by passing it over to Jack, who helped himself to port and sherry simultaneously—a glass of sherry after dinner (in Jack's opinion) denoting a gentleman. Having smacked his lips over that, he presently turned to the glass of port. He checked his hand in passing it to his mouth, and bore the glass up to his nose.

"*Corked*, by Jove!" exclaimed he, setting the glass down on the table with a thump of disgust.

It is curious what unexpected turns things sometimes take in the world, and how completely whole trains of well-preconcerted plans are often turned aside by mere accidents such as this. If it hadn't been for the corked bottle of port, there is no saying but these two worthies would have held a quakers' meeting without the "spirit" moving either of them to speak.

"*Corked*, by Jove!" exclaimed Jack.

"Is it?" rejoined Soapey, smelling at his half-emptied glass, and affirming the fact.

"Better have another bottle," observed Jack.

"Certainly," replied Soapey, ringing the bell. "Spigot! this wine's corked," observed Soapey, as old Pomposo entered the room.

"Is it?" said Spigot, with the most perfect innocence, though he knew it came out of the corked batch. "I'll bring another bottle," added he,

carrying it off as if he had a whole pipe at command, though in reality he had but another out. This fortunately was less corked than the first; and Jack having given an approving smack of his great thick lips, Mr. Sponge took it on his judgment, and gave a nod to Spigot, who forthwith took his departure.

"Old trick, that," observed Jack, with a shake of the head, as Spigot shut the door.

"Is it?" observed Mr. Sponge, taking up the observation, though in reality it was addressed to the fire.

"*Noted for it*," replied Jack, squinting at the sideboard, though he was staring intently at Soapey, to see how he took it.

"Well, I thought we had a bottle with a queer smatch the other night," observed Soapey.

"Old Blossomnose corked half a dozen in succession one night," replied Jack.

(He had corked three, but Jawleyford was even with him, and, having recorded them, was now reproducing them to our friends.)

"Indeed!" replied Soapey to the observation; a safe exclamation, and one that might apply to the curious coincidence, or to the meanness of trying the experiment.

Although our friends had now got the ice broken, and entered into something like a conversation, it nevertheless went on at a very slow pace, and they had ample time to consider each word before it was uttered. Jack too had time to run his peculiar situation through his mind, and ponder on his mission from Lord Scumperdale—on his lordship's detestation of Mr. Sponge, his anxiety to get rid of him, his promised corner in his will, and his lordship's hint about buying Soapey's horses if he could not get rid of him in any other way.

"My lord's young," mused Jack, with a shake of his head,—"*may live as long as me—may change his mind—may leave me no great things after all.*" Then he entered upon the pleasant speculation as to how much his lordship would be likely to leave him. "*Deuced rich!*" thought he, squinting ardently at the fire, though Mr. Sponge thought he was scrutinising him. "*The money that man has passes all comprehension;—no wonder either; believe he would go a mile out of his way to save a pike. Can't leave me less than five thousand,*" thought Jack, "*or perhaps an annuity of five under—five under a-year paid quarterly—a underd each quarter, and one over—deuced comfortable thing!*" thought he, with a shake of the head, as if such luck was too good for him to think of.

For the information of similar expectants we may here state that, when his lordship sent for Mr. Pouncebox, he had about made up his mind to leave Jack fifty pounds a-year. About an hour after Jack's departure, however, when his lordship came to consider that Jack had sixty pounds a-year of his own, he thought forty added to it would be quite enough, and make Jack a hundred a-year. When he went to feed his hounds he reflected that Jack had not done him half such good work as old Frosty-face, to whom he had only left thirty pounds a-year; and by the time Pouncebox arrived he had come to the conclusion that twenty would be ample; but lest he should see occasion to change his mind still further, he just had a codicil drawn up in favour of Mr. John Spraggon, leaving the amount blank, in which state it was locked away in his old mahogany writing-desk.

AN EXCURSION TO NIAGARA AND CANADA.

BY HENRY COOKE,

OF PETERBORO', NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

CHAPTER I.

Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once. SHAKSPERE.

AT eight o'clock on Thursday morning, July the 6th, I left Buffalo by a small steamer for the Falls of Niagara. The distance is twenty-two miles. The scenery of this portion of the river, though pretty, is not particularly striking. After passing Fort Erie and its adjacent battle-grounds on the Canada shore, where several severe engagements occurred during the war of 1814, we came to Grand Island, twelve miles in length, with another small island at its foot, celebrated as the spot at which the Canadian insurgents took up their position during the recent rebellion in Canada.

Almost immediately opposite on the American side is Schlosser, where the *Caroline* steamer, which conveyed supplies to the rebels, lay moored at the time she was cut out by a British officer and his men, set on fire, and sent adrift over the Falls, which she descended, said my informant, "in full blast with a most immortal smash." We soon afterwards landed at Chippewa, about two miles from the Falls, near which another very severe engagement took place during the late war between our troops and the Americans, and in which, from all accounts, we had pretty considerably the worst of it. The river here is about two miles broad, and its current so extremely rapid that no boat dare venture within a mile of the Falls; for my own part I thought Chippewa somewhat too near to be agreeable. From Chippewa we went by cars to the Clifton Hotel on the Canada side. I have seen some of the finest cataracts in Europe, but there is nothing on the whole continent, or I believe in the world, at all to be compared to Niagara, which in the Indian language signifies "the thunder of waters." What a pity it is the scenery above the Falls is not upon a grander scale! There are the rapids, it is true, and some lovely little islets within them, but the banks are much too tame. The river below the Falls dashes along in a succession of rapids for many miles through a deep channel, the banks of which are 200 or 300 feet high, and clothed to their summits with native forest. The river above is about a mile in width, and divided by Goat Island into two distinct streams, which form the two cataracts, the Canada or Horse-shoe Fall being 1800 feet in breadth and 154 feet high; and the American Fall 900 feet in breadth and 164 feet high. The Clifton Hotel is delightfully situated on a precipice overlooking the river. I had the American Falls directly opposite my bedroom window; I could actually see them distinctly as I lay in bed; and many and many an hour have I thus passed gazing at them with ceaseless admiration, until sleep has gradually overpowered me. I have watched them on a pale moonlight night, for then are they seen to the greatest advantage; and the most eloquent description will prove inadequate to convey a just conception of the scene. I have on these occasions smoked the cigar of meditation. To stand alone on Table Rock at midnight, a pale glittering night, and look down into that tre-

mendous caldron of boiling waters, encircled by a magnificent lunar rainbow, is a great event in the life of any man ; and there can be no doubt that a silent contemplation of such a scene at such a time is better calculated to impress one with proper and religious feelings than the best sermon that was ever preached.

The walks along the banks of the river towards Queenston are wild, romantic, and beautiful, the scenery a great deal resembling that of the finest Scotch rivers. I walked nine miles on the Canada side to Queenston, crossed the river there, and returned home on the American side. There is nothing like walking: half the people that visit this place miss all the finest scenery by going in conveyances along the high roads. I went through woods the entire way, closely skirting the river. About half-way I came to the whirlpool, where the banks are at least 300 feet high, and crowned with the finest forest-trees. The river is one sheet of foam for miles, for there is a descent of 100 feet from the Falls to Queenston; and in my opinion the rapids are almost as well worth seeing as the Falls themselves. I ascended Queenston heights, and visited Brock's monument, where a battle was fought during the last war, in which the British general of that name was killed, and this monument erected to his memory. It is now shattered to pieces, having been blown up by the Canadian rebels during the late insurrection: the view from it of the noble river, Lake Ontario in the distance, and the fine fertile country around, is exceedingly beautiful. I crossed the river at Queenston to Lewiston on the American side, where the Falls, though now nine miles distant, are supposed once to have been; and as they are known to have receded fifty yards during the last forty years, the supposition is not so very unreasonable as it would at first appear. On the American side I passed a tremendous chasm, called the Devil's Hole, into which it is said a detachment of the British army during the French war were forced, while retreating during the night before a superior force. The view of the Falls some three miles in the distance, together with the river both above and below, with a part of the great basin, was, I think, one of the finest sights I ever looked on in my life. On reaching the village of Niagara I recrossed the river in the ferry-boat to the Clifton Hotel, highly delighted with the day's excursion.

At Lundy's Lane, only two miles from the Falls, a most severe engagement took place during the last war with Great Britain, in which each side lost upwards of 800 men. I visited the burning spring near the latter place, which I thought a great curiosity; for, on a lighted candle being applied to the water, it ignited like so much spirit.

One memorable day I walked behind the great Horse-shoe Fall to Termination Rock, a distance of 153 feet. Few go unaccompanied by a guide, who supplies an oilskin dress for the occasion, at a charge of a dollar for each person. But a young Englishman, who had the summer previous gone through this ordeal, challenged me to accompany him alone; and being fond of adventure, I at once accepted the invitation, on the understanding that he was to go first. Without communicating our intention to any one, we descended the enclosed spiral-staircase, which conducted us nearly to the foot of the Horse-shoe Falls, and there my friend's courage seemed to evaporate, and he wanted me to take the lead; but that I at first respectfully declined, as being contrary to the spirit of our agreement. I threw off my coat, hat, and shoes, and advanced with him to the very edge of the curtain: the scene was tremendous; and

there for a time we stood, grinning and bowing to each other like two Chinese mandarins over a chest of tea. "After you," I screamed; but perceiving that he could not get his steam up, I politely requested him to forward my trunk in case of accidents, and disappeared from his wondering gaze. I was drenched to the skin in an instant. The first three feet are the most trying, as there is only just sufficient space to enable you to pass. I was wrong in not keeping on my hat, for the water fell with such force on my bare head that I was obliged to protect it as well as I could with one hand, whilst I grasped the rope that runs along the wall of rock with the other. The noise was deafening, and for a few seconds I found my breath taken away by the rushing wind. Still I proceeded, as I knew thousands had done so before me, and after three steps felt immediate relief. The space then widened to twenty or thirty feet, and I walked without difficulty to Termination Rock, beyond which no man of mortal mould dare go. The whole scene was dismally grand, and the light was quite sufficient to enable us to see what we were about. There is no great danger, if a man is cautious and possesses tolerably good nerves; but one false step, and your fate would become matter of history, and form a fitting theme to point a moral or adorn a tale!

The depth of the river at the Falls has never yet been ascertained, but it is supposed to be at least 800 or 1000 feet, as at the ferry, half a mile below, it is from 250 to 260 feet.

I passed three days on the American side, and was delighted with Goat Island, which is really one of the most charmingly wild spots I have anywhere seen, and its shady and romantic walks command many brilliant views of the Rapids and Falls.

CHAPTER II.

NIAGARA TO ROCHESTER—FALLS OF THE GENESEE—EXCURSION TO AUBURN—THENCE TO KINGSTON, CANADA.

On the 15th of July I proceeded by railroad to Lockport, twenty-four miles, and from thence by canal-boat, along the Erie Canal, sixty-four miles, to Rochester; the fare the entire distance being only 4s. 6d., including supper and bed, such as it was. The country towards Lockport, though only partially cleared, was pretty to the eye, being hilly and nicely wooded; but the soil seemed poor, and the crops were very thin. On reaching Lockport, we at once proceeded to Rochester in a huge coffin-looking boat, 110 feet long, towed by three horses, which were changed every ten miles. We progressed, as the Yankees say, at the rate of four miles an hour, and had, therefore, ample time to examine the country, which was very monotonous; the land on each side of the canal, though far from first-rate, was worth, I understood, from five to fifteen pounds an acre. The bridges over the canal are only just high enough to clear the baggage, which is always placed on the deck; and on the helmsman shouting out, "Duck for the bridge!" every person then upon deck prostrated himself to avoid being crushed. The most frightful accidents occasionally occur on passing under these bridges; and only a fortnight previous a poor German and his wife had been crushed to death by throwing themselves on their luggage instead of the deck.

The main cabin occupied the whole length of the boat, with the exception of the saloon, a small den at one end about eight feet square,

where gin-slugs, moral suasions, screamers, and other drinks, were dispensed to those who chose to call for them. A large hair-brush and comb for general use hung suspended by long strings behind the door. At night a curtain was drawn midway across the cabin, to separate the ladies from the gentlemen. At seven in the morning we reached Rochester, a bustling city, with a population of from 20,000 to 30,000 inhabitants. After a hearty breakfast at the Eagle Hotel, I walked to the Falls of the Genesee, which are well worthy of a visit, though their beauty is much impaired by the number of mills erected in their immediate vicinity. It was here that Sam Patch, the noted cataract jumper, took his final leap; and an awful one it must have been in every sense, as the whole river descends perpendicularly nearly 100 feet. The unfortunate fellow, I was told, was a considerable time before he could, in Yankee phraseology, get up his steam; but at last, stimulated with strong drinks, and urged to his destruction by those who had paid to see the sight, he took the fatal plunge, went down slanting, and was seen no more.

From Rochester I travelled by railroad, at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, to Auburn—a beautiful journey of about eighty miles along the right bank of Lake Ontario, and through a country very appropriately termed the Garden of the State of New York. We passed through a finely cultivated country, richly wooded, undulating, and diversified with cornfields and orchards; the farm-houses and villas being remarkable for their neat and tasty appearance: I could almost have fancied myself in England again, if the fields had been separated by green hedges instead of ugly wooden fences. The pretty villages of Canandaigua, Geneva, and Cayuga, are each seated on the borders of a picturesque lake, from whence they take their respective names; the Lake of Geneva being thirty-five miles long by three or four in breadth, and that of Cayuga forty miles long by only one and a half in width; and the latter is crossed by a bridge more than a mile long.

The country is full of religious sects. The late notorious impostor Jemima Wilkinson, who had many followers, and pretended to enact miracles, having given out that on a certain day she would walk across the Cayuga Lake without wetting her feet, stepped from her carriage in the midst of her deluded followers, and, advancing to the edge of the water, shouted out, "Have ye faith in me?" They replied they had; on which she coolly re-entered her carriage, saying that in that case there was no occasion for her to trouble herself, and that they might go about their business.

I passed a day or two at Auburn, which is, I think, with the single exception of Philadelphia, the most beautiful little city I saw in the States. There is such an air of newness and freshness about it, and the country around is so English-looking and pretty, that I felt almost tempted to prolong my visit. My primary object in coming here was to inspect the famous state prison, which is conducted on the silent system; the same as at Charleston and Sing Sing.

It is an immense square building, enclosed by a wall 2000 feet in extent; and, at the time of my visit, it contained nearly 800 prisoners. I was much struck with the great regularity that prevailed throughout the whole establishment. The convicts marched to and from their labour in single file, keeping exact time, and not exchanging even a whisper with each other. At night they are locked in separate cells, and set to

work at half-past four in the morning. There appeared to be some excellent workmen amongst them at almost every trade. Each trade is carried on in a separate workshop, superintended by an overlooker, and not a word is permitted to be spoken; their labour is let out to wholesale contractors, who allow the government 1s. 3d. a-day for each man. They are strictly watched through secret holes in the wall by turnkeys, who can at all times see them without being seen.

I left Auburn at four in the morning by railroad for Syracuse, twenty-five miles, and from thence proceeded by canal boat to Oswego on Lake Ontario, thirty-eight miles: the fare throughout was three dollars. We reached Oswego at five in the morning, and from thence I at once took passage in a steamer, seventy miles across the lake, to Kingston in Canada.

CHAPTER III.

KINGSTON — LAKE OF THE THOUSAND ISLES — RAPIDS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE — MONTREAL — SORELL — ST. CYMON — QUEBEC AND ENVIRONS.

WHEN I arrived at Kingston I could almost have fancied myself in England again, so much did every object that met my eye recall recollections of home. The Union Jack of England floated proudly in the breeze; British officers in their gay uniforms paraded the streets, while their military band was playing those delightful national airs that strike so home to the feelings of every Englishman. Then there was a strongly contested game of cricket between the townspeople and the soldiers; and the forty-second regiment of Highlanders, in their picturesque costume, were performing their evolutions on parade, to the delight and astonishment of all the women and children in the place; while policemen were imploring people "to move on," and not kick up a shindy. But Kingston, notwithstanding it is the seat of government in Canada, is really, after all, a poor place, though, from its commanding position on the St. Lawrence, of great importance to us.

From Kingston I embarked on board a large steamer for Prescott, seventy miles. This is the most beautiful portion of the noble St. Lawrence, and called the Lake of the Thousand Isles. It is impossible to conceive anything prettier than these clusters of little islets, all of which are beautifully wooded, and of every variety of shape and form: the scenery at times reminded me of the Upper Mississippi, and it only wanted Indians and Indian villages to render the resemblance still more complete. I landed at Prescott, a miserable village on the Canada side, with the American town of Ogdensburg immediately opposite; from thence I embarked at four the next morning on board a very small steamer, called a puffer, of about three-donkey power, which took me direct to Montreal (120 miles) over all the rapids. The pilots are obliged to make their calculations with the greatest nicety, as in some places the water is so shallow, and the channel so contracted, that a deviation six feet either way would prove fatal to the vessel. With what inconceivable rapidity we darted along! The most dangerous of the rapids are those called the Cedars; the grandest, the Lachine, which commence about nine miles above Montreal. An Indian pilot, one of the finest men I

ever saw, took us down the latter in beautiful style: the fellow had an eye like an eagle, and no one was allowed to say a word to him.

The appearance of Montreal from the water is very striking. I had a delightful ramble of six miles round the mountain at the back of the city, which commands some beautiful views. I also visited the Catholic cathedral, but did not think much of it. The exterior is massive and plain, but the interior is in the worst possible taste, being decorated in the most tawdry manner imaginable. The streets of Montreal are narrow, but they are beautifully paved with wood, and the granite quays along the river would do credit to any city.

From Montreal I went to Sorell, a small town forty-five miles down the river, at which I passed two or three days with Mrs. P—— and her amiable family, from whom I experienced the greatest hospitality and kindness. There is a pretty wood near Sorell, in which we had many delightful excursions; but the land in the neighbourhood is very barren and sandy, and the inhabitants, French Canadians, are all rebels at heart. One fellow told me they hated the English almost as much as their neighbours the Yankees. They are a most discontented set, and don't appear to me to know exactly what they want; but my own impression is, that a thorough good dressing would do them an infinite deal of good. At this place I bargained with a man for five dollars to drive me thirty miles into the interior of the country to St. Cymon, having a letter of introduction to Mr. F——, the lord of the seignory there. There are some neat little farms a few miles from Sorell; but the country for the most part is flat, and the land apparently poor. The cottages, invariably built of wood (save the chimney), were remarkably white and neat-looking. The country generally had a very neat and primitive aspect; and here and there they were busily employed felling trees and rooting out old stumps. About two in the afternoon we came to a beautifully wild river, the Yamaska, on the banks of which stood Mr. F——'s pretty villa, the English colours flying from a flagstaff on the lawn. On presenting my letter, I met with a most cordial reception. I passed three or four delightful days here, and found Mr. F—— a most agreeable companion, and full of anecdote and fun. He kept an exquisite table, and such a variety of wines that it was difficult to imagine oneself in the wilds of Canada. We generally dined at three, and strolled in the evening about the farm, which was the very picture of neatness and good management. I had many delightful drives in the neighbourhood; but the country about here is not very interesting after you leave the banks of the pretty Yamaska.

I returned from St. Cymon to Sorell, from whence I embarked at night on board a large steamer for Quebec (140 miles), and arrived there at seven the next morning. I was up at daybreak; and think I never saw anything more strikingly picturesque than the appearance of this famed city, the capital of the Canadas, as viewed from the deck of the steam-packet. Its beautiful situation on the lofty promontory of Cape Diamond, 300 or 400 feet above the river—the magnificent fort on the very summit of the cape, from which the English colours were flying—the romantic promontories on the opposite coast—and the majestic St. Lawrence, alive with vessels of almost every description, including her Majesty's ship of war the *Illustrious*, of 72 guns, completed one of the most charming pictures I ever gazed upon.

I passed ten delightful days at Quebec, and shall long remember the hospitality of my friends there, especially of the officers of the 82nd regiment, of Mr. J——s, and many other residents in the town. These gentlemen not only invited me to agreeable parties, but drove me to all the most interesting objects in the lovely environs of Quebec. Independently of its extreme beauty of situation, Quebec is interesting from its historical associations. I visited Wolfe's Cove, where he landed his army before daybreak and gained the heights of Abraham, on the 13th of September, 1759, where the battle was fought, and both generals killed. A small column marks the precise spot where Wolfe received his mortal wound, from which I copied the following inscription—"Here died Wolfe victorious."

The view from the fort is exquisitely beautiful; you have the noble river, with its islands, shipping, and romantic promontories immediately beneath, and a country on every side as lovely as rock, woodland, water, and mountain can render it. In my ramble round the ramparts, the spot where the American General Montgomery was killed, when attempting to scale the works in 1775, was pointed out to me.

The regiments in garrison at Quebec at the time of my visit were the 68th, the 70th, and the 82nd; and I always made a point of attending parade. It was a cheering sight to see 1000 men, preceded by their military band, defile from the romantic heights to the plains below; but the beautiful precision and accuracy with which the 82nd regiment went through their evolutions was the delight of every one, and really made the heart of an Englishman expand with national pride.

My mornings were generally passed visiting the beautiful environs of Quebec with one or other of my kind friends. One day we drove twenty-five miles to the Indian village of Lorette, returning by the Falls of Montmorenci, which dash over a precipice 220 feet high. That part of the river called the "Natural Steps" is beautifully wild and romantic. On another occasion I accompanied a party of ladies and gentlemen to Grosse Isle, a lovely spot about thirty miles from Quebec, and the quarantine station. We were there most hospitably entertained by the Hon. Mr. N——, the officer on duty; and had altogether a most delightful time of it, for the scenery was very captivating, and so indeed were many of the Canadian young ladies who accompanied us.

I left Quebec on the same evening by the packet for Montreal, after having shaken hands with my kind friend, probably for the last time.

Though friend after friend may each falsely depart,
Though life's dreary shadows around us may fall,
One shake of the hand that is felt at the heart,—
And oh! 'tis a beautiful world, after all.

CHAPTER IV.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN—LAKE GEORGE—SARATOGA SPRINGS—TRENTON FALLS—SCENERY OF THE HUDSON—THE KATSKILL MOUNTAINS—WEST POINT—NEW YORK—BOSTON—HOME.

ON reaching Montreal I crossed the river to Lapraire, and from thence took the railroad to St. John's on Lake Champlain, seventeen miles farther. There I found the *Whitehall*, a magnificent steamer, which con-

veyed me 127 miles on to Ticonderoga, nearly at the other extremity of the Lake. We touched at Plattsburg, where a severe engagement, both by land and by water, took place during the last war with Great Britain, in which we had the worst of it, and lost our naval commander Downie, who fell while leading his ships to the attack of the American flotilla at anchor in Cumberland Bay, off Plattsburg.

I passed Sunday at Fort Ticonderoga, the only ruin I have seen in America. It is of no great antiquity, having been built by the French in 1756. In 1758 it was attacked by General Abercrombie, who was repulsed with the loss of 2000 men. In 1759 it was abandoned by the French, and continued in possession of the British until the commencement of the revolutionary war. Immediately opposite is Mount Defiance, a finely wooded eminence, which was occupied by the artillery of Burgoyne in the same war. My informant, an humble cottager close by, gave me these particulars, and a large bullet which he had recently ploughed up. He appeared to be thoroughly acquainted with the history, the brief history, of his own country; and upon the whole, I am inclined to think that the lower classes in this country are better educated than with us. The scenery around the fort, including the lake, and the wooded heights around, is extremely pretty, and not unlike that of Scotland. The hotel is in a wood just above the lake. One of the visitors, an eminent divine from Philadelphia, read the church service under the trees; and the whole scene, from its pleasing and novel character, was much calculated to inspire feelings proper to the occasion.

The next morning I sent on my baggage, and walked four miles through a romantic country to the head of Lake George. There I found the *Lady of the Lake* getting up her steam for her passage to Caldwell. The scenery of Lake George throughout is, as the Yankees say, "dreadful pretty," though not, I think, equal to Loch Katrine, to which I have often heard it compared. There is too great a sameness about it to please me, though some of its projecting crags are certainly very picturesque, especially one called Rogers' Slide, celebrated as the spot where Colonel Rogers escaped from the Indians during the French war, by sliding down its slanting surface to the ice on the lake beneath.

On reaching Caldwell I amused myself by reading a great deal of original poetry in the visitors' book there, which proves beyond a doubt that the Yankees are not so totally devoid of sentiment as people at home are led to imagine. What can be more beautiful than the following outbreak of passion addressed to the fascinating Miss Howe, of Saratoga Springs?—

When weary I are
I smokes my cigar,
And as the smoke rises,
And gets in my eyeses,
I think of thee, dearest,
And oh! HOW I sighest.

From Caldwell I proceeded by stage to Saratoga Springs, twenty-seven miles. The country through which we passed was not particularly interesting, and the crops looked very thin. I sat on the box with the driver, from whom I obtained a good deal of very interesting information. The country people were busy with their hay. From all I could under-

stand, the price of labour is much higher than with us ; the lowest wages for mowing being a dollar a-day each man, besides his keep. We passed Bloody Pond, near which a severe engagement took place in 1755, and halted at the little village of Glen Falls to breakfast, and to visit the Falls on the Hudson, which are very beautiful. In the course of the journey we stopped at a road-side inn to water our horses ; and perceiving the landlord rocking himself in a chair at the door, with a pitcher of water and glasses before him, I very civilly requested him to hand me up a glass.

"Well, now," said the fellow, in a tone of calm insolence, "I reckon, if it ain't worth your while to come down for it, it ain't worth my while to bring it ; and you may drink with the horses, for what I care."

This made me feel quite dandery. "Why, you vile cur !" I responded, "I merely asked you to do that for me which under similar circumstances I would willingly have done for you ; but it is evident that, like most of your class, you mistake insolence for independence."

"By the stars and the stripes, colonel," said the driver, as he touched up his horses, "he's quite crippled for once, a surly old crittur ! you were down upon him like a thousand of brick."

I passed several days at Saratoga, and could scarcely perhaps have timed my visit better, for the place was overflowing with fashionables from almost every State in the Union. We had balls every evening ; and certainly a man may travel far and wide and not see so many beautiful women assembled together in one spot as he will find here ; but then the American ladies are so deficient in animation, and there appears for the most part so much apathy about them, that you feel perfectly convinced in your own mind, that if they marry at all they will marry prudently—with perhaps a greater regard for the happy man's dollars than for the happy man himself. I passed several hours in the drawing-room one day, where I kept both my eyes and my ears open. The conversation of the young ladies was of the most insipid character ; they sat together in groups, attended by long-haired youths with turned-down collars, who handed them ices, and occasionally *took something nice* themselves : neither reading, music, nor drawing, occupied any portion of their time.

I was present at several of the balls, which were very numerous attended, though, from the grave countenances of most of the gentlemen, it was evident that a quadrille to them was no laughing matter.

There is perhaps nothing that strikes a stranger more in respect to the society in this country, than the almost entire absence of anything like refinement. The ladies on this occasion were gaily and fashionably dressed ; still there was a want of style about them, as well as the men, who for the most part are stiff and ceremonious, without being either graceful or gentlemanlike.

The waters here are said to be very restorative. I drank ten tumblers every morning myself, and experienced the greatest relief ; but I would advise every one who wishes to benefit by the waters to take a turn after the tenth glass on the circular railroad close by. You enter a car on wheels, and work your own passage by turning a kind of grindstone immediately before you ; and the faster you turn the handle, the faster you go—that is a fact.

I was often amused with the congratulations and greetings that were exchanged between the interesting invalids as they rapidly passed and repassed each other. "How's your woman?" "First rate." "A fine day, colonel." "Yes, dreadful." "Is your brother Zeth well?" "Yes, quite elegant."

The country around Saratoga is not very pretty, though in some degree interesting from the circumstance of two battles having been fought in the immediate neighbourhood during the revolutionary war, in both of which the Americans whipped us, as they call it. The result was the surrender of Burgoyne and his whole army at Saratoga, on the 17th of October, 1777.

On the 19th of August I left Saratoga by railroad for Schenectady, twenty-two miles, and from thence travelled eighty miles to Utica, through the lovely Valley of the Mohawk. This was one of the most beautiful rides I had in America, the country throughout being richly cultivated, and enclosed on either side by lofty hills wooded to their summits. I took up my quarters at Bagg's hotel at Utica, and the next day rode fifteen miles in a gig to Trenton Falls, passing through scenery that often reminded me of North and South Wales. I passed three hours at the Falls, which are extremely beautiful; the river dashing through walls of rock 150 feet high in a succession of torrents, and the tops of the precipices covered with noble forest-trees.

On my return to Utica I once more passed through the fertile Vale of Mohawk to Schenectady, and from thence to Troy, twenty-seven miles, one of the prettiest towns on the banks of the Hudson, with fine avenues of trees extending along its principal streets. From thence I took steamer on the noble Hudson to the village of Katskill, where I found four-horse stages in readiness to convey passengers to Pine Orchard House on the Katskill mountains—a charming spot, and at which I passed two most delightful days. The elevation of the hotel above the river is 2212 feet; and the whole Vale of the Hudson, of immense extent, is spread out before you as on a large map. Near the hotel, in a wild wood, is one of the most picturesque falls that can be conceived, which greatly reminded me of that of the Devil's bridge in Wales.

From the Katskill landing I embarked on board a noble steamer to West Point, a distance of eighty miles. This is the post which the traitor Arnold had arranged through André to deliver up to the British; but the plot was discovered, and André was shortly afterwards hung as a spy at Tappan. I saw the very spot where he met his fate, poor fellow!

The military academy of the States is at West Point, and the cadets are about 200 in number. They were in camp at the time of my visit, and a very pretty sight it was; they went through their various military manœuvres very creditably three or four times a-day, and their whole time seemed to be passed in this way. One of the officers connected with the establishment, to whom I had a letter of introduction, told me that his duty there was by no means an agreeable one, as the pupils came there with too great notions of equality, and consequently required a great deal of breaking in before they could tamely submit to the rigid discipline of the fort; and that they very frequently left with angry feelings towards their superiors, which they cherished in after-life. They bivouacked in

tents, he said, three months every summer, and in winter lived in the barracks, studying the theoretical part of their profession; that the examination in tactics and mathematics was so severe that numbers were turned back and sent to their friends, and who in consequence did all in their power to undermine the institution, which, he said, was hated by the great mass of the people, as being far too dignified and aristocratic to suit their notions of equality; and he concluded by remarking, that formerly the officers of the United States army were often low, ignorant fellows, but now they were most anxious they should be men of education and gentlemen, and every means would be resorted to, under God's favour, to render them such.

The most beautiful part of the Hudson is from West Point to New York, a distance of fifty miles—especially the highlands, where for nearly twenty miles the river is enclosed on either side with bluffs and headlands, clothed with foliage from the edge of the water to their very summits, with here and there beautiful valleys between them. On leaving the highlands, and approaching New York, the scenery of the river becomes still more varied and picturesque; an immense range of perpendicular walls of rock, called the Palisades, from 300 to 500 feet high, rising from the water for a distance of nearly twenty miles.

I was upon the whole much pleased with the scenery of the Hudson, though I will not go the length of saying it is equal to the Rhine, which is a more interesting river from its historical associations, and the picturesque ruins which adorn its banks.

From New York I made an excursion to Boston, the metropolis of New England—a beautiful city, containing a population of 80,000 inhabitants. I had many delightful drives and walks in its lovely neighbourhood, the scenery of which very closely resembles that of England, and is diversified with pretty villas and country-seats. I went one day to Mount Auburn, the Père la Chaise of Boston, as lovely a spot as I have anywhere seen, and of great extent, its romantic grounds comprising almost every variety of hill and dale.

I of course visited Bunker's Hill, where the famous battle was fought in 1775. They have just completed a splendid monument there, which is 220 feet high. I ascended to its summit by steam, and had a delightful view of the surrounding country. I was much pleased with Boston. It is quite an English-looking city; has a handsome park, and many excellent private residences. It is one of the oldest cities in the Union, having been founded in 1630.

My visit to Boston completed this portion of my tour in America, and on the 11th of September I set sail for merry old England in the splendid ship *Ashburton*, of 1100 tons, with the pleasing reflection that neither my time nor my money had been fruitlessly spent.

There is not that pleasure in making a tour on the American continent that there is in an excursion of a similar nature in Europe; for though scenes of exquisite beauty and grandeur are to be met with, they are far apart, and the general character of the scenery is too monotonous to please me; neither are there to be found those interesting relics of antiquity which give such a peculiar charm to European countries.

LEGENDS OF TRACHENBERG.

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

THE Silesian city of Trachenberg, which stands on the banks of the Bartsch and the Schotzke, should properly be called "Drachenberg," as it takes its name from a mountain upon the top of which were found a nest of snakes, or, as they were then termed, "dragons." The chief object of interest in this place is a large castle, once of extraordinary strength, which has recently been beautified by the addition of handsome parks. To this castle belongs our principal legend.

In the garden attached to the edifice there are four stone statues, not very beautiful as works of art, but connected with a tale so striking, that it furnished our dear friend Herr Gødssche (to whom we have been indebted for many legends) with the subject for a two-volume novel, which he published in the year 1837. Of the merits of this same novel we know nothing, not having seen even the outside of the same. We also confess that we have not curiosity enough to send to Germany for a copy. We take the story short, and a very good story it is.

Two of the statues in question represent a couple of very elegant personages about to open a dance. If these are not so handsome as they might be, we easily see that the fault lies with the artist; but with respect to the other pair, who play on the fiddle, they are evidently meant to be repulsive. One of them, to be sure, is a fine-looking fellow, apparently led astray by evil passions; but as for his companion, there is a devilish enjoyment about his face which makes us shudder as we gaze upon him.

[Our readers will be good enough to understand that when we say "we easily see," and "we shudder as we gaze," and so on, we have not the slightest notion of persuading them that we have actually beheld the figures. We imbue ourselves as much as we can with the spirit of our story, and occasionally we fancy the objects are really before us, but as for setting our eyes on this lumber of Trachenberg—bah!]

Now, according to the tale connected with these statues, a knight once lived at Castle Trachenberg who possessed the very usual treasure of a lovely daughter. So dazzling was her beauty that it seems to have even obliterated her name, for to this day she is known by no other appellation than that of the "fair one of Trachenberg."

This "fair one" proved a sad annoyance to her respectable father. At first she was so grand that not a single suitor appeared worthy of acceptance in her eyes, although remarkably good offers poured in from all parts of Silesia and Poland. Then the haughty mania went off, and she so far forgot herself as to fall in love with—a wandering rat-catcher.

Rat-catchers were remarkable persons in the old days. The cunning which was necessary to ensnare the rat was supposed to be combined with a craft that passed terrestrial bounds. Thus we read of a rat-catcher who not only fascinated all the vermin out of a city by the charm of his music, but who afterwards piped all the children into a river, when a dispute arose as to his remuneration. Our present rat-

catcher looked superior to his vocation. He was a tall, stately, handsome man, with an Italian cast of countenance; and when he stopped at the castle, which was not a little troubled by rats, he attracted the attention of all the servants. The "fair one's" own maid was particularly struck, and could not enough expatiate on the attractions of the rat-catcher while she dressed the hair of her young mistress. She almost fancied, she said, that he was some lovely supernatural being, like the Nixie who once appeared on the Bartsch.

"And what sort of a Nixie was that?" asked the lady.

"A very beautiful creature," answered the maid, "who wore a dress of a light watery hue, and a head-gear gracefully formed of reeds. One day when a number of persons were dancing, she astonished them by appearing in the midst of them, and joining in their sports without uttering a syllable. Still more did she surprise them when she vanished no one knew how or whither. Two young fellows became so desperately enamoured of her, that they would not rest satisfied till they followed her; and when they saw her plunge into the Bartsch, it had such an effect on their weak minds that they died within three days afterwards."

This story, which certainly was poor and pointless enough, had not the effect of stifling in the bosom of the "fair one" a burning curiosity to see the wonderful stranger. Ah! she might have been warned against the effects of curiosity, by the fate not only of the youths who followed the Nixie, but also by that of the wiseacre who had lately taken it into his head to stare at the "spectral hearse."

Our readers are probably not aware, that in the Lent of every year a hearse drawn by four black horses was in the habit of passing through Trachenberg, till it came to the Polish gate; making a dreadful rattling noise as it went along, while the spectacle was enlivened by the fire which proceeded from the hoofs and nostrils of the horses. At the gate it remained stationary for a moment; when all of a sudden the horses sprang into the air and vanished, and the hearse disappeared in a contrary direction, plunging itself into the castle ditch. An accidental meeting with this unlucky vehicle invariably produced a swelling in the head; and a godless wight, who ventured to peep at it from a window, was frightened to death in no time. Ultimately (after the time of our legend), the supernatural nuisance was stopped by the discovery and respectable interment of a human skeleton. That the gentleman was desirous of Christian burial is conceivable enough; but why he was so spiteful at every one who looked at the vehicle by which he gave notice of his wishes, we cannot explain.

Curiosity, it must be observed, was rather a standing vice at Trachenberg. Once a number of citizens, who were out late on the road leading to the castle, saw something white at a distance; and one of them returned to the spot on the following morning, to have the benefit of a closer inspection. When he came home again he had *seven* noses, as the reward of his impertinent investigation!

The "fair one," obeying the impulse of the true Trachenberg curiosity, contrived to see the rat-catcher unobserved; and in an instant fell desperately in love with him. The rat-catcher had previously beheld the "fair one," and had likewise been smitten. Glances were soon followed by assignations; and in time the knight's daughter and the gallant snarer

of vermin met every evening in the castle garden. It is consoling to learn, also, that our hero was no real rat-catcher, but an Italian nobleman, who had fled his country for political reasons, and merely adopted as a *dernier ressort* the honourable profession of which he was an apparent member.

At one of the interviews in the garden, the Italian told his beloved that he must set out for his own land on the following morning, and made the very reasonable request that she would remain constant to him for one year. Surely this was not so long a time—this one little year. Nevertheless, we grieve to say that it proved too long for the “fair one” of Trachenberg, although she had made the most solemn vows of fidelity.

What were the political views of the count we cannot say; but this we know, that events at home proved favourable to his interests; that he recovered his estates; and that, when before the end of the year he returned to Silesia, and rode up to Castle Trachenberg to claim his bride, he cut a very stately figure, and was followed by a very splendid train. Greatly was he disgusted when he overtook another train, equally splendid, and heard that the ladies and gentlemen who composed it were going to the castle on purpose to celebrate the marriage of the “fair one” with—somebody else.

In the presence of all the company he swore very lustily that he would be revenged; and to attain that end he adopted the expedient of calling on the Father of Evil, who, in those days, seems to have been always ready to appear, on the slightest hint that his presence was desirable. The devil rose into sight, and made an agreement, by which he undertook to grant a full allowance of revenge to the count; the latter, on his part, giving himself up, body and soul, in return, on the old-fashioned plan. Thus was a very good cause spoiled by the employment of very sorry expedients.

The wedding ceremony was performed at the castle on the following day, when our worthy confederates introduced themselves in the guise of foreign musicians, and offered to accompany the dancers with some rare instruments. The offer was gladly accepted; and when evening came, and the tables were removed, the bride and bridegroom stood up to open the dance.

Among all the horrible sounds that ever were heard in this world, there was never found one to equal the sound that arose when the two strange musicians struck up. Not only did a frightful yelling and shrieking proceed from the strings, but there was a sort of derisive jabbering all round the room, as if a troop of devils were mocking at the solemnities. The bride and bridegroom could not stir from their place, and felt, to their horror, that their clothes were growing rigid like metallic sheets, and that the blood in their veins was turning colder and colder. This most unpleasant sensation gained in intensity; the unfortunate couple were unable to draw a breath, and at length stood, garments and all, transformed to stone. A roar of exultation from the strange musicians followed this extraordinary change; but their mirth was stayed by a tremendous clap of thunder, which had no sooner ceased than they also were petrified to statues. That the guests fled in all directions is not to be wondered at; nor do we see any cause to envy the old knight of the

castle, who found himself alone with the four statues. He looked at them for a few minutes, and then, putting on the best face he could, he slunk off to the castle garden. It is impossible to have two passions very strong at the same moment, and hence the old man's grief for the loss of his daughter was not half so acute as it would have been if the circumstances of her decease had been less frightful.

When day dawned, he gathered together the most stout-hearted of his guests and retainers, and returned to the ball-room to perform the very unpleasant task of removing the figures. There they stood, looking more horrid than ever, with the morning sun shining upon their immovable features. What must have been the sensation of those domestics who had to lift them from their place, we do not pretend to conjecture.

The worthy old knight, with a fine sense of discriminating justice, had the bridal pair honourably buried in the castle garden, and put up a mass for their souls ; whilst he ordered the devil and his partner to be dishonourably flung into a certain yard appropriated for the slaughter of incurable steeds. Having thus judiciously settled matters, he went to his bed, but was disturbed by a most unpleasant sound, which lasted the whole night. When he arose he saw to his horror that the grave in the garden had reopened, and that there were standing by it the statues, not only of the bridal couple, but also of the strange musicians.

The experiment was made of reburying the young couple, and pitching the others into a deep lake ; but this proved a failure, for the next morning they all four stood at their old spot, and, as this was just before the wiudow of the castle, it was almost impossible to avoid seeing them. The old knight then thought of getting the servants of the petrified count as assistants, and persuaded them to take away their master and his associate. This plan was of no avail, for the servants could never proceed a score of miles from the castle before the unlucky statues had slipped through their fingers, and were at their old post with a precision worthy of mechanism.

At last some good man suggested to the knight, that the four statues, as they seemed to have such an affinity to each other, should all be buried together in the garden, and have a decent service performed over them. This expedient was adopted ; the devil, among the rest, came in for his share of the benediction, and there was no more disturbance in the castle.

But how is it the figures are to be seen now ? Because a later occupant of the castle, finding them in the course of a general digging, thought they would make pleasing ornaments for his garden, and set them up accordingly. If the old knight had been of the same mind as his successor, what a world of trouble would have been saved !

THE HABITUE'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY CHARLES HERVEY.

Politics at a Discount—"La Filleule des Fées"—"Carlotta Grist," Perrot—"La Guerre des Femmes"—*Les Suites d'un Soufflet*—"Suzanne au Bain," Mademoiselle Cico. No. 4 of "La Foire aux Idées."

"Je vais revoir mon comptoir, ma boutique;
Je vais revoir mes parens, mes amis;
Et nous allons voir si la République
Pour nous attendre est restée à Paris."

So saug Félix and Delannoy in "Une Semaine à Londres," and so—à *peu de choses près*—might sing many a homeward-bound pilgrim, gladly exchanging what *l'homme blasé* calls the chocolate fogs of London and the incipient snows of Switzerland for the invigorating purity of a Parisian sky. For, in spite of all that alarmists may say to the contrary, the baneful, upasian influence of anarchy and socialism is rapidly giving way to a more cheering state of things: people are beginning to find out—better late than never—that even Robert Houdin himself, the far-famed wizard of the Palais Royal, is a mere Tom Noddy compared with some of the political conjurors whose feats date from February 24, 1848; and that a Republic may be as effectually, if not always as easily, *escamotée* as a pocket-handkerchief. Like Monsieur Paris in the "Foire aux Idées," who, after retreating in alarm from the audacious little republican progeny of *la Mère Gigogne*, suddenly plucks up courage and whips them all round, the great majority of Frenchmen have at last made up their minds to face the enemy, and throw up the parts they have so long sustained of April, or rather February fools.

Nevertheless, their dislike to things as they are is passive rather than active. Far from sharing the enthusiasm of worthy Monsieur Jeanne, the *papetier* of the Passage Choiseul, whose *legitimate* ardour entails upon himself on an average one duel and an indefinite number of pugilistic encounters every week, they look on the Republic as a kind of provisional cobweb, which may be swept away any day by a vote of the Assembly; and feeling perfectly convinced that, as in the dramas of the penny theatres, the rightful heir (according to their own individual views) must eventually get the upper hand, they consider the present state of transition as an inevitable *corvée*, and smoke the pipe of resignation *en attendant mieux*.

One necessary consequence of this indifference is a general disinclination to talk politics: beyond the precincts of the Assemblée Nationale and the Bourse, the most confirmed button-holder hardly dares to hint at anything approaching to this used-up and forbidden theme. The Turko-Russian question, Kossuth's letter to Lord Palmerston, and even Huber's condemnation, are equally at a discount, and yield the palm, both in club and *salon*, to the *last* performances of Rachel and the *first* of "La Filleule des Fées."

"La Filleule des Fées!" Had the announcement of this Terpsichorean novelty met my eye some two months ago, through the medium of the newspapers, I should probably have wistfully murmured,

May I be there to see!

For, let me tell you, courteous patron of the *New Monthly*, it is no

easy matter to sit down in an English watering-place, or, what is worse still, in a remote corner of Erin's green isle, and write page after page about sparkling vaudevilles and pretty French actresses, as if one had them *sous le main*! Yet such, with little intermission, has been my destiny for the last year and a half, and, *parole d'honneur*, as Selby used to say in the "Prisoner of War," a most ungrateful, tantalising task I have found it. However, *chaque malheur a son terme*: a few weeks back I caught myself humming M. Dumolet's

Bon voyage, et vite à Paris;

and henceforward, so long as the above seductive little metropolitan dissyllable maintains its position at the foot of my monthly *causerie*, so long mayst thou feel assured, indulgent reader, that the *habitué* is at his post, intent on amusing not only himself but thee also. *Si faire se peut*.

To return to "La Filleule des Fées." *Mesquinerie*, so long the order of the day at the Opera, has at length given way to *largesse*; and it is but fair to add, that in the getting up of the new ballet liberality and good taste go hand in hand. The oldest inhabitant, or rather *abonné* of the Académie, can hardly call to mind a *mise en scène* so harmonious in all its details and so perfect in its *ensemble*. The costumes are unusually varied and picturesque, and the groupings arranged with consummate skill; as for the scenery, it is worthy of fairy-land, and of Monsieur Canbon and his coadjutors.

I wish that the projectors of the *Phonetic News*, instead of rendering our language still more unintelligible than it is, had exercised their ingenuity in inventing a new set of complimentary phrases and epithets, by the help of which I might, in some measure, have satisfied my conscience, and fittingly eulogized Carlotta Grisi. As it is, I fear I must lay down my pen in despair. What can I say of her that has not been said a hundred times before?—and how infinitely would all that I *could* say fall short of the reality! Let the applauding shouts, the *rappels*, the flowers nightly carpeting the stage in her honour, speak for me; no one will dispute *their* eloquence or sincerity.

As for Perrot, his brilliant *rentrée* and admirable performance of the peasant *Alain* has already excited the jealousy of certain of his comrades; one of whom (a confirmed *bavard*) thus gave *his* opinion of the eminent pantomimist: "Je ne lui trouve rien de remarquable, voyez-vous; il ne mène pas trop mal, c'est vrai, mais un autre aurait pu jouer le rôle aussi bien que lui," and so on for a quarter of an hour, until he finally stopped short for want of breath, and waited for an answer. "Ma foi!" replied the person addressed, "je ne suis pas assez connaisseur pour discuter les qualités de l'artiste dont vous me parlez: seulement, si j'avais à choisir, il me semble que je préférerais bien un *Perrot* à un *perroquet*."

The *veto* officially put on the performances of "Rome," and the consequent temporary closing of the Porte St. Martin, have proved a real god-send to the other boulevard theatres, and more particularly to the Théâtre Historique, where Dumas' "Guerre des Femmes" continues to draw excellent houses. The piece, like all produced under M. Hostein's management, is carefully got up, and is, to say the least, as interesting and amusing as any of its predecessors. Mélingue and the charming Madame Rey contribute by their exertions not a little to its success,

and Pierron, in an episodic and somewhat *canaille* part, after making his audience heartily wish him hanged, drawn, and quartered, for his *ras-calité*, during four acts, comes out in the fifth with a few genuine touches of pathos, which bring the sobs and pocket-handkerchiefs of the sensitive into full play.

Two or three weeks ago a considerable *scandale* was caused in the *coulisses* of the Théâtre Français, by a quarrel between B——, the *Bolingbroke* of “Le Verre d'Eau,” and R——, the younger brother of a celebrated tragic actress. A version of the affair found its way into one or two of the newspapers; but many of the particulars given were either partially incorrect, or altogether apocryphal. The real facts are as follows:—

After a “wordy war” of some minutes, B—— so far forgot himself as to give his youthful opponent a most unmistakable box on the ear; as a necessary consequence, the preliminary arrangements for a meeting on the following day were made forthwith, and seconds chosen. *La nuit*, however, *porte conseil*; and B——, possibly thinking he had gone too far, sent one of his *témoins* to his adversary early next morning with a letter of apology. R——, after carefully perusing the missive, observed that B—— would find him in the Bois de Boulogne at the appointed hour, and declined giving any further answer.

Both parties were punctual at the *rendezvous*; and on the appearance of his antagonist, R——, stepping forward hat in hand, thus addressed him:—

“I have received your letter, monsieur, and am perfectly disposed to accept the apology you offer me, neither wishing to kill you or be killed by you; but I have first a question to ask you. Were you in my place, would you after a similar affront consider yourself satisfied with a similar excuse, or not?”

“*Mais oui*,” answered B——.

“You are quite certain?”

“Quite.”

“*Enchanté de l'apprendre*,” replied R——, at the same time administering to *Bolingbroke* a vigorous *soufflet* with one hand, and with the other presenting him with a copy of his own letter. B——, furious at this unexpected attack, insisted on an immediate appeal to arms; the seconds, however, unanimously refused to allow the matter to proceed further, and little R—— marched away with flying colours.

A son of Amédée de Beauplan, the clever *vaudevilliste* and musical composer, lately acquired a somewhat questionable notoriety as author of a most indelicate little piece, or rather scene, which lost none of its licence by being performed at the Vaudeville by Mademoiselle Cico. Its title, “*Suzanne au Bain*,” attracted a large audience to witness the first representation; the details and allusions, however, notwithstanding the proverbial good humour of a Parisian public, were *trop peu gazés* to escape censure, and the curtain fell amid general disapprobation. Next day the managers received an intimation from the *procureur de la république*, that the piece, although announced in the bills for repetition, must, on the score of its indecency, be withdrawn. The *affiche* was accordingly altered, but so late in the day that few persons present that evening in the theatre were aware of the change; and great was the disappointment of a mem-

ber of the Assembly, who had taken a stall expressly to see "Suzanne," when informed of the prohibition.

"Je suis volé!" he exclaimed—"volé comme dans un bois. Je ne suis venu que pour voir Cico nue—*si connue!*"

Another novelty, and of a very different order of merit, is now exciting a marvellous *furor* at the same theatre. I allude to the fourth number of "La Foire aux Idées." As a French critic justly remarked, the authors of this clever series had, in the preceding numbers, contented themselves with inflicting skin-deep scratches on the objects of their satire; but in No. 4 the *rouge* party is literally flayed alive. What remains to be said in No. 5 is to me a puzzle, for the present highly *réal* piece seems to have exhausted the vocabulary of abuse in its unmerciful hits against everything republican; as for the members of the provisional government, Marrast *en tête*, it does not leave them a leg to stand on.

Every *couplet* (and there are about fifty of them) has its point, and a pretty sharp one too; and I am bound to say that the actors exert themselves gallantly to make them tell. I would not wish a *démoc soc.* (if he were a personal enemy of my own) a more disagreeable task than to be forced to listen either to Ambroise anathematising *Messieurs les homards*, and extorting an universal *bis* by his energetic delivery of the last line in the *couplet final*,

La société se défend, et n' meurt pas,—

or to Lecourt burlesquing the *républicains du lendemain* with

Nous n'avons eu personne à vaincre,
Ce qui fait que nous sommes de grands vainqueurs,—

or even to Henri Potier's pretty air, "Soc, soc, et démoc," and its accompanying "Sauvageska," a Mabillean *pas* contrasting the utter *choc-nosophes* attitudes of Mademoiselle Cico with the unassuming grace and *gentillesse* of Madame Clary.

Paris, October 22, 1849.

THE THEATRES.

THE elastic "*ens rationis*," to which dramatic philosophers give the name of "theatrical activity," after remaining pent up so long that we feared its elasticity would be destroyed altogether, has freed itself at last, with such an impulse, with such a rapid spirit of production, that the part of our brain devoted to the drama has during the latter portion of October been kept in a constant whirl.

In the first place, there has been Mr. Macready's appearance at the Haymarket, on the occasion of which John Bull determined to make up by enthusiasm for Brother Jonathan's deficiencies in good manners. When we say that there was something really "Lindish" in his reception, we shall give the best expression to represent vivid hats and animated pocket-handkerchiefs. When we add that for many nights he played nothing but *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*, and that these performances drew crowded houses, we show that his success is as solid as it is brilliant.

At the New Strand Theatre, which now takes a prominent place among the Westminster establishments, Mrs. Stirling, whom we praised in general terms last month, has made a decided step in her profession, by the impersonation of a character in which Mademoiselle Rachel created a Parisian *furor* last April. This character is *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, a French actress, poisoned in the last century by a lady of quality, whom she rivalled in the affections of Marshal Saxe. The suppressed storms of jealousy, and the agonies of a painful death, are represented with an union of force and careful elaboration, which few of our present actresses could attain. The version of "*Adrienne Lecouvreur*," which has served as a vehicle for this admirable histrionic display, has been made by Mr. John Oxenford, and is called the "Reigning Favourite."

At Sadler's Wells another lady, of position far less established than Mrs. Stirling, has likewise made an important advance. Miss Glyn's performance of the *Queen of Egypt*, in Shakspeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," is not only distinguished by that sedulous gesticulation which she has often carried to an extreme, but is animated with an impulsive fire for which we by no means gave her credit. It seems as if the real spirit at last moved freely, in spite of a severe discipline, not bursting the fetters, but carrying them with facility. We really now begin to entertain great hopes of Miss Glyn. The play, which has been dragged from the shelf by Mr. Phelps, has been put on the stage in most superb style. It is a grand moving picture of ancient Egyptian and Roman life.

At the Surrey we find symptoms of that desire to rise into something of literary dramatic importance, which has been so laudably displayed at Sadler's Wells and the Marylebone, and which promises to convert the old dramatic monarchy of Westminster into a federal system that shall embrace the suburbs. Mr. Creswick, an actor of considerable merit, has placed himself at the head of this southern movement, and Messrs. Bernard and Marston, two of our best dramatists, have furnished the establishment with a domestic play, called "*Trevanion*," which has proved highly successful.

The "legitimate" business goes on at the Marylebone, and will go on till Christmas brings Mr. Watts and his company to the Olympic, that is now rising like a Phoenix from its ashes, to the edification of all who go through that delightful thoroughfare Wych Street. Mrs. Mowatt is still the heroine, choosing Shakspeare's comedies as her sphere of action, and winning all hearts by the grace and beauty (mental and personal) with which she endows *Beatrice* and *Rosalind*.

The Adelphian wags have found matter for imitation in the famous *pas des patineurs*, which our friend Lumley first exhibited to the London public, and a sprightly farce by Mr. Stirling Coyne terminates brilliantly with the skating scene, which is transferred from the Danube to the not less renowned lake in the Surrey Zoological Gardens.

The Lyceum has scarcely yet put out its strength, though we have a very clever farce, by Mr. Bernard, called "*A Practical Man*," in which a fidgety, irresolute gentleman is played, as no one else can play such a part, by Mr. Charles Mathews.

At the Princess's opera remains the staple article. "*Don Giovanni*" has been done in very creditable style; and a young English singer, named Louisa Pyne, has not only made a successful *début* as *Zerlina*, but has created some sensation in Bellini's "*Sonnambula*." Her chief attributes are purity of style and faultlessness of intonation.

LITERATURE.

THE OGILVIES.*

THIS is at once a passionate and a philosophical love story—apparently the first work of its author. Its very faults, as well as its beauties, attest to its being penned by a female hand. That Katherine Ogilvie, a romantic girl of sixteen, should, on her first entrance into the world, discard a good-humoured sporting cousin for the impersonation of poor Keats in a certain Paul Lynedon, is by no means improbable; but in this case the amount of passion awakened in the young girl by this man of clear brown complexion, and calm, contemplative eyes, exceeds probabilities, while the manner in which Paul is described as ever “shaking back his beautiful hair” betrays the authoress. The success with which the more minute characteristics of the man are afterwards eliminated—his total want of that greatest of all attributes, truth to himself and to nature—his unpardonable weakness in trifling with young Katherine’s affections at the time that he is attached to her cousin—his reawakened and guilty passion for Katherine when a woman and a wife—all swamped in one great and simultaneous climax—marriage and death—more than repay, however, in their transcendent and highly-wrought beauty, any slight deficiencies at the onset.

The story of the loves—no less powerful, but better regulated—of Eleanor Ogilvie and of Philip Wychnor, is an admirable antithesis to the preceding Romeo and Juliet affair. A description oft done before, that of a cathedral close and its population of deans, canons, deacons, and their wives and widows and daughters, so formal, so select, so prostrate before the paganism of conventional propriety, introduces us to this true and loving couple, and a harsh, uncompromising aunt, Mrs. Breynton, who is at the bottom of much future suffering, and who so far forgets the immaculate propriety of the close as to purloin and read lovers’ letters. Philip, however, entails misery on himself and his love by refusing, on principle, to enter upon the career opened to him by previous expenses incurred in his education, and by other advantages secured to him, because he does not feel a call to the ministry. Few will sympathise with the lover in this heroism of principle. If not good enough, he ought to have sought to have made himself so. Eleanor, in abetting him in this ecstatic refinement, makes all the sacrifices come from herself. He makes none; yet the nobility of soul that could yearn for nothing but truth and wisdom and justice in works of intellect and imagination—a career to which Philip, seceding from the church, is fain to devote himself—surely demands some of those elements of thought and attributes of mind which might as well have fitted their possessor to the ministry of Christ as to that of man. These are grave inconsistencies in working out so serious a problem as the heroism which underlies the common forms of life. The authoress herself, in one of her best philosophical moods, advocates the right of love in earnest language:—

Most writers on the subject are (she says), we think, somewhat in the wrong.

* The Ogilvies. A Novel, in 3 vols. Chapman and Hall.

They never consider that love is duty—a most solemn and holy duty! He who, loving and being beloved, takes upon himself this second life, this glad burden of another's happiness, has no right to sacrifice it for any other human tie. It is the fashion to extol the self-devotion of the girl who, for parental caprice, or to work out the happiness of some lovelorn sister, gives up the chosen of her heart, whose heart's chosen she knows herself to be. And the man who, rather than make a loving woman a little poorer in worldly wealth—but oh, how rich in affection!—proudly conceals his love in his own breast, and will not utter it—he is deemed a self-denying hero! Is this right?

You writers of moral fiction, who exalt to the skies sacrifices such as these, what would you say if for any cause under Heaven a wife gave up a husband, or a husband a wife, each dooming the other to suffering worse than death? And is the tie between two hearts knitted together by mutual love less strong, less sacred, before the altar-vow than after it?

This is a noble vindication of the rights of love, and exhibits to great advantage the author's capacity, manifest throughout, of placing feelings and acts alike in their proper position; looking at them in the nakedness of truth, discarding all that is conventional and artificial, and guiding her judgment solely by the elementary tests of conscience and nature.

Philip, however, not acting exactly as he ought, had he considered the breaking of the bond of love a sin, even though no consecrated ordinance had rendered the actual perjury visible guilt, is devoted to a life of hard struggles, first as tutor to the son of an unfortunate editor, who appears to be brought in for the sake of some secret personality, and next as a writer himself, a frequenter of the British Museum, and a friend of Dr. Drysdale, in whose company he learns to write out of his own soul, and not for the approbation of any particular set or coterie. It is needless to say that the author has not ventured upon such an incredible legend as to state that Philip was enabled by his writing to earn Eleanor for his wife; no, that is accomplished more intelligibly by a sub-dean bequeathing to her some 6000*l.* Eleanor was, at the time that this fortunate legacy came, abroad, and—what between her aunt's delinquency and an incorrect representation which had been made to Philip of her former relation with Paul Lynedon—her return is only followed by estrangement and by a series of mistakes which seem so easy to remedy, as to inflict “delightful torture” on the novel-reader. That the result to these pure hearts and minds is happiness, we need not say, but, before that is attained, the sickness of hope deferred, and the agony of a guileless soul's suffering from unjust aspersions, are told in what decidedly constitute the most forcible passages and most touching pages of the work. The impression left at the conclusion is that of remarkable power on the part of the author—great capacity for intensity of feeling—high intellectual attributes—discrimination alike in the internal and external world—and an earnest rather than a subtle imagination—a mind more given to emotion and impulse than to niceties or novelties of detail, plot, or construction.

THE CAXTONS.*

“REGARDED as a novel,” says Sir E. Bulwer Lytton in his preface, “this attempt is an experiment, somewhat apart from any previous work of the author: it is the first in which humour has been employed less for

* The Caxtons; a Family Picture. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart. 3 vols William Blackwood and Sons.

the purpose of satire than in illustration of amiable characters ;—it is the first, too, in which man has been viewed less in his active relations with the world than in his repose at his own hearth ;—in a word, the greater part of the canvas has been devoted to the completion of a simple **FAMILY PICTURE.**” And a beautiful picture it is too : the portraits striking, yet characteristic ; the colouring exquisitely tasteful, yet true to nature ; the accessories of details and incidents trifling in themselves, yet of great importance in the history of ordinary life, and attesting in this particular instance, what Lamartine has said of the family generally, that each has a history in itself, and even a poem, to those who know how to search its pages. The amount of high feeling and of true heroism that is involved in the almost daily transactions of life, has been hitherto far too much overlooked by writers of fiction. They have deemed it too much a matter of necessity to wander into the realms of the extraordinary and the excessive, to excite the sympathies. It may be that the *blasé* novel-reader will still prefer the work of high excitement, but the great majority will decidedly be won where the sympathies of all are concerned ; for there are few who will not find, somewhere or other, their own thoughts reflected in a family picture. It has been justly and beautifully remarked, that the chivalry of the world has not perished because its arena has been transferred from the lists of the field to the closet of the student—because it grapples with a prejudice instead of a giant, and boasts for its trophies not prostrate bodies but enfranchised thoughts. So it is, also, in respect to domestic ties and family life. In the sanctity of affection, under its humbler forms—in the modest ministry of kindness—in the devotion of love, refined by trial and transformed by faith—in the aspirations of youth—its exuberant energies turning, as with the instinct of nature, for space and development—in the sad fact that every profession and career is overstocked, every path in life already encumbered by others, that, as Sir E. Bulwer Lytton has it, the numbers of the “one too many in the midst of the crowd” are daily increasing in the inevitable progress of modern civilisation—in all these there exist poetic elements, which will grow richer as time explores them, and more improving and chastening the more we learn and accustom ourselves to love and appreciate mind, and intellect, and goodness, and their products, above worldly gain and ambition. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton arrives at a similar conclusion, only he justly adds that, constituted as youth is, with the desire of action as strongly implanted in its nature as any of the most powerful emotions of after-life, it is rarely until our researches have spread over a wider area that we become sensible of so simple and so hackneyed a truth, that, whatever our wanderings, our happiness will be found within a narrow compass, and amidst the objects more immediately within our reach. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, who has shown his mastery in all the various fields of fiction—the satirical, the historical, and the tragical—has also evinced the same power in this novel of domestic life ; and, from the circumstance before alluded to, of the numerous class to which its interests must have a charm, adorned in this instance by the chastening and improving pen of genius, we should think that, if not the highest work of art of its author, it will be the most popular and the most extensively admired and appreciated.

ERNEST VANE.*

MR. COCHRANE has undertaken a bold task in this his last novel—the unflinching exposure and unsparing flagellation of the vices of the so-called man of fashion. It would be difficult to depict a more diabolical character than the one in question. Beauty and grace of person are to him but a veil to dissipation of the most reckless and abandoned kind; and title and position in society, and even wealth, are all made subservient to the same daring repudiation of the obligations of life, and of all laws, human and divine. Such is Luttrell, only son of Lord Linton, as he is here depicted to us. Luttrell had recently exchanged from the Guards for a company in a regiment of the line, at that time quartered in Wales, for his extravagance had quite ruined Lord Linton; and he had solemnly told him that this was the very last effort he would make to save him. Before joining his regiment he had to break off with that which came with other vices under the general denomination of “London habits,”—the daughter of a Tyrolese gentleman, in whose house Luttrell was one night, during his travels, driven to ask shelter, and which kindness he, as a matter of course, repaid by the seduction of his only child. The home of Marie, and the luxury of the Sybarite’s life, are well depicted, as are also the pangs of a first separation, and the utter ruin of the heart’s best affections. But what was all this to the hardened man of fashion? A mere subject for ridicule and cold irony.

In the neighbourhood to which Luttrell was forced by the exigences of his circumstances there dwelt a retired Liverpool merchant of great wealth, who had purchased one of the finest properties of the county, and whose whole hopes and affections were centred in an only daughter, Ida,—worthy by her beauty and her virtues of the love with which she was cherished. In the same neighbourhood dwelt also Ernest Vane and his sister—less wealthy than their “*parvenu*” neighbours, but of old family and good county connexions. The familiarity of neighbourhood had begot a warm affection between Ernest and Ida; but unluckily, Lord Linton had heard of the wealth of the Leslies and the inheritance of the only daughter, and, coveting the latter for his ruined and profligate son, he so wrought upon the old merchant’s vanity, by the promise of association with titled and high political personages, as to seduce him to his views, even against his better feelings as a father, and the acknowledged preference of his daughter.

In the mean time, Luttrell himself had not been inactive in his own particular line. He had been busy winning the affections of Algitha Vane, for his own purposes; and although he had failed, still he had so far succeeded as to blast the young girl’s reputation for ever. It is after this last outrage that he is introduced to us as the wooer of the young and guileless Ida! The sacrifice of the lamb is momentarily expected, when, luckily, Ernest discovers at the same time that the villain who has deceived his sister is also the favoured suitor of his betrothed. He hastens to London, seeks a quarrel with the man of fashion, and is killed by him! This is more of a tragical *dénouement* than generally appertains to works of fiction; but Luttrell lives to be punished by those

* Ernest Vane. By Alexander Baillie Cochrane, M.P. 2 vols. Henry Colburn.

inflictions, worse than death, which infallibly attend upon vice and crime. There are few works, indeed, in which the particular objects held in view by the author are wrought out with more effect and pathos; and, but for the repulsiveness of Luttrell's character, we know of few that possess a deeper or more sustained interest.

THE LORD OF THE MANOR.*

MR. HALL is a bold racy writer. He tackles with his subject as in good old times a Fielding or a Smollett would have done; only Mr. Hall's low life is the low life of the times we live in, and Mr. Hall's slang is the real thing of the present day—all that a prurient cockneyism has super-added in the way of “stunning,” “milling,” “chalking,” and a thousand other erudite embellishments to the vulgarisms of olden times.

Jacky Stratford, the hero of the story, is the illegitimate offspring of an English baronet, and a drunken Irish mother, whom he casts off and marries to his groom. His education is made to embrace a knowledge of the imitation of birds, cats, old clothesmen, chalk drawings of Newgate martyrs, street-preaching, chanting, whistling double, still vaulting, single stepping, boxing, and music. His business proceedings were mainly limited to wheeling a barrow for a greengrocer woman, driving a dog-cart, and the “Irish trade”—that is to say, begging. As, however, he failed in obtaining “celebracy” in the latter department, he went ultimately into service, beginning at the institution of a Christianised Jew and quack, a Dr. Benzoni. We have no doubt that there are many who will roar over the broad caricature pictures of this worthy and of his promising family, and that their cachinnation will reach its acme when they come to the tricks played upon the gallant widow-hunter, Colonel O’Craizem, who allows his nose to be put into a vice, in order to win a doting old lady, who finishes by running away with another young hero of this story—one William Kent, who is depicted as a kind of low-life cherubim. An extract will give the best idea of the two young heroes, as also of the peculiar smartness of style and choice language in which the author indulges. It is upon the occasion of our hero coming out as a prodigy monkey-monster at a minor theatre:—

So, by the left side of a sovereign, 'old prompter Cousins was right. That rehearsal last night was what Billy Kent calls a comic section; it was a puzzler! I must not tell poor Billy all at once about my degrees; it might make him faint. I don't know what I shall eventually have to do with him. I am now speaking of after life. It is to me the most screamin' thing, as how he can won all the prizes at school and yet be such a precious little baby. Dang me! only to think that yesterday, when I went out to take a little airin' arter business—ha, ha! business of Dr. Benzoni's—that there he was a watchin' for me at the corner of the street—ay, two hours; and what for? ha, ha! I livin' in one of the best grubbed houses in the west—to bring me a little tart, for fear I should never have had anythin' nice sin' I left his grandmother's employ! Bless me, but that chap always makes me cry! Dash me, if he finds out when I am to make my grand debüt, he'll be there a settin' up a scream, or kickin' up some such fun!

This, the reader will say, has little to do with the country or with lord-

* *The Lord of the Manor; or Lights and Shades of Country Life.* By John Thomas Hall, Esq. 2 vols. William Shoberl.

ing it at the manor. Whoever, indeed, looks for the promised "lights and shades of country life" will be wofully disappointed, for a great portion of the story passes in London; and when the actors take themselves off from the gin-palace to the manor, it is only London life removed to the country—parvenus of the very lowest description placed in the position of respectable and responsible persons. In fact, it is very difficult to give an idea of a work which interests itself solely with characters which we can neither understand nor sympathise with. To say there is not talent, however, would be erroneous; for low cockney life is hit off, as far as we are enabled to judge, to perfection; and the actors, whether realities or not, are certainly humorous and grotesque caricatures.

SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS AND LETTERS OF BERNARD BARTON.*

LITERARY persons will welcome these relics of a worthy man—one who, from his fine spirit of devotion, honourable feeling, and high morality, was an honour to the craft. "The staple of his poems," says a critic in the *Edinburgh Review*, "is description and meditation—description of quiet home scenery, sweetly and feelingly wrought out—and meditation overshadowed with tenderness and exalted by devotion, but all terminating in soothing and even cheerful views of the condition and prospects of mortality." It was to Mr. Barton that Charles Lamb wrote, on the occasion of his contemplating abandoning his profession for a literary life, that vehement exposition of an author's miseries which has since excited much discussion, and has been stated to be an exaggeration. "We have known," says one celebrated publisher, who measures literature by the yard, "authors by profession who lived cheerfully and comfortably labouring at the stated sum per sheet as regularly as the weaver at his loom or the tailor on his board; but dignified with the consciousness of following a high and ennobling occupation, with all the mighty minds of past ages as their daily friends and companions." Without stopping to remark upon the refinement of feeling and the delicate appreciation of an author's calling and his proverbial sensibilities, in comparing him with a pale weaving-machine, and a man doing a woman's duty, we must say we do not consider Charles Lamb's statement to be at all over-charged. Our own experience chimes with him, and we might quote the introduction to the "Patriot," a tragedy in five acts, by George Stephens, which has just come to hand, as a case in point—a most sad one too. And who has not known, as well as the amiable Elia, literary men almost starving? We have letters every month from such; others we have known relieved by the last frailty from consciousness; and others again seeking for relief from the last resource of all—self-destruction.

There is (says the same scribbling publisher) an invariable incompatibility of the poetical temperament with habits of business and steady application. This would only show that what our publisher gets from his literary tailors and weavers cannot, by his own showing, be poetry. The wise sayings and the parables which were legacied by a Redeemer to a whole world were not given forth with the regularity of a machine;

* Selections from the Poems and Letters of Bernard Barton. Edited by his Daughter. Hall, Virtue, and Co.

wherefore then expect poor fallen man to be more highly gifted than the inspired of olden time, and to be able to send forth in a business-like manner, and with never-failing assiduity, the inexhaustible gifts of the spirit?

This subject, suggested by Mr. Barton's case, and others which have unfortunately come but recently before us, have carried us away from the consideration of a volume from which we would willingly have made extracts. We perceive that it is headed by a goodly list of subscribers, which rejoices our hearts, for the sake of a good man's child; but it contains so varied and instructive a correspondence with many of the leading men of the day, and such a selection of poems to claim notice, both by their elegant simplicity and purity of style and feeling, that we feel no misgivings as to the success of the undertaking.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH DICTIONARY.*

WE are happy in having it in our power to notice this Dictionary of Professor Spiers's, which has been completed after a continuous labour of fourteen years. It exhibits an extraordinary advance on all former dictionaries, as it embraces all modern terms of literature, science, and art, and it is certainly the most complete work of its kind ever produced.

THE ROMANCE OF THE PEERAGE.†

A THIRD volume of this delightful and interesting work has made its appearance. The author, we should suppose in answer to some animadversions that have been made upon the subject by the democratic press, has introduced this new volume with a forcible and well-written chapter on the hereditary principle. The curiosities of aristocratic family history are afterwards evolved in connexion with the strange history of Charles Brandon's widow and her second marriage—the romance of Sir Robert Dudley—Bess of Hardwick and the Talbots—the Cavendishes and the Stanhopes—Lord Pembroke and Sir George Wharton—the Wharton and Stuart duel—the Bruce and Sackville duel—the Lord Crichton of Sanquhar and the disputed Earldom of Menteith. A bill of fare surely sufficient to tempt the most fastidious, and to which we hope to be able to refer at length at an early opportunity.

RUINS OF MANY LANDS.‡

MOST heartily do we rejoice to see a second and an enlarged edition of Mr. Michell's remarkable work. We should do so if it were only for the self-congratulatory fact that these Poems first saw the day in *Ainsworth's Magazine*; but we do so from far more agreeable feelings, not unmingled with wonder and surprise that any book of poetry should reach a second edition in our days. It speaks of an improving taste, which is as gratifying as Mr. Michell's success, or the part which we have taken in first bringing his poetry before the world.

* General French-English and English-French Dictionary; newly composed from the French Dictionaries of the French Academy, Laveaux, Boiste, Bescherelle, &c.; from the English Dictionaries of Johnson, Webster, Richardson, &c.; and from the Special Dictionaries and Works of both Languages. In 2 vols. By Professor A. Spiers, Ph.D. London, Whittaker and Co.

† The Romance of the Peerage; or, Curiosities of Family History. By George Lillie Craik. Vol. III. Chapman and Hall.

‡ Ruins of many Lands. A descriptive Poem. By Nicholas Michell. Second edition, enlarged. W. Tegg and Co.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

EIGHTEEN MONTHS' POLITICAL LIFE IN ITALY.

By L. MARIOTTI,

AUTHOR OF "ITALY, PAST AND PRESENT."

[OUR political opinions are not in accordance with those of the writer of the following article. We have no faith in Young Italy—no hope in the possible regeneration of that fallen country. We entertain no animosity against our ancient ally Austria; but, on the contrary, heartily rejoice in its successes, both in Piedmont and rebellious Hungary. Charles Albert, in our opinion, deserved his losses; and the victorious achievements of gallant old Radetski were matter of triumph to us. Little did we sympathise with the Roman insurrection, commenced by assassination and sustained by terror and oppression. Small love had we for a ruler like Mazzini; still less for a leader like Garibaldi. Very glad, therefore, were we when such a deplorable state of things was put an end to by French interference; the Roman republic extinguished; the Pope restored to his throne.

Thus it will be perceived that our political bias is widely different from that of M. Mariotti.

But this shall not prevent him from having a fair hearing. An Italian, he is qualified to discuss Italian questions. A sincere man, he is entitled to respectful consideration. Fearless, earnest, eloquent, he is certain to command attention, even from those who, like ourselves, differ from him altogether in opinion.—ED. N. M. M.]

WE have, of late, heard and read much about Italy; about the country, and about the people too—a more stale and obsolete subject.

Respecting the people and their character we had long since come to our own conclusions. The very first rudiments had been supplied by our darling "Boy's own Book." "The Italians," that juvenile oracle teaches, "are generally well-proportioned, and are affable, courteous, ingenuous, sober, and ready-witted; but extremely jealous and vindictive, treacherous, lascivious, ceremonious, and superstitious."

The leaders of some dashing journal bring with them the confirmation and fuller development of those early notions. A few innocent sneers about "Italians don't fight," and the "maccaronic" diet of the country, soon satisfy us that Italy is enslaved and divided, for the excellent reason that "it has always been so;" that the people are destitute of those "fine manly spirits," and "capabilities for self-government," which your true-born Briton sucks from the juices of his honest roast-beef, or imbibes with the fumes of his rich London porter.

And lo! all at once, and when our mind is comfortably made up on the subject, Italy is called to play her own part in those European con-

vulsions in which every continental nation has stood forth prominently. And we read in the columns of that very dashing journal, and on the faith of its chivalrous Irish correspondent, that those poor maccaroni-eaters did actually, and for above eighteen months, keep up some decent show of a fight, both on the open field, and in the streets, and before the walls of their towns.

We see long leaders in that same dashing journal that go far to prove that the most decrepit of European cities—the very skeleton and ghost of a city—Venice—all of a sudden put forth sufficient vitality, not only to ward off the enemy with something like heroism and longanimity, but to govern itself all the while with a wisdom and moderation, with a regard for order and legality, which might well command our respect, even under the easiest circumstances, in the most profound peace.

And we hear of Piedmont—till yesterday a backward state, humdrum and priest-ridden—half-barrack, half-monastery—all of a sudden saddled with a constitution—a constitution patched up, cobbled up—Heaven only knows how—out of the shreds and tatters of a cast-off French charter; Piedmont, all at once, invested with the dignity—the dangerous dignity and awful responsibility of representative government—trusted with those two-edged tools—national armament and unshackled opinion; Piedmont bearing the brunt of two successive disastrous campaigns within the twelvemonth, the lavish expenditure of a thrice-disproportionate army, the prolonged maintenance of swarms of houseless, breadless refugees; Piedmont withstanding the temptations of unprincipled demagogues, spurning the seduction of example, staggering on the brink of a precipice, and coming off from that long season of trial, a beaten and half-bankrupt, but free and orderly state, with honour and credit unscathed—altogether one of the respectable members of the European community.

Finally, we turn our thoughts upon those very men who seemed least to understand the spirit of the times, who would draw no distinction between the real and the ideal, between Utopia and Europe in the nineteenth century—men who would see no difference between what is desirable and what is practicable—the men of “God and the people”—the Republicans of Rome and Tuscany; and we think of the devotion, earnestness, and determination by which not a few of them made up for their rashness and indiscretion—of the blood they lavished to sanctify what was in itself a desperate, even if an honest cause: we take into consideration the genius of Mazzini and the daring of Garibaldi, and place such men by the side of Struve, Brentano, or Tiedemann—Pepe by the side of Görgey—or even Guerrazzi by the side of Ledru-Rollin; and we conclude:—

Are the Italians, in mental energy or moral character, in valour or wisdom, so very much below the standard of their French, German, or Hungarian brethren? Was our preconceived judgment not by any means shaken by the irrefragable evidence of recent events? Does not every revolution present a nation under a new point of view? Does it not make it incumbent upon us to give the subject a second thought, to revise that judgment, to give that nation even the benefit of our doubts?

What is it the Italians wanted? What were, or are, their grievances, their tendencies, or aspirations? What are we to think or expect of them?

There are those who would fain persuade us that Italy can never form a united and independent country, because, from the very dawn of

modern civilisation, it has always been found in a state of division and vassalage.

There may be something terribly true in the assertion. For the moral world, no less than the material, is undoubtedly subject to uniform and definite laws. As we are not likely to see the sun rising from the west, so may the Jews never again be gathered together round the Temple of Jerusalem—so may never the Italians live to realise the fond dream of Julius II., and see the last of the “barbarians” out of the country.

But as it is in the very instinct of man always to cling with the greatest tenacity to those wishes and hopes which admit of the least chance of fulfilment, so there is, perhaps, no country in the world in which the idea of nationality has at all times been so distinctly and so permanently uppermost, as in that same distracted and trodden—that weary Italian land.

It was not merely such stern and exalted intellects as Dante's and Alfieri's, that the thought of their country's humiliation inspired with all their sublime and touching disdain of the world: it was not only such deep and teeming brains as Lorenzo de Medici's or Macchiavello's that fretted and raged against a coincidence of fatal circumstances—against an aggravation of evils, which no human foresight could anticipate, no human endeavour avert.

Italian patriotism, such as it is now—made up of vain regret and longing—always was the test of all loftiness and gentleness.

There is no instance of an Italian untrue to his country.

Even such amiable triflers as Ariosto or Berni, never happen, in the midst of their frolicsome narrative, unawares and involuntarily, to stumble, as it were, on the subject—the name of Italy never comes to their lips—without at once sobering them. The vein of inexhaustible mirth seems to suffer sudden intermission; the harp of the honest minstrel is hung up on the willows, and the gladsome notes sink into a long plaintive strain—the strain of the Jewish captives mourning by the rivers of Babylon.

But with the poets and thinkers of former ages the sorrows of Italy were, in a great measure, mere prophetic abstraction. It was not so much the sense of present dejection they were alive to, as the boding of evil to come.

Theirs was a dirge for dying—not for dead—Italy.

All the interval between Dante and Alfieri was for that country a long agony, slow but not inglorious. The chill of death was already at the heart, but symptoms of vitality were still perceptible at the extremities. Venice and Genoa were still standing—magnanimous wrecks of Italian fortune; and Rome—Papal Rome—still preserved some of the old prestige, some of the vain shadow of universal sovereignty.

And men still looked up to Italy; for political annihilation had not yet brought with it utter mental prostration and degeneracy.

1814 blotted out Venice and Genoa—the last states of genuine Italian growth. 1820 and 1831 stripped even Naples, Piedmont, and Rome—those foreign structures of the Holy Alliance on Italian ground—of all their tinsel of nominal self-existence. From the Alps to the sea the Austrian made himself at home. Where he was not to-day he might be expected to-morrow. The “Independent” princes were in his power. For the aid and support he afforded them in all their differences with their subjects he exacted the most implicit submission to the anti-national views of his policy.

The Italians had learnt this long since; with the Austrians they

saw the French, the Swiss, and the English come in for a share in their spoils; they knew from experience that the expulsion of one master invariably led to the intrusion of another—that all seem to have good rights and claims upon Italy—all but the Italians themselves.

No man who was not born in Italy or in Poland, or in any country fallen to the same depth of misery, can form an idea of the bitter humiliation the subjection of his country bears with it. It deadens a man's heart to all other political considerations. It blinds him to all the real failings and short-comings of his countrymen. He insists that no fair play is allowed to them, and that all their vices or crimes must be ascribed to their oppressors. No mild or conciliatory measure can assuage his resentment.

We hear a great deal about the "paternal" character of the Austrian rule. But no real parental solicitude, no inestimable benefit conferred by a master, can ever quell the smothered animosity of him who looks upon himself as a slave.

The universal conviction that all was lost, such as it sprang up after the short lull of the pacification of 1814, did not fail to bring about a universal determination that all should be recovered. Italian nationality never was raised into so prominent and definite an idea as since that final extinction of all that bore an Italian name. We had at last come to this—that the Italians must all be crushed utterly, or must assert their rights to a free and independent existence.

We may be sure that the dilemma still presents the same formidable, inevitable alternative.

The demands for a French charter or for a Spanish constitution, set up at Naples or in Piedmont in 1820, the attacks upon the temporal power of the Pope ten years later, were absolutely nothing but preliminary steps by patriots who did not consider themselves sufficiently strong to take up at once the national question.

From 1814 to 1848 the Italians had only been feeling their way. For the rest, they cared but little, and understood even less, about the representative forms of transalpine freedom. The thorn in their side was plainly the foreigner.

Three were, in 1814, the obstacles the national question in Italy had to overcome: the armed power of foreign dominators—the want of good faith, the jealousy, and timidity of native Italian princes—and the apathy and supineness of the mass of the people.

Those partial insurrections of 1820 and 1831, their tragical results upon individuals, and the aggravation of hard, senseless despotism upon the masses—those four-and-twenty years of hard-won experience, in short, had, to a great extent, done away with the two last-named difficulties. Before 1848 the whole population had been gradually aroused, and the Italian princes had, by a very skilful management on the part of the patriots, been reassured and reconciled, partly won over to the national cause.

The Italians were now, therefore, in presence of the only remaining enemy—the Austrian; but with him they knew all compromise was out of the question. It was, and ever would be, between them, a question of life and death.

Be it understood, the word "Austrian" is here employed as emblematic of all the extraneous evils that gravitate upon Italy. The foreign

enemy Italy had to contend with was not Austria alone, with all the resources of that colossal empire. It was Italy against all Europe. The real enemy was that iron fatality of the treaties of 1814, which not only all the established governments, but every man who had but a penny at stake dependent on the maintenance of peace and order, was equally interested, equally determined to perpetuate.

France could pass from one to another dynasty, and to no dynasty at all, if she wished it, without disturbing that European balance about which all the "fuss" was made. But the Neapolitans could seek no redress against their government without interference on the part of Austria, and they could not resist the aggression of Austria with any success without kicking the beam. The disturber of the peace, no matter what flagrant iniquity he might be smarting and writhing under, was a common enemy. Woe to him if he relied on the sympathy—away with the sickly word!—but on the *charity* of his Christian brethren. He must fight his way against all odds, until at least he can prove that there is less danger in acknowledging than in resisting his claims.

True enough, like all other laws and treaties, the terms of the peace of 1814 have proved to be chains of adamant to the weak and mere cobwebs to the strong.

True enough, Greece and Belgium had already known how to wrench from the reluctant hands of diplomacy exceptional modifications of those treaties in their favour. But the Italians were aware that they had to deal with a far more powerful and more determined antagonist than either the Sultan or the King of the Netherlands: they knew that Austria would run any desperate chance, would risk all, and lose all, sooner than suffer her Italian provinces to escape from her grasp: they knew that theirs was a complicate question, or, what is exactly the same, that their enemies had no lack of means of representing it as such; that a struggle for emancipation on their part must, unless it could rely on an almost miraculous rapidity of success, soon involve them in manifold difficulties, and lead to an universal outbreak of hostilities.

Every friend of peace was, at heart, a foe to Italy, and would continue so until Italy had on her side that only acknowledged and consecrated right of our times—the right of the strongest.

The Italians—every man with a sane mind in Italy, I mean—knew this and kept quiet. From 1814 to 1840 enough had been done to demonstrate the total inefficiency of violent means. Even all attempts previous to the latter epoch had been merely initiatory and experimental. But the party that had brought them to pass, the party who had had recourse to physical force, to secret conspiracy, and partial insurrection—whose undaunted perseverance, and whose very failures, sufferings, and sacrifices, had had such luminous effects in stirring up the dormant energies of the people—felt now that their work was done, and allowed free scope for more deliberate and methodical operations.

Carbonarism was long since out of date. *Young Italy* closed her martyr-mission with the appalling tragedy of the BANDIERA.

Henceforth legal and moral opposition was the order of the day.

Mazzini, still an idol in the heart of many, was, however, set aside as a dangerous unpractical man. He himself seemed to feel that his time had gone by. He sat himself down in London, with a few obscure partisans, perplexed, lost in contemplation of the signs of the times. No one was unmindful of his important efforts to bring about the great national crisis;

yet that crisis was now about to take place, and without him. There were now other agencies at work in Italy: the public mind acknowledged the sway of other teachers.

These were, especially, Cesare Balbo, Massimo d'Azeglio, and, mightier than either, the apostle Vincenzo Gioberti.

These men proposed, in a few words, cessation from all hostility against the national princes; adjournment of the great contest with foreign dominators.

It was a plausible scheme—excellent, perhaps, if it had not been too obvious and easy. It was a revolution without a revolt, a conquest without war, a bloodless victory of right against might.

Such a consummation the world never witnessed: it has no faith in such.

The scheme had its own period of signal success nevertheless. Conciliation on the part of the liberals led to concession on the part of the despots. In more than one of the Italian states, chiefly in the North, a good understanding began to spring up.

It was Charles Albert of Sardinia who gave the first example.

He is dead now—peace be to his memory!—and we may judge him. He was an ambitious and irresolute, but, as it proved in the end, a well-meaning, generous prince. Crushed under the weight of the cruel past, filled with ardent aspirations for the future, he was deterred by “conscience that maketh cowards of us all” from adopting any decisive measure; for he felt he could rely neither on the faith of Europe nor on the confidence of Italy. He held his peace, he tampered; and so he would have done to the end of time, although the Austrian yoke proved galling to him no less than to the meanest of his subjects, had it not been for some trivial difference with the Imperial government, in 1846, about some financial and custom matter, in which he deemed himself thoroughly in the right, and which afforded him only the shadow of a pretence for shaking off all allegiance, and assuming the tone and attitude of an independent sovereign.

That little matter of “wine and salt” was a great gain for Italy. The Grand Duke of Tuscany, always a weak and improvident, but from that very reason a lenient ruler, was already too far committed, by long-established popularity, to remain behindhand in the way of liberal reforms.

Now, every one in Italy, prince or subject, very well knew that the adoption of any humane and liberal measures had the effect of a declaration of war to Austria.

Public opinion made tremendous headway, and there was no mistaking the direction the popular tide set into. In October, 1846, the centennial commemoration of the expulsion of the Austrians from Genoa was made the theme of frantic rejoicing. The Italians did not attempt to imitate that glorious achievement. They could not drive the Austrians from Lombardy; but they gave them palpable hints of their obnoxiousness there. The governments made but feeble and vain attempts to moderate this vast exhibition of popular feelings. The courts of Turin and Florence had no slight trouble to pacify the incensed representatives of their former protector, with whom they still kept up all the appearances of diplomatic alliance. What could they say? The proscribed and disaffected from the Lombard and Venetian provinces found a hearty welcome, a safe refuge, under their standard.

The old cry, "Italy! Italy!" was set up, and whose fault was it if it sounded like a death-knell to Austrian ears? Whilst, in the North, Piedmont and Tuscany had thus entered into the views of the national party, Gregory XVI. at Rome and King Ferdinand at Naples gave signs of a more stubborn and unrelenting disposition. But death providentially removed the testy and wrathful old Pope; and alarming tidings from Sicily soon inclined the Bourbon's ears to better counsels.

It was in these emergencies that Pius IX. was raised to the Pontificate. The wise and humane measures which signalised his accession, even though they introduced no positive and permanent amelioration in the administration of his states, gave the tone to the policy henceforth to be pursued by all Italian governments. It made it imperious upon them, either to follow the Pope's own enlightened conduct or to throw themselves unconditionally into the hands of Austria, and thereby to fill the measure of popular execration.

Two only of the Italian princes—and these harmless from sheer insignificance—the Dukes of Parma and Modena—followed the latter course; all the others were nationalised, one by one.

I need not repeat. Reforms, concessions, all the liberal measures which were hailed at Rome or Naples with such frantic enthusiasm, were nothing, in themselves, in the eyes of the Italians. But they were the test of *nationalism* for the government that adopted them. They had the effect of a demonstration, a declaration, a pledge, on the part of the sovereign, of his adhesion to the cause of the common country.

A great point had been carried—a great fact achieved—in peace and silence. Four of the principal Italian monarchies had renounced Austria, and were virtually emancipated.

Nothing remained but to draw them together by a permanent bond of union—to present them as a compact body before the European community—to bring foreign nations to recognise and respect Italy in them.

The seeds of this national union had already been sown long since. The Italians had for several years mustered up in scientific and literary associations. A custom-house league had been freely discussed; and this, again, was to lead the way to political confederacy.

The Italian people were at heart long united. Municipal rancours and provincial jealousies or prejudices were no longer in the way, as many have fondly asserted. The Italians would be one people, if dynastic interests and personal ambitions would only let them.

But we were now to see how these domestic and peaceful arrangements would stand the trial of foreign aggression.

It was now simply a question of time, and it must needs be confessed the Italians were not alive to the importance of that supreme moment. Austria saw the precariousness of her position. She resolved upon surprising the Italians in the midst of their leisurely deliberations. She felt the necessity of a desperate stroke of policy, and she ventured upon her attack on Ferrara in September, 1847.

I had never had any faith in Pius IX. as a Pope previous to that ever memorable occurrence. I never had any in him, as a man, since. Had there been only a spark of the soul of Alexander III. or of Julius II. in him, that was the day for Italy and Rome, for his country and his church.

The Austrian was the aggressor. The recent differences between the

Czar and the Porte go far to prove the immense advantage you gain upon your enemy by putting him clearly and thoroughly in the wrong. The sympathies of all the friends of justice, by a rare luck, coincided here with the interests of the lovers of peace.

Had the Pope stepped down from St. Peter's chair in the Vatican—had he raised the standard of redemption aloft, and appended a tricolor streamer to it—had he marched himself at the head of an anti-Austrian crusade—all Italy would have thronged on his footsteps, and the shout of applause of all Europe would have cheered him on. Charles Albert, at the head of his Piedmontese, was burning to declare himself the Pope's champion and Italy's.

It would have been a victory without a battle. The name of Pius IX. in those days was in itself a host. Even if the Pope had not actually succeeded in ridding Lombardy of its foreign oppressors, he would have put a stop for ever to their further interference with himself or with any of his emancipated Italian allies. The national league would at once have become a well-established fact from that day, and the Pope would have found himself at its head as naturally as in the days of Old Italy.

The mean-spirited priest contented himself with a feeble protest. He negotiated,—he referred the matter to diplomatic arbitration,—he allowed himself to be bullied by Count Rossi, in the name of Louis Philippe; and the ir retrievable opportunity was lost.

Austria had not the less met with a very severe check. If she was not positively driven out of the town of Ferrara, she felt the expediency of *amicably* withdrawing within the citadel: and, henceforth, her influence was limited to the banks of the Po and Ticino.

Even within those limits, her Lombard subjects had discovered her vulnerable side. The Milanese deserted the Theatre la Scala; the whole population organised itself into a vast total-abstinence society. Which the Italians dashed from their lips the cup of pleasure and vice, by which their rulers had but too long lured them into ignominious submission.

No resource was left to Austria but violence and bloodshed. But in spite of all underhand management, it was apparent that, in every encounter, aggression was invariably on the side of government; and Europe judged accordingly. The Italians continued to the last true to their system of passive resistance.

Such was the revolution of Italy, in so far as it was the work of the Italians themselves. Up to the very opening of the year 1848, the Italians had proved themselves tolerably shrewd and skilful tacticians. They had won their ground upon the enemy without affording him even a chance of unsheathing his sword. In Sicily, indeed, an appeal to arms had, in an evil hour, been found inevitable. But, even there, nothing rash and inconsiderate had been done: above all things, nothing irreparable.

It was not easy to foresee how long matters could remain in this breathless state of suspense,—how long the Lombards would consent to be butchered, almost daily, by a brutal soldiery, in their *cafés*, in their theatres, in the very sanctuary of their homes.

Italian matters were, however, in the best possible hands. Cesare Balbo, Capponi, Ridolfi, Mamiani, now at the head of government, were no men to abandon the cautious line of policy they had so long adhered to. Gioberti and d'Azeglio, then at the acme of their influence, kept a

tight rein over the passions of the multitude. The Italians were pledged to forbearance; they were agreed to put off the onset, until at least they felt assured of a combined and simultaneous effort, until they had it in their power to choose their own ground and time.

Providence had decreed otherwise.

The Parisian revolution of February removed from the hands of the Italians the command over their own actions. Hitherto they had led the way; henceforth they were under the influence of an extraneous impulse. All Europe was on fire,—Prussia, all Germany, convulsed throughout,—Vienna without government,—the great bond of Austrian unity dissolved. Who could prevail upon the trampled Lombards to wait and endure any longer?

They rose; they bled; the host of Radetzky was routed and scattered. Such panic and confusion the world never witnessed since the days of Senacherib.

God is great! But it was fated that the Italians should forget that that astounding defeat was God's work—not their own.

It was by the very promptitude and facility of that first success that Italy was undone. It was from that glorious 22nd of March that God blinded her.

A nation may be aided in its work of emancipation by extraneous and fortuitous circumstances; but woe to her if she relies upon them, if she derives from them arguments to slacken from exertion, or to swerve from her duty of grappling with adversity, and making her own destiny!

Italy, Germany, and Poland owe their greatest calamities to their blind inability to separate their own cause from that of France. There is, however, no point of contact between them. France has long since vindicated her mastery over her own actions. The allied powers that traced her limits, in 1814, are but too happy to let her alone, if so it be that she only keep within those boundaries. And France knows that very well, in ordinary times at least, her shopkeepers and other *industriels* are well aware of it. It is only on the morrow of one of her mobs, when the men of "order and peace" again take up the reins which they ought never to let slip through their fingers, that to the fit of revolutionary exaltation a shiver of panic invariably succeeds. Like all cowards—for utilitarianism certainly makes a coward even of that proverbially gallant nation—France hides her fears under a great show of vapouring and blustering. She takes upon herself the task of friend of the oppressed, and redresser of wrongs. She makes Warsaw and Milan her advanced guards against Austria and Russia. But as soon as she becomes aware of the groundlessness of her apprehensions, as soon as the perplexed attitude of those powers affords her a chance of making her own terms with them, not only does she eat every one of her own words, but, to regain her credit for good behaviour and respectability, she takes the lead in the ways of reaction, ready not only to do the dirtiest work, but to overdo it. Louis Philippe had given the Italians a sufficient sample of the results of French propagandism in Romagna after the July revolution. But we will soon see that the lessons of 1831 were to be learnt over again in 1848.

Milan, Venice, Lombardy and her hundred cities, were free. Radetzky shut up in Mantua and Verona, with dispirited and mutinous troops, cut off from all communications with Germany. Charles Albert of Sardinia pressed close on his retreating footsteps, at the head of sixty thousand

eager combatants. The Tuscan contingent was hurrying across the Apennines. Roman legions and Neapolitan squadrons prepared to cut off the enemy's retreat in the Venetia. The whole country in arms. Bands of fanciful volunteers crossed each other in their eccentric war-paths.

"It is the will of God!" was the cry—the same as in the old war of the Cross. Such tears of joy as were then shed, Italian eyes had been unused to, time out of mind.

"What an absurd disproportion between the means and end!" was the general remark; and the whole campaign would, it was expected, be reduced to the wearisome siege of two towns!

There is none of the subsequent disasters that may not be traced to the treacherous security into which the Italians were lulled by that all too sudden flash of prosperity.

The Milanese, whose prodigies of valour during their memorable "Five Days" were the theme of never-ending pæans throughout Europe, thought that enough had been done for their part: they seemed inclined to leave the mere drudgery of what all thought would prove an uneventful war to the Piedmontese, who were paid for it. They did not even cheer their auxiliaries in that thankless work; but rather looked upon them with a vague jealousy, as if they grudged them the too easy laurels which Lombard blood had ripened, and as if apprehensive of the high price the royal leader of those mercenaries might put upon his tardy and insignificant services.

They had routed Radetzky—the Piedmontese had only to unearth and take him; a comparatively safe and easy task. They persisted in looking upon themselves as a self-emancipated, not a rescued, people; and were very loud in their vindication of the inalienable right they had now so bravely reasserted of disposing of themselves at their own pleasure.

They raked up old grievances against the person of the king; who, whatever might be thought of the past, was now irretrievably committed, and staked his all on what might yet prove a hazardous game.

Nothing was heard at Milan but the old Guelphic cry, "Viva Pio Nono!" There was not one cheer for the monarch, who was only anxious to lavish every drop of blood for the common cause.

Not only was it in vain that Charles Albert applied to the Lombards for supplies in men and money; but, in the most trying moments, when the war of independence began to present itself under its most formidable aspect, the king himself was solicited to come to the relief of their exhausted treasury.

On their own side, the leaders of the Piedmontese forces, and the king himself, were, almost to the very last, unconscious of the gravity of their undertaking. They extended their plan of operation beyond all limits of discretion. They never were able—never, in good earnest, attempted—to utilize the swarms of young volunteers who flocked to them from all Italy, and who, notwithstanding their wayward and riotous disposition, would, under good management and strict discipline, have proved of the greatest efficiency.

They also fancied they had but too many combatants under their standards. "Where is the use of all this undisciplined rabble?" they said, rather too loudly. "It is not men we are in want of, but money—

volunteers are but an encumbrance." And the volunteers felt hurt, and went home.

The scared population of Asola, Gazzoldo, Bozzolo, and other insignificant townships, came, almost daily, to throw themselves at the feet of Charles Albert, praying for the boon of a detachment of his troops, which might secure their houses and homesteads from the sudden predatory sallies on the part of the garrisons of the two beleaguered strongholds.

The soft-hearted king dismissed none of them unheard. He did not see how blindly he risked—in his over-anxiety to save—everything. He, also, felt that fate had done all, and that scarcely any activity was required on the part of its chosen instrument.

Still the campaign went on; and not without honour. At the bridge of Goito, on the heights of Pastrengo, the Piedmontese came up with the retreating foe. Radetzky gave way on all points. No man dreamt, at the time, that it entered into the marshal's plans—to be beaten.

Towards the close of April the war had reached its crisis. Charles Albert had issued orders to throw a bridge over the Adige, above Bussolengo.

It requires no very great knowledge of strategy to perceive that that was, under circumstances, a decisive move. It would have backed the Lombard volunteers in their daring operations in the Italian Tyrol; cut off all communication between Radetzky and Austria by that way; and enabled the Piedmontese to hasten to the relief of the Venetian provinces, now threatened by the advance of Nugent with an Austrian reserve.

It was English and French diplomacy that prevented that move. The ministers of those two powers had an interview with the king at head-quarters, and the order about crossing the Adige was countermanded.

And yet French and English diplomacy meant all for the best, and played throughout a most honourable part. But the suddenness of the events of 1848 had thrown the coolest statesman off his guard, no less than the most sanguine patriot. Diplomacy, also, took its start from the fond notion that all was over for ever with Austria; and that there would be no condition, however hard, that distracted power would not cheerfully submit to.

Diplomacy stepped in between the belligerent parties: it remonstrated with Charles Albert that enough had been done for the honour—more than enough for the safety of Italy—that negotiation could now secure as fair and splendid terms as the most signal victory. It admonished the king not to drive a fallen foe to extremities—not to enlist Germany in a cause that Austria herself began to regard as otherwise hopeless—to beware, above all things, of Russia, and of the issues of a general European war.

Charles Albert was staggered. From that moment he abdicated the sway God had trusted him with over Italian destinies, in the hands of foreign arbitration.

Paralysed thus in their movements, the Piedmontese leaders could only be expected to commit blunder after blunder. They wearied their soldiers with unprofitable marches and counter-marches; they cooled their ardour by bad quarters and worse fare. The sanguinary attack on

St. Lucia was nothing but a sacrifice they were compelled to make to the impatience of those ill-regulated troops.

Charles Albert lost time; and, in 1848, time was all for him—all for the enemies he had before and behind him. Every day of inaction on the part of the king was breathing-time for Radetzky and Mazzini!

We owe the chief of Young Italy this justice, that he was by no means exaggerate or uncompromising on his first appearance at Milan.

Whatever may be thought of his ambition or tenacity of opinion, Mazzini, like all Italians, loves his country better than himself, and sets its union and independence far above all other political considerations. He clings to his ideas because he sees no possible redemption for Italy except through them only; and he aspires to power because he has faith in no other man under the sun—because no one, he thinks, can wield power so as to work out his own purposes therewith. He has made an idol of his system—such as it is—and deems himself alone competent to minister to its altar. He stands friendless, companionless, amongst the high-minded and generous. No man was ever allowed to graft a single thought in the conception that sprang up complete and mature in his brains.

His faith is in “God and the People.” He alone God’s interpreter—the people his blind instrument!

Had he had faith in royalty, in aristocracy, in an armed power, in other men—had he reckoned the odds like other political gamblers, he would have felt the necessity of seconding Charles Albert, at least, until the close of the war.

But Mazzini himself, if sincere, was not keen-sighted enough to escape the common delusion. He also seemed to think slightly of the chances of that unfortunate war. The Piedmontese, he contended, would never see more than the back of the enemy. But, had he even been apprehensive of any sinister result, his reliance was all in “God and the People.” Cannon and bayonets had no weight in his scales. Ideas alone were to work wonders!

His *début* at Milan was cautious and considerate notwithstanding. He professed to keep a strict neutrality. He insisted that fair play should be allowed for the development and manifestation of public opinion; that no appeal should be made to it till the whole country was happily rid of the common enemy, and the people had it in their power to pronounce on their own fate by an unbiassed vote.

This sounded specious enough. But there were men in Italy of a gloomier turn of mind, whom the experience of a long night of adversity would not allow to trust a first glimpse of prosperity—men who could not bring themselves to believe that Italian independence could be obtained on such easy terms; and who thought, besides, that, had even Providence, as it were, thrown that inestimable bliss in our way, it behoved us, at least, to make sure of that union which alone could give stability to independence itself.

These men advised immediate and unconditional aggregation of the newly-emancipated provinces to the crown of Sardinia.

It was the city of Parma that gave the first example. Modena followed instantly; and after a great deal of delay and tergiversation, occasioned by the intrigues of the democrats, and by the eagerness of the provisional government to propitiate them, Milan and Venice tendered also their submission.

The annexation of these states would either empower Sardinia to command new resources in the event of a protracted struggle, or would enable that government to form a strong compact state in the North of Italy, able to protect, not itself merely, but the whole of the Italian peninsula, from all future outrage from abroad.

The personal enemies of Charles Albert,—the advocates of red-republicanism, such as recently imported from France, and used as an instrument of destruction by men who did not in the least understand its purport,—were furious at the result of these operations.

Mazzini, who had engaged to keep quiet so long only as the antagonist parties were also silent, no sooner heard of the progress of this scheme of annexation—or *fusione*, as it was called—than he set up his old cry for “the Italian Republic—one and indivisible.”

We shall not undertake to prove how far he was implicated in the vulgar riots by which Urbino and other demagogues utterly upset the little common sense that had as yet presided over the councils of the provisional government at Milan. Men at the head of a party, and in the enjoyment of wide-spread celebrity, must expect to have much evil undeservedly ascribed to them—for the same reason, indeed, that they get the credit for much good they are not so clearly entitled to.

Be it sufficient to assert that Mazzini was looked up to as its head by the party of Urbino, Cernuschi, Cattaneo, and Co.—that party that set up its senseless opposition to Charles Albert at Milan; and that much of the ardour of the Lombard population for the war of independence was, by the criminal intrigues of that party, most miserably misspent in thwarting him who was most earnest and upright in its furtherance.

The inactive and dilatory nature of that most unfortunate war, also, ever since diplomacy had cast its fatal spell upon it, could not fail to give ample consistency to the idlest rumours. The sad blunders of that jobbing diplomacy got wind; they gave rise to the bitterest conjectures. The ominous word “*Campofornio!*” resounded in every man’s ears. Charles Albert, a second Bonaparte, was about to immolate Venice. He wished to secure half the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom to himself at the expense of the other half. It was thus that Italy was to be baffled of her *sure* victory. All her endeavours for independence—now on the eve of crowning success—were to lead to no other results than the gratification of Charles Albert’s ambition. It was for this purpose alone that unprincipled king had taken the lead of the Italian movement, that he could paralyse it in its first irresistible impetus, and frustrate it in its final aim.

What wonder! Had not that same king twice (1820, 1831) proved a traitor to his country? His campaign in Lombardy was only his third and darkest treason.

It was fated also that the very friends of that ill-starred Charles Albert, and promoters of that magnificent scheme of a North Italian kingdom, should, with the best intentions, do that king and their own good cause more serious harm than even their most inveterate opponents.

The partisans of annexation overdid their work. No man could honestly find fault with Parma or Modena, if, on their first riddance from a foreign despot, or from native princes unnaturally leagued with and sold to him, those cities disposed of themselves as they deemed fit. The annexation of those provinces to Sardinia took place in consequence of a very fair and open appeal to public suffrage. The Italians had voted as freely as

any people unused to the hustings could vote: and Charles Albert would have been King of Northern Italy by the only means by which the "grace of God" may be justly said to shine upon monarchs.

But the partisans of annexation did not stop there. Enthusiasts with more zeal than discernment, and more genius than practical sense—at the head of whom report places the *Sommo Filosofo*, Vincenzo Gioberti—were travelling through the legations, as propagandists of this glorious idea of the *Fusione*, and were extremely loud at Bologna in their arguments in favour of a further extension of their North Italian kingdom, over all the lands and towns of the *Æmilia*, all along the coast of the Adriatic, down to the Rubicon.

All this to the detriment of the pope. At the same time the King of Naples heard, with what feelings it is not difficult to imagine, that a deputation from Palermo waited upon Charles Albert at head-quarters in Somma Campagna, to tender the Sicilian crown to his younger son.

Then it became apparent that the princes, and not the people, have interests in opposition to the real interests of the country. The eagerness of the friends of *union* too prematurely revealed their impatience for actual *unity*. The Italian kingdom—it was now murmured at the courts of Rome, Florence, and Naples—was then to absorb North and South, and that at the expense of brotherly states—at the expense, above all things, of that very Pius IX. whose name was still a watchword in the national contest!

The Italian princes, who had been hitherto dragged to the triumphal chariot of Sardinia, as lukewarm, jealous, and reluctant allies, had now too good a reason to withdraw their support, and prepared to declare themselves open enemies. Then it was that the pope gave ear to his more than sacerdotal compunctions about the effusion of Christian blood—then it was that the King of Naples broke off all negotiations with his rebel subjects of Sicily, who had, it is true, too long harassed him, and, strong of foreign support, too long trespassed upon his patience—crushed the ranting Republicans at home who would not allow him to play the part of an honest man, had he ever had a mind to it—and first raised the standard of reaction.

Gioberti and his friends thought but little of the displeasure of their Italian allies, for, with the epidemic blindness of that infatuated period, they also looked upon the quarrel with Austria as settled. They considered Sardinia, single-handed, as more than equal to her task; and upon the final adjustment of that quarrel, they felt confident that the Italian princes would be brought to reason, by a sense of the inestimable benefit that the firm establishment of Italian independence would confer upon all of them.

What happened meanwhile? The Neapolitan troops obeyed the call of their royal master, and withdrew. The Roman volunteers set the pope at defiance, and came on in spite of him, it is true; but they came too late—only to find the Austrians too strong for them at Vicenza.

Thanks to that first check, the Venetian provinces were overrun without resistance. Nugent and Radetzky joined their forces at Verona, and were soon strong enough to bear down everything before them.

Then it was that all the strange oversights of the Piedmontese generals, which had done no harm hitherto, conspired to bring about a catastrophe as complete as it was unlooked for. With a long line of battle, extending

from the Alps to the Po, they had laid themselves out for slaughter as conveniently as heart of enemy could wish.

Up to a certain day all was won for Italy—yet another day, and all was lost!

Charles Albert gave but one battle; and, unmindful of his own and of his army's security, he abandoned the only tenable line of defence along the Po, refused all terms with the enemy, exposed his own hereditary states, evinced no anxiety, save only to cover Milan in his retreat. The Republicans of Milan requited his devotion by firing upon him.

All was lost. Charles Albert was compelled to sign an armistice on the enemy's own terms: he put himself into the hands of diplomacy—of that diplomacy that was to achieve his ruin as it had begun it—by temporising.

Mazzini proclaimed—from his safe refuge at Lugano, in Switzerland—“That the war of the kings was at an end, and that of ‘the people’ was now to commence!”

Of that emphatic proclamation no great results were seen at the time. Mazzini himself did not attempt to make himself the leader of “the peoples;” and the precious rifle—that *sweet and elegant weapon*, which the munificence of some fair English enthusiasts had presented him with at the opening of the campaign, and which the Liberator had carried all the way with him from London to Milan—was suffered still to rest undisturbed, carefully wrapped in its case of green baize. But Garibaldi took the field in his name, only to prove, by a few brilliant but aimless exploits, the utter unfitness of both country and people for that *guerra per bande*—that party warfare, after the manner of Spanish *guerrillas*—upon which so much stress had been laid by Young Italy, in defiance of sober arguments and of irrefutable stubborn facts.

It was not in one day, nor in two, that the Italians could recover from the amazement and consternation consequent upon that sudden downfall of their hopes: nor could they immediately calculate all the enormity of their losses, or go back to their original causes, or provide the best means of retrieval.

The Italians, we repeat, never cared much or little about constitutional forms. They never attached any meaning to the claptraps of “democracy, constituent assembly,” and the like, which were now insidiously made to resound in their ears.

The cause of independence had been all-in-all to them, and that cause had succumbed—it had been wrecked in sight of harbour.

The Italians looked round in a revengeful mood—they looked for those who had played false to that cause.

Had they entertained any doubt on that score, the King of Naples, the pope, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany, seemed determined not to leave them in suspense. Those three princes declared themselves *hors de combat*; and, with indecent hurry, made their own terms with the enemy. The Italians would have forgiven them anything but that. To make peace with Austria was to declare war against Italy.

The war of “the peoples” was immediately waged against those princely apostates. The Republicans could now plausibly say that those princes alone stood in the way of national emancipation—that the demo-

lition of their thrones could alone lay the basis for the reconstruction of the country.

Naples had taken its measures beforehand, and abided. Six thousand foreign mercenaries were sufficient to give the tone to the native soldiery, and bore the Bourbon out in his unnatural struggle.

But Rome and Tuscany never had any force, never any organisation, never any existence of their own. Popular indignation swept them off like chaff before the wind.

It was not from any faith the Romans or Tuscans, for a long time, would place in their Republican tempters; not from a hope of any good result of their senseless work of destruction. Any pretext would equally have answered their purpose, which was to wreak their vengeance against the high treason of their princes. The rotten old governments once down, they had nothing at hand to substitute: a democratic commonwealth was all that could possibly occur, all that was suggested to them. Nowhere—it should be kept in mind—nowhere can princes fall with so little show of defence on the part of their subjects as in Italy; nowhere do they carry so little regret or sympathy along with them.

Those princes had, as yet, only been tolerated. Their subjects had made peace with them since 1846. They had given the sore past to oblivion, only that the great national contest should be impeded or jeopardised by no domestic feuds: for the rest, the Italians did not deem themselves bound to their masters by any ties of loyalty, gratitude, or affection.

A man needs not be deeply versed in Italian history to know that there is nothing indigenous or legitimate in those Italian princes.

What, for instance, is there Italian in a pope? A Grecian or a Frankish emperor, we are told, once upon a time made a donation of some Italian lands to the successor of St. Peter.

There are those who entertain their doubts as to the donation,—there are those who question the succession itself.

But that is not at all the point at issue. Constantine or Charlemagne might do what they thought proper with Rome; but the Romans were not to be given away or sold any more than the French, the English, or the negroes. M. Odillon Barrot or M. Dupin may say, if they like, that the papal subjects are “in an exceptional state,” that they belong to the pope body and soul; but the theory will hardly hold good at Rome itself—not unless backed by the argument of a long array of French bayonets. And it were enough, truly, to make any honest man—I will not say turn Protestant or Republican merely, but downright Infidel—it were enough to drive him to all mad extremities, to hear it intimated that he must take the pope for better for worse, because, forsooth, it suits the Catholic world, or rather the petty world of Catholic electors in France, to keep a pope—keep him in Rome—keep him at the expense of the Romans—and keep him in all the state, pomp, and circumstance of royalty.

And we can enter into the feelings of Bem and his fellow-renegades, who could find no refuge against withering despair, save only under a turban, who gave themselves up to Mahomet, and would have given themselves to—a worse enemy, had they thereby hoped to escape from the crushing conviction that there is no longer any such thing as honour and truth in all Christendom.

Such outrageous perversion of facts, such wilful confusion of right and might, as men of the greatest eminence of genius and character made themselves guilty of during the last eighteen months, are not to be met with in any page of the annals of the past.

Nor is it merely statesmen at the head of a party, ministers compelled to make good and carry a false measure through thick and thin, in despite of their own good conscience, who will be driven to shuffling pretexts, a thousand times more hideous than the deed of violence they are brought forward to palliate—it is not merely doting, drivelling fanatics, dreaming of St. Louis and the miraculous vial of the Holy Ointment at Rheims, who will insist upon seeing no relation between a nation and its ruler, save only that of a flock to its shepherd—but the unconcerned looker-on from the back office of a newspaper—he an Englishman, a Protestant, and his paper a potentate—will not hesitate to stand up in vindication of the most glaring outrage with all the subtlety of the most pitiful amateur casuistry. And whilst Russia and Austria go to their murderous work, without wasting one word in explanation or apology, the “leader” from Printing-house-square must needs take up the cudgels for the eternal treaties of 1814; as if those everlasting treaties proved anything beyond the indecent hurry the great constables of the Holy Alliance, who had put down the Corsican highwayman, were in to share his ill-gotten spoils among them—as if those treaties could possibly be binding upon any person save only the allied constables aforesaid—as if Hungary, Poland, or Venice, or any of the nations who were no party to those treaties, could be made to bow to them, except in so far as brutal force coerces them, and no farther.

No, no! it is well to remember—the Italians never set a pope on his throne; never even suffered one there whenever they had a chance of turning him out. The pope was there for the convenience of Charlemagne, of Frederic Barbarossa, of Charles V., of Louis Philippe, and Louis Napoleon, but never at the request of any of the countrymen of Arnold of Brescia, Sciarva Colonna, Rienzi, Porcari, or Mazzini. The pope was always a stumblingblock for the Italians; always the main obstacle against their endeavours for national existence. In the case of Pius IX., as in that of Alexander III., 700 years before, the Italians would fain have flattered themselves that they had found the man according to their own heart—an Italian—a natural enemy to all the enemies of Italy. They made much of that poor, soft-hearted Mastai-Ferretti; they crowded around him, they urged him on, they flattered him as only Italians can flatter; but, in spite of all their efforts at self-deception, in spite of all their eagerness to palliate his weakness and inconsistency, the spell was broken—the pope, it was but too clear, had left them in the lurch. He was chary of Croatian blood (a tenderness of heart which, subsequently, he by no means evinced in behalf of his own erring subjects). The Italians were disenchanted about him; and, reckless of consequences, in the bitterness of their first disappointment, they turned against him with the treasured resentment of ten centuries. They visited all the guilt of Borgias, Medicis, Della Gengas, Capellaris, and a hundred of his predecessors, upon his devoted head. They determined to break his heart—at all events, to make him taste, if it were only for a season, all the miseries of exile, of distress, of dependence—all the evils

into which his heartless defection had plunged them, past all hope of recovery.

It was vengeance, we repeat, that unseated the Roman pontiff—the vengeance of despair; and the Grand Duke of Tuscany fell a victim to the same feeling.

His titles to the devotion of his subjects rested upon no better ground than those of the pope. Indeed, royalty in Florence, no less than in Parma and in many other Italian principalities, now happily extinct, was only an illegitimate excrescence of that same ugly abomination of the papal sovereignty.

A profligate pontiff—a Farnese or a Medici—found it convenient to palm his natural offspring—*nephew* was the word—upon a free town;—those popes' sons, too, stained with vices and crimes for which even the unblushing history of those miserable times had no names.

And these base minions trampled upon all the laws of God and man, till mere flesh and blood could bear it no longer,—till even their own relatives and accomplices in guilt strangled them, or their courtiers flung them out of window, or stabbed them on the very steps of the altar.

But all those bloody protests of the Italians availed not; the world would take no heed of them. Again and again was the tainted brood of those same despots brought back, with all the might of empire, all the iron of Germany, all the gold of Spain and the Indies to restore them. From generation to generation they wallowed, they rotted on the throne, till, one by one, their guilty lines became extinct from sheer impotence, and the last of their names died in all the helplessness of brutified hebetude.

Then there was war in Europe for their succession. The great rival powers cast lots upon Italian flesh and blood, as it were upon old garments. But the Spanish-Bourbon or Lorraine-Austrian, to whom those Italian states were handed over, should never have forgotten that they loaded their brows with all the blood and infamy with which the ill-gotten crowns of Farnese and Medici were polluted.

Yet even for all that hideous past the Italian princes had it in their power to make amends. The crowns that their fathers or predecessors had usurped, they were invited to make lawfully their own. They had only to stand by or fall with Italy. But they fainted in the fight; they evinced no anxiety except only for the safety of their crowns—those paltry gilt-pasteboard crowns!

They had no longer anything now but new contempt to screen them from old hatred. It was thus that Rome and Tuscany fell. Italy could have no reason to rejoice in their unprofitable, however inevitable, ruin. Those states had, for ages, lain in utter weakness and disorganisation. Even with one mind, with combined efforts, they could have achieved but little either for good or evil. But, fallen into the hands of republicans, given up to discord and misrule, their aid to the national cause became less than negative.

They only disgraced it.

Piedmont was left alone, with a scattered and discomfited army, an exhausted treasury, and a brokenhearted king.

Yet on that king and army all the hopes of Italy were centered, for the king was still as good as his word—still true to the national banner. Naples, reactionary Naples, would not fight for Italy, even if it could. Republican Rome and Tuscany could not, however they might wish. Piedmont alone had still both the power and the will.

The high-minded from all parts of Italy rallied round Charles Albert. They mustered up in strong national associations. The emigrants from all the invaded provinces had hardly any other refuge. Milanese consulta's, committees from Parma and Modena, combined their efforts to vindicate their countrymen's consistency in that act of aggregation by which the destinies of their native states were associated to those of Piedmont. A great scheme for a national confederacy, of which Gioberti was invited to put himself at the head, was the means of bringing together the most distinguished men from all parts of the peninsula.

Italy still showed a respectable front at Turin. A battle had been lost, but, for all that, the vanquished evinced no disposition to yield up their pretensions.

Only the question was now in abeyance. The national contest had been referred to a higher tribunal. King and country were in the hands of diplomacy.

A well-meaning honourable diplomacy! It wished for justice; but showed itself far more anxious for peace. It forgot that durable peace can only be grounded on justice; that it can best be secured by him who sues for it showing all the time that he has means to enforce it.

Pacific England herself was put out by the ultra-pacific attitude most unseasonably assumed by France. All threats of intervention on the part of the latter power were abandoned for a vague scheme of unarmed intercession. But "to see an overbearing powerful man giving in to peaceful remonstrance," says the Italian poet, "is rather an unheard-of than a rare thing." Austria, from the first, saw through the dignified but undecided tone of those shilly-shally doctrinary negotiators. She perceived that the *boutiquiers* of Louis Philippe had regained the upper hand at Paris, that all they wished for was "peace at any price;" and she resolved that it should be upon her own terms, and not otherwise.

Honour to Austria, were she a thousand times an enemy! She showed throughout the most magnanimous perseverance. She had many a storm to weather in the mean time. Twice and thrice was she brought on the brink of destruction. Germany was then wavering between stark anarchy and Prussian supremacy. Bohemia divided against itself; Hungary in open revolt; Vienna in complete insurrection,—the emperor fled,—dismay, utter confusion in his councils. Such was the situation of the empire in October, 1848; yet Austria endured and held up.

Charles Albert was daily throwing himself at the feet of stony-hearted diplomacy. Now or never, he urged, was the time for a second and final onset. But diplomacy still thundered its *veto*! its inexorable "*At your peril!*"

Charles Albert must either run all risks, not only single-handed, but against the advice—nay, under threat of the hot displeasure—of his allies, or he must throw away his great, his only chance. The poor king champed upon the bit, and drew in, and fretted his soul to death. And Austria had all the game to herself,—for her game was to gain time.

Every day lost was a death-stroke for Sardinia. There was danger in war, it is true, and there was ruin in peace; but still, the evil of evils was in the prolongation of that cruel suspense. The germs of dissolution were at work in Turin and Genoa, no less than at Florence or Rome. That unhappy Charles Albert could never wash himself clean of the inconsiderate sins of his youth. Every slight breath of calumny was sufficient to stagger his staunchest believers. His forced inaction, that unaccountable waste of time and disregard of golden opportunities, gave rise to the most sinister interpretations. Diplomacy killed him by inches! He had only signed an armistice, it is true, not a peace; and that saved him from the immediate fate of the pope and the grand-duke: nay, more; he had pledged his royal word to accept of no peace except such as might be found consistent with the honour of Savoy and the independence of Italy. He solemnly and repeatedly vowed he would refer the matter to "the Judgment of God," so soon as it could be extricated from the officious meddling of friendly powers. But all this would not do. It afforded him only a reprieve. His fate was no less imminent. He must die by the hand of the Austrian, or else by that of his own people. There might be some chance in the former alternative, but in the latter none. The Italians awaited him at the issue. The armistice could not last for ever; at the close of it he must conquer, either by peace or by war—or perish.

Many there were who murmured even at the delay, who from the very first would have given the king no quarter. They insisted upon seeing nothing in that fatal armistice but a feint—a diabolical stratagem—to wear out the ardour of enterprising patriots, and hinder them from some decisive, desperate course.

The Lombard emigrants, some of those very republicans who had attempted the king's life at Milan, were most vehement in their attacks upon him. But, by degrees, the malcontent spread amongst his own Piedmontese—in the very ranks of his soldiers.

The retired life of the king, both in the camp and at court, his apparent sullenness, and utter uncommunicativeness, were also greatly to his disparagement. His words were those of an upright and generous man, but so cold!—as it were, so reluctantly spoken! Men gave him credit for a profound dissimulation, which was, in fact, solely ascribable to native dulness and embarrassment of manners.

Nor was the king alone set up as a mark to the evenenomed shafts of suspicion; but his gallant and most undoubtedly inoffensive sons, his bravest generals, all who clung to him, and were still willing to swear by him.

Demoralisation gained ground amongst the sober, modest, and hardy population of Piedmont, even as it began to recover from the shock of its first disaster; it spread itself to the army, in the same measure as it was gathered together, newly armed and equipped, burning to make up for the disgrace it had suffered. Base, malignant demagogues were loosening all bonds of discipline. One by one, the most distinguished officers were held up to public animosity as incorrigible aristocrats. All the calamities of that tragic Lombard campaign were put down, not only to their incapacity—a charge for which there was sufficient ground—but also to their culpable indolence or wilful treachery.

Who knows not how apt misfortune is to pervert men's judgments?

The same evil-minded slanderers who had deprived Rome and Tuscany of the services of such men as Mamiani, Capponi, Ridolfi, and so many others, did not spare the d'Azeglios, Perrones; indeed, hardly any of the upright and generous in Piedmont. In a few weeks the revolution had "devoured its children," and there was hardly one illustrious name in all Italy untraded, hardly one character sound and whole.

One idol alone stood yet unbroken on the altar—and that was the Abate Gioberti.

And it was precisely this man's unimpaired popularity that the enemies of Italy made subservient to their evil designs.

So long as Charles Albert did not actually resign the championship of Italy, he was inviolable. His throne might be deeply undermined, but continued unshaken. Democracy could make no way in Piedmont, except in the name of nationality,—except by flattering the too natural impatience of the war-party, and engaging to cut with the sword the Gordian knot of the armistice.

Gioberti had always been a moderate among the moderates. He had written books to prove that Italy was still unfit even for an experiment of transalpine constitutionalism. All he ever advocated was careful and gradual concession: for the rest, he wished the national cause to triumph by the means of the pope and princes. Nothing he abhorred so much as radical and violent reforms. But, of late, out of a personal pique against Pinelli and other men in power—a difference for which he might have the weightiest reasons, but in which a spice of wounded vanity entered also, most decidedly—he had thrown himself into the ranks of the opposition, to which the immense popularity of his name easily gave the upper hand.

At the head of this opposition, Gioberti came into power; under pledge of democratising Piedmont, by calling together a Constituent Assembly. But Gioberti could not be in his senses, and at the same time have faith in his own words. Democracy would have implicated him with Mazzini, Guerrazzi, and all the republicans of Central Italy, whose sayings and doings the philosopher had always made the theme of his unsparing denunciations.

His party, however, drew him on, in spite of himself. The House of Deputies, which Valerio and his other agents had filled with uncompromising demagogues from all parts of Italy—the "Society for an Italian Confederacy," which Gioberti himself had turned into an arrant Jacobin club—all his unnatural associates in power allowed him no rest. He gave in to their wishes so far as to reduce the king's expenditure, and to turn his aristocratic favourites from court; but when he undertook to carry analogous reforms in the army or the diplomatic body, he met with difficulties which, as he had been unable to foresee, so he was equally at a loss how to overcome.

Gioberti shifted and shuffled about with all the dexterity of an old priest. But when tergiversation was of no avail, he boldly deserted his party, disavowed Rome and Tuscany, undid his own work with so much eagerness, and went so far into the ways of reaction, that he deemed himself strong enough to propose an alliance with Naples; by virtue of which he offered to put down republicanism in Central Italy, to restore the pope and the grand-duke, and bring together the scattered links of the long-projected Italian confederacy, previous to the renewal of a deathly struggle with Austria.

It was a high scheme and daring ; but, in the first place, the opportunity for its execution had gone by. The King of Naples was too far gone into his alliance with the Northern powers—too greatly incensed against the house of Sardinia, because, although the crown of Sicily had not been accepted by the Duke of Genoa, neither had it, owing to some regards to meddling diplomatists, been refused in sufficiently clear and positive terms. In the second place, Gioberti, who, strictly speaking, was not the projector of that scheme, was not by any means the man to carry it into effect. He stood too far committed with friends and enemies. The democrats, who had never been anything without him, were now, however, too strong for him. Like many a conjuror before him, Gioberti was torn to pieces by the spirits he had had the rashness to evoke.

He was left alone—obliged to send in his resignation—and the reign of democracy began in good earnest.

But democracy in Piedmont, be it remembered, was only another word for immediate war. Gioberti's successors had no other watchword since they commenced agitation. They had themselves removed all plausible pretexts for further delay. The armistice must be denounced, and that without delay. The Gordian knot must be cut, even though the sword should strike into the very vitals of Piedmont.

To war they must—with an army quartered at random—with no better general than the first Polish adventurer who threw himself in their way—without funds—without friends, in or out of Italy—to war they went.

They did not shrink from the egregious absurdity of calling upon their brother-democrats of Rome and Tuscany for their respective contingents of 20,000 and 10,000 men !

Well! Charles Albert, the worn-out king, turned out. Perrone, Pas-salacqua, and others of his so-called "aristocratic" generals, ranged themselves by the king's side. With the best of their blood they redeemed their pledge. Their cry as they fell was—"One more for the honour of old Piedmont!" But the *democratised* regiments cried "Treason!" and turned their back upon the enemy.

That was the battle of Novara !

Again had the kings and royalists lost the day. What, in the mean while, had Mazzini's "peoples" been doing ?

The Republicans of Rome and Tuscany had been at work, unmolested, for more than three months. What had they done for themselves or for Italy? What for internal or external security? What towards establishing a good understanding among themselves?

Now had the time come for an experiment of Mazzini's *Italian Republic—one and indivisible*. Mazzini, it is very true, always consistent, laboured hard, both at Florence and at Rome, to bring about an aggregation of the two democratised provinces. Rome and Tuscany were to be the embryo of that Utopia which should one day extend from the Alps to the sea. But all the well-meant efforts of Mazzini exploded against the stubbornness of Guerrazzi's ambition.

After the failure of that first attempt nothing more was done for unity, consequently nothing for national independence. The two states fell into as rapid a dissolution as men with the least common sense might have anticipated. Even under their so-called legitimate government, custom alone kept up an appearance of order in those wretched communities.

But who had now the means, or indeed the right, to enforce the law upon the sovereign people? The people would, justly enough, bow to no laws except such as might hereafter emanate from their own free will; and it was precisely for the purpose of interpreting the people's will that a general election upon the principle of universal suffrage was now promulgated.

In it was to be the panacea against all evils that threatened the two republics, both at home and from abroad. They called together their constituent assemblies, and sat, inactive, awaiting events.

They had good reason to rely for their safety on the chapter of accidents. Not a few circumstances had already turned up in their favour; not a few would still turn up. What with Hungary, Germany, and Venice, Austria had her hands full. Piedmont, even by its inaction, kept the great enemy at bay. Before the battle of Novara, Piedmont was compelled to screen Rome and Tuscany, even whilst the agents of those two republicanised states were carrying on their more or less open war against it, whilst De Boni and Avezzana only awaited a signal to hoist the red flag on the *Riviera*, and the notorious Urbino rode into Genoa in a coach and four, as a conqueror.

The democrats made sure of Piedmont in the end. They knew that hardly anything that belonged to the ancient monarchy was left standing, except the king. The fears that the repentant Gioberti had inspired them with were speedily dissolved. Charles Albert, they felt, had only to be driven to war, and he would have led the way to republicanism equally by his triumph or his defeat. In the same manner the democrats looked upon Naples itself as on the eve of subversion. Sicily—although the name of republic was never mentioned there—was clearly in their own interests.

It was thus the Republicans flattered themselves, and lulled into a treacherous security the people whom despair had thrown into their hands. Finally, they said, had all other calculations proved incorrect, their last resource was to be, "France to the rescue!"

There certainly is nothing more unprincipled, nothing more base and detestable, than these miserable shifts and devices to lead on by false representations, and promises of foreign aid, a deluded population, who could and would otherwise have no reliance on its own energies and determination. Rome and Tuscany were the last states of Italy to repel foreign invasion by any strength of their own. But they were worked into a frantic conviction that the whole of Italy would follow their example, and the whole world was, by the very nature of circumstances, actually fighting their own battles.

Meanwhile Piedmont had, but too truly, combated for them and succumbed. Sicily was crushed, and Naples gave no sign of *fraternity*. Russia came down upon Hungary, and Austria could now spare a few battalions for the invasion of the Legations.

Now, or never, was the time for "France to the rescue!" France had already most flagrantly forsaken Charles Albert, and abjured the championship of nations, it is true. But then, the Republicans argued, who would hope for the aid of democratic France in behalf of a monarchical state? What fraternity of nations could be practicable so long as a king was in the way? "A republic," said the democrats, "could only step forward for the sake of a republic."

And thus it was, seemingly, that the French understood it. Only a

republic could move them to meddle with Italian matters ; but it was to put it down !

Oh ! why did they take that task upon themselves ? Why could they not have yet three weeks' patience, and leave Italian democracy to die by its own hand ?

Had not mere common sense sufficed to shame it out of Florence—and that without an appeal to violence, without one drop of bloodshed ?

Common sense, the necessity of providing for their personal security, would equally have put an end to misrule in Rome. The same burst of generous indignation that armed the peaceful, and by no means too-daring, burghers of Florence, to rid themselves of the pickpockets whom Guerrazzi had brought with him as a body-guard from Leghorn, would equally have aroused the more manly spirit of the inhabitants of the Legations and the Marches against the cut-throats of Ancona, who threatened to lay all the Roman states under the sway of the knife.

Common sense must in the end have gained the victory in Rome itself, or there must have been more in that democracy than men were aware of, or something worse than even that democracy in the only alternative left to the Romans.

The Romans had to choose between Mazzini and the pope !

The French must needs force the pope down their throats ; thus it was that they hallowed republicanism, and made a demigod of Mazzini !

Did not the French know with what energy the bare mention of foreign interference inspired their Jacobinic rabble in 1790 ? Rome and Italy were certainly not able to find in themselves the means for an equally bold and decisive struggle. But they also could be aroused by the sense of so flagrant an outrage into something resembling the energy of despair.

Had only ten thousand Austrians marched from Bologna or Florence upon Rome, Italian republicanism would have lowered its colours without striking a blow. The Austrians would have been acting in character, and true to the part that a hard Providence assigned to them. Too truly ! there is something in the tramp of Austrian battalions that sounds like Fate in Italian ears.

But the French !—the republicans of Paris !—with the words of Lamartine still echoing throughout Europe—coming to crush a people who were only exercising the free use of their vote, —who had been stirred into action by the example, by the most unequivocal promises of the French themselves,—the French performing duty as policemen of the Holy Alliance, as soldiers of the pope !

There was no longer room for discussion. The very stones of the old ruined metropolis would have risen against them. The defence of Rome had ceased to be a matter of political opinion : it was a matter now of just and holy indignation : every Italian, with blood in his veins, would fain have taken share in the fight.

The defence of Rome closed with brilliancy a revolution which would otherwise have left nothing behind but bitter remembrances. It was a rare instance of generous resentment. The Italians fought there without hope—many of them even against their own dearest convictions.

May they often learn thus to write their protests in blood ! It is by no other means that they can make good their own rights before the world.

Thus it is, meanwhile, that Italy finds herself at the close of the lamentable commotions of the last eighteen months.

Her strife had been for *Independence* and *Union*: and lo! instead of one foreign enemy, in possession of one province, the whole of her territory is now open to invasion; and not the Austrian alone, but the French and the Spaniard, tread it with insolence, and meet with no resistance on the part of the prostrate population—not any more than from the dust of their dead!

And the hand of every Italian prince is raised against his neighbour and against his own subjects; and the breach widens hourly, and seems all but irreparable!

And the best of her sons are dead, or in durance, or dispersed abroad, bowed down with humiliation and despondency!

But the future?—who would despair of the future? Only five-and-thirty years ago Italian nationality was only vaguely and imperfectly understood. Ten years later it hardly dared to show itself; it seemed to expire on the scaffolds of Modena, and in the dungeons of Spielberg. In 1848 it rose, sword in hand; it grappled single-handed with Austria, its enemy,—and France, its ally! it fell, but not without a struggle!

Who will venture to calculate the effects of hard-bought experience, of heart-burning disenchantment, of the remorse of a people forcibly sobered down by the cruel reverse of their hopes? Who will despair of the future?

How many towns were taken by siege and storm, burnt and levelled to the ground, during the thirty years' struggle that elapsed between the Diet of Roncaglia and the Peace of Constance, in the days of the old Lombard League! How many times did the Italians fly before the iron-cased warriors of the North! How deplorably did they waste their strength in base municipal jealousies! How many of them did, in their blindness and perversity of heart, swell the ranks of their common enemy, and lead the way in his work of destruction!

But common evils, at last, brought the erring ones to their senses. The harshness of that common enemy taught them union in spite of themselves, and with union came confidence in their own forces: self-reliance made them irresistible.

That victory led to no lasting results is true; but even from that imperfect assertion of independent existence the Italians derived sufficient vigour to be enabled for several centuries to lead the van of European civilisation, and to confer on the sister nations benefits which will not allow these latter, even at the present day, to look upon their fate with indifference.

Italy is no worse off at the present day than she was at the burning of Milan in 1162. Yet from that rueful catastrophe to the decisive battle of Legnano only fourteen years elapsed.

From the desolation of utter despair to the most signal triumph, fourteen years only!

And who shall despair of the future?

The Italians have, in 1848, thrown away a chance which may, perhaps, never return. But they must do better than avail themselves even of the best opportunity: they must *make* one.

RYDE REGATTA: OR, YACHTING FREAKS.

A TALE OF 1849.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCES SOME OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

"WELL, old fellow, I'm deuced glad you're come. My craft is at the mouth of the harbour, and my gig is waiting at the Hard ; so we'll on board without delay."

These words saluted me as I landed from the London and Portsmouth Railway, at the Gosport station, about one o'clock, on Monday, 23rd July, 1849, and found my hand clasped in that of my old chum, Frank Haselden, at whose instigation I had been induced thus prematurely to quit the smoke, heat, and formal existence of London, for the fresh, health-bearing breezes of the blue ocean, and the *dolce far niente* of a yachting life.

"Faith, I'm not sorry to find myself here, I can assure you," I replied, returning my friend's cordial grasp. "But before I join you I must see some lady friends of mine safe on board the Ryde steamer. I met them accidentally in the train, when they told me they were going to the 'Island' for a few weeks. They are very nice people, and I'll introduce you at once."

"Thank you, I'll wait," answered Haselden, wincing and preparing to beat a hasty retreat. "I'll help you to look after their traps with all my heart ; but I always fight shy of the lady kind in the yachting season, my boy."

He did so at all seasons ; for he certainly had nothing of the carpet knight about him, and was considered by all his friends as a confirmed bachelor. We were walking while we spoke towards a carriage, from the top of which a load of luggage was being precipitated on the pavement.

"There is your charge," I said, laughing. "Take possession of the lady's maid and of all boxes with the names of Maynard and Leslie on them. There are ten packages ; I must see to their fair owners."

"Ten packages for a month's visit," muttered Haselden ; "all alike."

I saw him, however, more than once glance towards the ladies whom I was handing from the carriage ; and I may take this opportunity of doing the reader the favour declined by Haselden.

The eldest, Mrs. Maynard, was a widow, of lady-like manners and an excellent disposition, with a good jointure, and an only daughter, who now accompanied her. I need not say that Julia Maynard was young, as a glance would prove it ; and that she was one of those beautiful creatures whom Heaven, in its most benignant mood, sends to add loveliness to the earth. She was also full of animation, spirits, and wit—a charming girl, and up to all sorts of innocent fun. The other lady was Mrs. Leslie : she was rather older than her friend Julia. She had been married three or four years ; and though she was a very pretty, delightful person, she did not possess the qualities necessary to tame and keep in order her wild, thoughtless, harum-scarum husband. When I

asked after him she sighed, and answered that he had gone to shoot, and fish, and yacht, either in Scotland or Norway, she could not say where, as he had not written since he left her, with his plans very uncertain, and had told her to go and amuse herself in any way or any place she liked best.

"Few ladies would complain of such permission," I observed.

"I would rather he had taken me with him," was the reply.

Mrs. Maynard looked at me as she overheard the conversation.

"We must try to bring Harry Leslie to his senses, or he will drive his pretty wife to desperation," I whispered shortly after, and she nodded her assent to my proposal.

The result of a plot we thereon concocted will be hereafter developed.

As I was handing the ladies to their fly I saw Haselden beckoning to me.—"I shall be happy to take your friends across to Ryde, if they will trust themselves on board a yacht," he whispered. Somewhat amazed at his unusual gallantry, I gave his message, and it struck me that he was even not a little disappointed when Mrs. Maynard declined his offer, on the plea of not liking to venture in small boats, and of having some friends waiting to receive her at the pier. I suspect that he would have gladly taken her luggage on board rather than have been of no use to her. He, however, would not be introduced, and, to make a long story short, after seeing the ladies safe on board the steamer, I accompanied him to his boat, which was waiting for us at the Hard.

CHAPTER II.

A YACHTSMAN AND HIS YACHT.

THE oars were in the air as we stepped into the gig. Haselden took the yoke-lines. The word "shove off" was given—the four oars fell with a splash into the water—and we darted out towards a graceful-looking craft which lay at the outer buoy at the entrance of the harbour.

The boat alone is worthy of a description, much more the yacht and her owner. The gig, as were the other boats, was painted inside of a dark-grained oak, and outside simply black, with bright brass rowlocks, and neat gratings in the stern sheets. She was built so as to pull fast in smooth water, and to be buoyant in a seaway. Haselden was in every respect a yachtsman, and he looked one. He not only knew what a yacht should be like, but also how to handle her, and to manage his crew. He was proud of his yacht, his knowledge, and of his club, of which he was a strenuous supporter. He always wore what appeared to me to be a very perfect yachting costume, without any of the fanciful variations often adopted by others with less pretensions to a nautical character. His cap was of blue cloth, with the initials of the club worked in gold thread in front. He wore a shortish monkey jacket of the same colour, with the club buttons, and his trousers were either of blue cloth or white duck. His waistcoat was of a lighter blue, while a striped shirt, and a handkerchief tied once round his throat, with low shoes, completed his costume. He, at all events, looked the gentleman and the officer; and while he adopted so far the taste of the day as not to wear a shore-going dress, he did not attempt to look on the one hand like a naval officer, nor

on the other a smuggler, a fisherman, or a foremastman, as is the fancy of some to endeavour to appear.

When we ran alongside, a pair of white side-ropes were handed to me by two boys in white shirts; and, as I stepped on board, an exclamation of pleasure escaped my lips at sight of the perfect symmetry and beauty of everything on deck, from the carved tiller, the neat brass binnacle brightly polished, the elegant companion and airy skylights, the racks, and patent windlass. There was nothing solely for show; at the same time everything required was made as ornamental as it could be without sacrificing its strength or utility in the slightest degree. There was so much dark wood and bright brass employed, that, except on her bulwarks, very little paint was required; and thus, as he observed, all was kept as fresh as when she first came out of the ship-builders' hands. The paint was like that used in the boats, of grained oak. Having surveyed her on deck, Haselden invited me below. She was fitted up in the most comfortable, yet substantial and plain style conceivable. Not an inch of room was lost, nor was there a useless or inappropriate ornament. There was good head room, and every cabin had ample means of ventilation—a most important point which I have found neglected in many yachts. Besides her main cabin, she had a good-sized after-cabin, which in many yachts would have been devoted to the accommodation of ladies; but so determined a bachelor as Haselden had never dreamed of any coming on board, so he called it his smoking cabin. Between them on either side of the companion-ladder were two airy sleeping-berths, and before the main-cabin again was another large sleeping cabin, the master's berth, and the steward's pantry, while in the fore-peak was a compact kitchen-range and ample accommodation for the crew. The larger cabins were panelled with a light chintz, which could be taken down and washed, and which gave them a very light and cheerful look.

"And what do you think of her?" asked her owner, after I had finished my cursory survey.

"Unqualified admiration," was my answer. "What is her tonnage?"

"She measures eighty tons, and, as you see, has not bad accommodation for her size. She is a capital sea-boat, and fast, though not a racer," said my friend. "I built her to afford me a comfortable and quickly moving home, and I have got what I wanted. I christened her the *Spray*; and, on my word, in a seaway when it is blowing a gale of wind, she rides the waves as lightly as the white foam blown across them. What more can one wish for?"

"I should be contented to go round the world in her," I replied.

"Yes," he continued, "she is big enough to go anywhere. Inman of Lympington built her, and no man can turn out a better sea-boat—though perhaps White of Cowes combines as much as any builder beauty with sea-worthy qualities and speed, and no man puts his vessels better together. But while I am talking, I dare say you are starving." He touched a silver bell which struck with a spring, and a steward in a sea-man's dress appeared. "Here, Wilkins, put luncheon on the table. I have no idea of having a variety of costume on board, or any idlers. All my hands are seamen, and I dress them as such."

The steward re-entered the cabin in an instant with luncheon, accom-

panied by two boys in white shirts and blue collars, looking as clean as it was possible to be. One remained to wait while the others retired.

While we were discussing a luncheon composed of various luxuries, the *Spray* was got under weigh, and as we returned on deck she was standing close-hauled between the Queen's Battery and Haslar Fort out of the harbour. As the wind was about south-west and there was a flood-tide, we were compelled to make several tacks alongshore before we could stand across to Ryde, and as it was also blowing fresh I was glad that my friends had not ventured on board. We were, however, not long in coming to an anchor off the head of the pier at such a distance that with our glasses we could distinguish the features of the persons walking on it. We then went on shore, and after visiting the clubhouse we returned on board the *Spray* and sat down to an excellent dinner prepared by Haselden's nautical chef.

"He is a first-rate fellow," said my friend, speaking of the *artiste* whose skill was affording us so much satisfaction. "He has been with me for some years and is a capital seaman; but as he showed a talent for cooking above the common run, I took him on shore for the winter and placed him under a man cook at the — Club. He is notwithstanding so thorough-going a tar that I do not think he could be tempted to remain permanently on shore to serve in the best kitchen in England."

Some unexceptionable Havannahs and a chat of old times closed my first day on board the *Spray*.

CHAPTER III.

RYDE, ITS CLUB AND ITS REGATTA.

RYDE has rapidly increased from a small fishing village to a large town, or rather a dense collection of villas which rise from the water's edge to the summit of the steep hills which bound the island coast. The wooden pier, upwards of a quarter of a mile long, is a great advantage to those who like sea air and do not like the movement of a vessel, while the Royal Victoria Yacht Club is the most important addition which has yet been made to the place. If I wanted to puff Ryde I might say a great deal about its clean streets, its large hotels, and the beautiful walks and drives in the neighbourhood; but I have only to speak of its Yacht Club. It is a very handsome building a short distance to the west from the commencement of the pier, and close down to the water. It contains a large and elegant ball-room, a library, and reading-room, two dining-rooms, and a billiard and smoking room. In front is a broad terrace, with a battery mounting eight guns, which fires a salute whenever the Queen comes off Ryde, and a flag-staff at which a signal-man is stationed to communicate with the yachts of the club. The commodore is Thomas Willis Fleming, Esq., and the vice-commodore is George Holland Ackers, Esq., the owner of that magnificent vessel the *Brilliant*, and much of the rapid success of the club is owing to the indefatigable exertions of the secretary, Mr. G. G. Downes, whose urbane and gentlemanly manner attracts all to him. There is an excellent tone of feeling and good fellowship in the club; indeed it rose in consequence of the lamentable want of it which has too often been displayed in the Cowes

Club since the death of Lord Yarborough deprived the Royal Yacht Squadron of its ablest leader.

The Ryde Club has two classes of members: those who own yachts, and those who, fond of yachting, wish to support that noble and truly English amusement, though they have no yachts; the latter pay a smaller annual subscription. Then, again, members have the privilege of introducing at the club for a week any friend who may visit Ryde. Indeed, the club is the resort of all the gentlemen in the place, and a very pleasant resort it is.

The day after our arrival off Ryde had been fixed on for the regatta by her Majesty, the patron of the club, so early a time being selected on account of her intended visit to Ireland. The morning was ushered in with rain, and it was almost calm, and though there were fewer vessels than usual at the station, when the racing yachts were making ready to start, a fresh breeze springing up, the clouds cleared off, and the scene became very animated and exciting. The sailing committee, of whom were present Mr. Ackers, Sir E. Tucker, Captain Lock, and Captain Marshall, went on board the starting vessel at an early hour to make the necessary preparations; and at eleven A.M. three yachts, the *Arrow*, *Talisman*, and *Gondola*, took up their stations. The pier was also crowded with people in expectation of seeing the Queen, who had promised to come down from Osborne, and all the vessels not under weigh were dressed with a crowd of flags which gave them a very gay appearance; the *Brilliant*, above all, being most conspicuous, while a number of others were sailing about, in and out among those at anchor. We remained on board the *Spray* better to see the race. At twenty-three minutes past twelve the last gun fired for the vessels to let slip. The *Arrow* was inside, the *Talisman* next, and the *Gondola* outside of all. On first starting the *Arrow* took the lead, and did not set her gaff-topsail; the *Gondola* set hers, but afterwards took it in again; but the *Talisman*, which had smaller sails, set hers, and carried it throughout. The course was twice round the Calshot and Nab light-vessels, and thus the yachts were always in sight. At half-past one three small yachts, *Foam*, *Zulieka*, and *Secret*, started in very pretty style on the same course as in the first race. While the two races were going forward several yachts arrived; among others, Lord Newborough's *Vesta*, a steamer of 250 tons, with a screw, and rigged as a schooner. She was about to start for the coast of Norway. Major Mountjoy Martin was also cruising about in his fine new schooner, the *Fernand*; and Mr. Weld, the veteran yachtsman, in the *Alarm*, was accompanying the larger yachts, to see how his former craft, the *Arrow*, supported her ancient renown. I remember her when he launched her, and she was then as superior in speed to all other yachts, as is his present beautiful craft to her contemporaries. No amateur ever built faster vessels than has Mr. Weld; and few can show as the result of their science finer craft than the *Dolphin* and *Brilliant*, built by Mr. Ackers.

But to return to the first race. As soon as the *Gondola* and *Arrow* rounded the Brambles, they set their gaff-topsails, and, as we stood on the deck of the *Spray*, Haselden and I marked them when passing the Kickers in the first round. The *Gondola* was ahead of all by two minutes, the *Arrow* was next, and the *Talisman* was coming up and passing her.

"What's the matter with the *Talisman*?" exclaimed Haselden.

I looked attentively. Her mainsail had come down by the run. She had carried away her throat-hallards, and was compelled to give up the race. It was amusing to see the smaller vessels running up with their gaff-topsails set, while the larger ones were standing back with theirs lowered. At twenty-three minutes past three the *Gondola* passed the starting vessel on her first round, and was loudly cheered from the pier and surrounding vessels. She has been much improved by being lengthened. The *Arrow* passed four minutes and five seconds after her. Soon afterwards the *Talisman* was towed back by a friendly yacht. Late in the afternoon the Queen in the *Fairy* came off the pier; the Club battery, the *Brilliant*, and other yachts fired salutes, the people cheered and crowded to the end of the pier to see her Majesty, and numerous vessels did their best to exhibit themselves before her; the only unfortunate one was the *Fernand*, which took the mud close to the pier, and, as the tide was ebbing, soon lay over on her side, to the no small alarm of a party of ladies on board. She, however, got off next tide without any damage. It is impossible here to describe the various movements of the racing vessels as I could wish. In the second race the *Zulieka* led, and at thirteen minutes to five passed the starting vessel on her first round; but unfortunately, on her second round, being a long way ahead, from having cut off a number of points, she took the ground on No Man's Land, and the *Foam* passed her, and finally came in the first. In the first race the *Gondola* won, coming in at eighteen minutes to seven. Haselden and I agreed that the course was too long, especially for the smaller vessels, and congratulated ourselves that we were not racing.

On the following day there were two very interesting races: the first between the *Heroine*, *Cygnets*, and *Cynthia*; and the second between the *Gleam*, *Contest*, and *Frolic*.

Both starts were very pretty. In the first, the *Cygnets* got her canvas set first, and took the lead, which she maintained to the end. The *Heroine* had shipped some fresh hands that morning, who were not up to their work. Nothing could surpass the pretty style in which the smaller craft got under weigh. The *Gleam* had her canvas on her in a moment, and, going well to windward, took the lead. We thought she would have maintained it, but going round the Nab they met with a very heavy sea, and the *Contest* headed her, and came in ten minutes before her, at fifteen minutes past six. They went once only round the course; and as it was, had enough of it.

The relative speed of vessels is, however, seldom determined to the satisfaction of their owners at regattas, as so many accidental circumstances may occur to prevent the fastest from coming in the first: thus, whoever wins the prize, the defeated parties generally consider that their own craft may come off the victor another time. But we have had enough of regattas, and must turn to matter more attractive.

CHAPTER IV.

A FANCY FAIR AND A FAIR FLIRTATION.

So frequent were the showers on Thursday morning, that Haselden declared he would not go on shore, but at last I persuaded him to accompany me to a fancy fair, for some charitable object, held in the grounds

of St. Clair—a beautiful place close to the water, belonging to Colonel and Lady Emily Harcourt. I knew that the Maynards and Mrs. Leslie would be there, and I had determined to introduce him. As it was high water we pulled to the spot in the gig, and on landing stepped directly into the gardens. Language can scarcely exaggerate the soft beauty of the scene—the sloping lawns, the flowery terraces, the overhanging trees and winding walks, the shady seats, with the views of the blue water, dotted by numberless white sails, the noble ships at Spithead, and the distant land beyond, with the house surmounted by turrets, rising amid a thick grove on the highest part of the hill. On the lowest terrace a large tent had been erected, now filled with booths and fair ladies, to dispose of their treasures; and even Haselden acknowledged that some of them might well vie in beauty with the loveliest in the land. At the further end of the terrace, beneath a small tent, in oriental costume, sat the celebrated chess-player Wilson, engaged in games with five different people, all of whom he beat. A regimental band added life to the scene.

I was not long in finding Mrs. Maynard, her beautiful daughter, and her friend. “Come, old fellow,” said Haselden, when he saw me moving towards them, “cut it short, and let’s get out of this. I should like to run down to Cowes and back before dinner.” I did not answer him, and hurried on to shake hands with my friends. He, meantime, drew back, but I watched him narrowly, and caught him giving more than one glance of admiration at Miss Maynard. While I was speaking to them who should rise before me but Jack Musgrave, one of the most rollicking careless fellows in the — Dragoons! I saw Mrs. Leslie bow, though slightly, and, shaking hands cordially with me, he at once entered into an animated conversation with her.

“And what are you doing down here, Jack?” I asked.

“Yachting—yachting; cruising with that jolly dog Grantham, in the *Fancy*. We must get you on board, Mrs. Leslie. By Jove! we’ve more fun on board that craft than in all the squadron put together.”

“Thank you for the invitation, Captain Musgrave,” said Mrs. Leslie, laughing, in a tone which showed she had no idea of accepting the offer. “Will you inform me who are the companions you propose to honour me with?”

“Oh, there’s Mrs. Skyscraper and Clara Nutting, a very fast girl who makes nothing of jumping over a wall, and Jane Sillwell and her cousin, a little widow, Mrs. Hallaway, are generally of the party—they all sing and laugh and talk without cessation.”

“And flirt?” I asked.

“Oh, we’ve nothing of that sort on board the *Fancy*,” exclaimed Jack, laughing; “it would frighten Mrs. Leslie if I were to say so.”

“But as I have not the honour of Mr. Grantham’s acquaintance, I could not at all events go on board his vessel,” suggested Mrs. Leslie.

“What, not know Tom Grantham? That does not matter a bit. He’ll be happy to see you and all your friends,” Jack exclaimed, looking hard at Mrs. and Miss Maynard.

While their backs were turned for an instant he whispered, “I say, old fellow, introduce me.”

As Jack, though a rattler, was a gentleman, I did not hesitate to do

so, and in a few minutes he was engaged in a lively conversation with both mother and daughter.

Haselden was made fairly jealous, and when I dropped back to speak to him, instead of insisting on going away, he even asked to be introduced. I at first pretended to refuse, but at length took him up, and before half an hour had passed he had actually invited Mrs. Maynard to visit the *Spray*. Jack Musgrave was, meantime, carrying on what appeared to be a violent flirtation with Mrs. Leslie. "I wish Leslie could see them," thought I; "it would do him good."

We of course made some purchases at the bazaar, and Haselden so far forgot his bashfulness as to present the most elegant trifles he could find to each of the three ladies.

"It works well," I whispered to Mrs. Leslie: "he is coming out."

The appearance of her Majesty, with Prince Albert and their three interesting children, drew the attention of us all. The company formed on either side of the walk, and the royal party came down the hill and went through the booths, making purchases at each stall. The Queen then went into Wilson's tent, who, in his character of the celebrated automaton, was obliged to receive her sitting; and, of course, he has a right to boast that he is the only man who has sat while the Queen has stood before him. There was also a capital device for raising money—a post-office, with the old rate of postage; and the Queen was asked if she would inquire for any letters. Of course some were forthcoming, and one for each of the children, containing very elegant compliments. The royal visitors drove off in the *char-à-banc* presented by Louis-Philippe, which they use constantly in the island.

Notwithstanding all Jack Musgrave's eloquence, Mrs. Leslie would not be persuaded to join the party on board the *Fancy*; but, however, Haselden asked him to take a cruise in the *Spray* on the following day, to his no small satisfaction. I must not forget to mention the dinner at the club-house on that day, at which Mr. Ackers presided, and when some excellent speeches were made; indeed, the harmony and good feeling which prevailed was a sure prestige of the success of the club.

CHAPTER V.

INTRODUCES THREE YACHTS AND THEIR COMPANY.

For the first time since she was launched, the *Spray* received on board a party of ladies; and I must do Haselden the justice to say, that he did the honours of his craft as if he were long accustomed to the work: indeed, he exhibited all the forethought and delicate care for his fair guests for which genuine sailors are properly celebrated. Besides the three ladies I have mentioned, we had Mrs. Layton and her pretty little lively daughter, my friend Jack, and two other men.

"Where shall we go?" asked Haselden.

"Through smooth water, as you have a regard for our appetites," answered Jack.

"We shall have time to run down to the Needles and back before dark, as there is no chance of a calm," said Haselden.

"I should so like to see them," exclaimed Julia Maynard.

"And so should I," said Mrs. Leslie.

To the Needles, therefore, we shaped our course.

As we were getting under weigh, the *Fancy*, with a large party on board, passed close to us. Some one espied Jack Musgrave, and cries of "traitor, deserter, recreant!" saluted him.

"Why, your servant said you were laid up with a bad influenza, and could not go out!" exclaimed Grantham.

"And so I am," answered Jack through a speaking-trumpet. "I'm clairvoyant—you don't see me in reality."

Shouts of laughter reached us from the *Fancy*; I believe at some witticisms of their own. Directly afterwards, a schooner-yacht passed close to us, on the quarter-deck of which walked a stoutish-looking man, with a spy-glass under his arm. He stopped in his walk, and surveyed us narrowly through his telescope.

"By Jove! there's the *Sea Eagle*, with that pompous old ass Sir Charles Drummor on board," exclaimed Jack Musgrave, almost loud enough for him to hear. "By-the-bye, I beg your pardon, Mrs. Leslie. I quite forgot—he is a friend of yours, is he not?"

"My husband is acquainted with him," she answered; "and though I know Sir Charles, I will forgive you for your complimentary remarks on him."

At that instant Sir Charles recognised her and Jack, and, taking off his hat, made her a profound bow.

Jack declared he saw a sinister expression on his countenance, though, as the vessels were some way apart, it must have been his fancy or invention.

Few scenes are more beautiful than are to be witnessed in sailing through the Solent,—with Portsmouth and its numerous batteries on one side, and the pretty villas and groves of Ryde on the other,—Calshot Castle and the wide mouth of the Southampton Water,—the lofty towers of that royal retirement, Osborne, and the picturesque harbour of Cowes, with its castle and club-house. Farther on to the north are seen the borders of the New Forest, interspersed with villages, and the fair town of Lymington; and on the south the well-wooded shores of the island, till one reaches Freshwater, when wild and rugged cliffs rise up before one, terminated by the lofty downs, the white cliffs, and pointed rocks of the Needles, having opposite them at the end of a long spit of sand the ancient castle of Hurst backed by the high land of Hordle and Christchurch in the distance.

All the party were delighted with the view; and though there was a good deal of sea as we stood outside the Needles to show them Scratchel's Bay and the back of the island, they proved themselves very good sailors by neither being sick nor frightened.

We got back to Ryde in very good time, all agreeing to meet at the ball which was to take place at the Club-House that evening; and at the same time we dropped our anchor, so did the *Fancy*. Both parties met on the pier, and it looked as if the *Fancy's* people would have laid violent hands on Jack for his desertion. Grantham declared that he should never set foot on her deck again; and pretty Mrs. Skyscraper vowed she would never speak to him more if he treated her so. Fame whispered that Jack did flirt with her in reality. We had a capital ball, and more than once did Frank Haselden lead forth Julia Maynard to the dance. I met a number of friends to talk to, but I was able to observe that Mrs.

Leslie was pretending to carry on a violent flirtation with Jack Musgrave, or else that he was really endeavouring to engage her in one. I heard an old maid, near whom I was sitting with my partner, observe,—

“It’s too bad, I vow. I should like to let Captain Leslie know how his wife goes on when he’s not with her.”

“I wish to goodness you would,” I mentally ejaculated. My prayer was heard. I listened.

“Well, do you know, I’ll tell him,” answered a fat lady, to whom she had addressed the observation. “I heard from my son James this morning, and he tells me he is with him in Scotland, and that they are going to shoot together.”

“Do write; it’s a work of Christian love,” whispered the venerable spinster.

“Julia Maynard is a very sweet girl!” exclaimed Frank Haselden, as we sat at breakfast the following morning in the cabin of the *Spray*. “I’ve asked them all to come for a short sail this afternoon. It will do them good after the ball.”

Not only did they sail that day, but nearly every day for upwards of a week, and most pleasantly did the hours fly by. Jack Musgrave was sometimes of the party; but latterly I suspect that he found he had made a mistake with regard to Mrs. Leslie’s feelings towards him, and he became a constant attendant on Mrs. Skyscraper on board the *Fancy*. We had made excursions round the island, to Southampton, Portsmouth, Swanwich, and even to Weymouth; and at last Haselden proposed a trip across to Cherbourg.

“We may easily do it in twelve hours, and you need not even have to sleep on board, unless you wish it,” he observed; and the plan was agreed on.

We were to start forthwith. As chance would have it, the party on board the *Fancy* had determined on the same trip, and were to sail at the same time. Our wheel-barrows of band-boxes, carpet-bags, and cloaks arrived at the end of the pier at the same moment, where we were met by the gigs of the two yachts, and our two parties stood mingled together on the steps. Jack Musgrave stepped forward to hand Mrs. Leslie into the boat.

“I trust you will forgive me,” he whispered.

“Yes,” she answered, and accepted his hand.

Just then Sir Charles Drummore pulled up in his boat.

“Where are you bound for?” he asked, looking at Jack.

“To Cherbourg. Will you come with us?” said Jack.

“I’ll see about it—I’ll see,” answered the baronet; and away we pulled towards the two cutters, which were lying close to each other, making a slight circuit to avoid a steamer which was approaching the pier.

Never, perhaps, did two merrier parties leave the shores of England than were to be found on board the *Spray* and *Fancy*.

CHAPTER VI.

SCAN. MAG.—A LESSON FOR HUSBANDS.

THE first persons of his acquaintance whom Sir Charles encountered as he walked up the pier were the venerable spinster Miss Dobbs, and her fat friend Mrs. Fry, whom I had seen at the ball.

"You've heard the news, Sir Charles, haven't you?" they asked in a breath, turning him round, and hurrying him on to the pier-end. "We said it would be so. That Mrs. Leslie has gone off with that wild scamp Captain Musgrave. They were to start in the *Fancy* for France this very morning, and are not likely to be back in a hurry."

"By George, ladies, I believe you're right!" exclaimed Sir Charles. "There they go on board the *Fancy*."

"What, already off? We thought we should be in time to see them," cried the two dames. "We always said that Mrs. Leslie would turn out bad."

"Well, you're not likely to see her again, for there goes the *Fancy* under all sail for the Nab," said Sir Charles, pointing to Grantham's yacht.

"It's too bad," cried Mrs. Pry. "I wrote to my son, and told him to urge Captain Leslie to hurry down here as fast as he could, if he cares about his wife; but I don't know if James got my letter."

"I suspect he did, madam, for here comes Leslie himself," exclaimed Sir Charles, extending his hand to a tall good-looking fellow who had just landed from the steamer. "My dear Leslie, you're just in time."

"What for, Drummore?" said the new comer, in a lisping accent.

"To be too late, by Jove!" answered Sir Charles, vexed at his apathy. "There goes your precious wife off with that wild scamp Jack Musgrave, on board that gimerack-looking yacht there."

"My wife! what, is there no one else on board? 'sdeath!" exclaimed Leslie, with sudden animation.

"Oh yes, Captain Leslie, there are several other ladies and gentlemen too," said Mrs. Pry, putting out her hand. "Don't you know me? You need not be alarmed, my dear sir; I'm glad you're come. It's all right, I dare say."

"What, to stand here at the end of this pier looking like a cursed fool, while one's wife sails off before one's eyes in company with a set of wild scamps, any one of whom would glory in disgracing me?" cried Leslie, striking his forehead. "It's not to be borne."

"There's no help for it, I fear," said Mrs. Pry, in a consoling tone.

"None," echoed Miss Dobbs.

"By Heavens, I'll hire a steamer, or some vessel, and be after them," cried the injured husband.

"They will have landed in France with this breeze before you could get the steam up," said the baronet. "But I feel for you, Leslie; and though I don't approve of interference in such matters, yet, as this is a very flagrant case, I will carry you over in my yacht."

"What! I forgot you had a yacht, Sir Charles. It's the very thing," exclaimed Leslie. "In Heaven's name, let's be off at once."

"Come along then," said Sir Charles, who was really anxious to serve Leslie, and properly indignant at his wife's conduct. "We'll get under weigh as fast as we can, and make chase after the *Fancy*."

"What ladies did you say were on board the *Fancy*?" asked Leslie of Mrs. Pry, as she accompanied him to the pier-head.

"Besides your wife, there are four of them—it's quite scandalous," answered the lady. "There are Mrs. Skyscraper, Mrs. Hallaway, Miss Nutting, and Miss Sillwell—a pretty set, you'll allow!"

"Good Heavens! what people for my wife to associate with," cried Leslie, jumping into the boat. "Not a moment's delay, Sir Charles."

A considerable further delay however did occur, while Sir Charles was hailing the *Sea Eagle* for his gig, which had returned on board.

"Success attend your virtuous efforts!" exclaimed the old ladies, in a sentimental tone, as the boat shoved off from the end of the pier; "we hope you'll overtake the truant."

CHAPTER VII.

SHOWS HOW A BACHELOR AND A BENEDICT WERE CURED OF THEIR BAD HABITS.

A BOX of Mrs. Maynard's having been left behind, we had to send the punt up to the Club-steps for it, and thus the *Fancy* had considerably the start of us. She had rounded St. Helens, and we were off Sea-view when we saw the *Sea Eagle* getting under weigh. The wind, which was from the nor'ard and west, was light and variable, and thus our relative positions constantly changed.

"The *Sea Eagle* is standing this way, and has got a good breeze," I observed to Haselden. "Perhaps she is also bound for Cherbourg."

"Not she," answered Haselden; "Drummore never thinks of crossing the Channel after he has got his wine on board."

The sun was bright, the sky was clear, the sea was smooth, and the air was fresh and pure, and away we glided at the rate of some four or five knots an hour over the glad blue waters. The ladies were in ecstasies, and declared they never had enjoyed anything half so much. As we were fast sinking the lofty downs of St. Catharine's in the waves, we were left no longer in doubt as to the course the *Sea Eagle* was taking, as she was following fast in our wake. The *Fancy* kept ahead of us, though we were somewhat gaining on her. Had the wind been more steady, we should probably have done so faster. Nothing could be more delightful than our sail—a very pretty sight also were the three yachts as they flew across the Channel. Of course, as we knew nothing of what had taken place on Ryde pier, we could not account for the appearance of the *Sea Eagle* and the unusual press of sail she was carrying.

"What is there to be compared to a yachting life?" exclaimed Haselden, as he leaned against the bulwarks looking at Julia Maynard.

"Nothing," cried Tom Hilsden, who always blurted out what came into his head, "nothing, if one has the object of one's affections with one, and happens not to be sick."

Haselden actually blushed, and so did Julia Maynard, and Hilsden burst into a loud laugh as if he had said something very clever.

The ladies worked and read and chatted, and the day wore on; and as it was voted that an early dinner on deck would be desirable, that very acceptable meal was despatched when we had only somewhat crossed mid-channel. We soon afterwards made the French coast, and by that time were close enough to the *Fancy* to distinguish with our glasses the persons on her decks.

There was clearly all sorts of fun going forward, and they appeared to have got up a dance; one of the ladies, as it seemed, being more eccentric in her movements than even the men. The wind just then

favoured us, and as we drew nearer shouts of laughter reached our ears. The lady seemed to be fainting in her partner's arms, then she rushed to the side overcome with sea-sickness, next she jumped up and swung by a rope, and finally sat herself down by the side of her lady companions.

"How very disgraceful!" said Mrs. Maynard, who had been listening to Hilsden's account of their proceedings, as he surveyed them through a glass. "Why, they must be tipsy! I am glad, my dear Mrs. Leslie, you are not with them."

"How many ladies embarked?" asked Haselden.

"Four," was the answer.

"Then hang me if there are not five!" he exclaimed; "and after all it's Jack Musgrave, or one of the men, dressed up in Mrs. Skyscraper's bonnet and shawl. He is behaving very well at present, and is, I verily believe, learning to sew with a sail-needle."

Soon after this the ladies of our party went below to take a little rest, and in the mean time the *Sea Eagle* came up fast with a fresher breeze. She had a signal flying, which at first we could not make out, but on reference to the book we found she was speaking the *Fancy*, which vessel at last perceived it, and hoisted her answering pennant. The *Sea Eagle* then hoisted the number 2574 of the sentences in Marryat's code. We looked and found it—"Heave too, and I will send a boat on board." 5816, "No such thing," was the answer. "I will spell it," was the next signal hoisted by the *Sea Eagle*, and then commenced a hoisting and lowering of buntin, which we translated, "Leslie wants his wife immediately."

The answer was "5072. The signal made is not understood."

The *Sea Eagle* repeated it.

"He had better come for her," was the answer.

"He insists on your sending her on board," was the next signal.

"That is a very inconvenient way for a man in a rage to have to talk," observed Haselden. "Leslie must be on board the *Sea Eagle*. Shall we tell Sir Charles of the mistake?"

"On no account," I exclaimed; "we are not bound to understand the signals, as he did not draw our attention, and no harm can possibly come of it. We shall have some good fun, but do not tell Mrs. Leslie what is going forward, and I hope her husband may benefit by his lesson."

"Let him," was the laconic answer from the *Fancy*.

It had the effect of making Sir Charles still further crowd the *Sea Eagle* with canvas, which, aided by the wind, brought her so near the chase that those on board could clearly be seen from her decks. We had purposely yawned about, or we might have gone ahead of both of them. The *Sea Eagle* now came up on our quarter.

"Can you, sir, inform me who those five ladies are on the deck of the *Fancy*?" sung out Sir Charles through his speaking-trumpet.

"I am not acquainted with them," answered Haselden; and the baronet was obliged to be satisfied with the answer.

I saw Leslie walking the deck in a state of great perturbation, and I kept out of his sight that he might not recognise me. As the ladies were still below, no suspicion was excited against us. When the *Fancy* saw the schooner so close to her, she also made more sail, and, keeping the breeze, rounded the breakwater of Cherbourg a few minutes before her, while we came up less than a quarter of a mile astern.

The *Fancy* dropped her anchor off the new government docks, and leisurely furled her canvas; the *Sea Eagle* brought up at a little distance outside her, and we, coming in, took up a berth between the two just as a boat from the latter was lowered, into which stepped Sir Charles and Leslie. I had managed to persuade Mrs. Leslie and Mrs. Maynard to go below to make preparations for landing, lest the scene I anticipated should be spoiled. The *Sea Eagle's* gig pulled alongside the *Fancy*, and with scant ceremony Leslie sprang on board, followed by Sir Charles.

"Where is my wife?" exclaimed Leslie, looking round and seeing only four ladies.

"Where is this gentleman's wife?" cried Sir Charles. "I counted five ladies—where is she, I say?"

"I have been honoured only by the company of these you see on deck, sir," said Grantham, bowing to Sir Charles. "I regret that Mrs. Leslie is not on board."

"I say I counted five ladies in bonnets—I insist on knowing what has become of the fifth," repeated the baronet.

While he was speaking, Jack Musgrave had slipped below, and now appeared up the companion with Mrs. Skyscraper's bonnet and shawl adorning his head and shoulders, while the shout of laughter which we set up made all hands turn their eyes towards the *Spray*, on the deck of which stood the missing wife. Sir Charles and Leslie instantly tumbled into the *Sea Eagle's* gig, and were soon alongside us.

"My dear husband, who have you been looking for?" said Mrs. Leslie, putting out her hand, while some bright tears stood in her eyes.

"Why, for you, Sophy; I thought you were on board that cursed *Fancy*, with that she-devil Mrs. Skyscraper, and her set," exclaimed Leslie, looking very foolish.

"I can assure you that I have never been out of Mrs. Maynard's sight, or uttered a word, or thought a thought, I am not ready to repeat to you; and, oh, Henry! I'm so glad you're come that I am repaid for all the grief I felt at your unnecessary desertion." And she threw herself into his arms.

"Well, Sophy, don't say a word more about it, and I'll try and be a good boy in future," Leslie whispered in her ear. "And now I must pay my respects to your friends."

I need not say that Leslie was cordially received by us all, and before dark the ladies were safely landed and accommodated in the *Hôtel de l'Europe* at Cherbourg.

We spent two amusing days at Cherbourg—albeit it is not the nicest of places. Sir Charles made himself more agreeable than he had ever been known to be before, and even Mrs. Skyscraper and her friends, in whom I honestly believe there was no harm, were received into favour. Haselden found how very agreeable it is to have ladies on board, and proposed to Miss Maynard, who wisely accepted him; and Leslie acknowledged that his fright had taught him a lesson which he should never forget. So the three yachts sailed back to Ryde in company, all of us happier and wiser, if not merrier, than when we left it; and I must recommend my friends, as the best remedy with which I am acquainted for any of the ills flesh is heir to—better than a dozen boxes of Morrison's pills—to try yachting.

TYRONE AND TYRCONNELL.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH, ESQ.

Irish "Black-waters"—An English Castle—Coalfield of Dungannon—Irish Holdings of the Drapers' Company—Lough Neagh—Trouts with Turkey Gizzards—Mountain Districts of Tyrone—Illicit Distillers and the Fairies—Castle of the Pig-faced Princess—Bessy Bell and Mary Gray—National School System—Irish Constabulary—Lough Erne—Falls and Fisheries—Chieftains of Tyrconnell—St. Patrick's Purgatory—Donegal Bay and Town—Entrance into the Rosses—Home of a Coast-Guard.

THE Irish are more partial to those bardic records which sing of an Oriental ancestry, than to such as concern Belgic, Scottish, or other colonisation. The Milesians have ever exalted themselves above Firbolgs, Danaans, and other invading races. The name of Ireland has survived that of Greater Scotia, and Erin is still with the greater number a more beloved epithet than Inisfail or Hibernia. The practices of the early kings were essentially oriental. The language of the bards is eastern alike in style and imagery. One of the names of Tara was Temur, "the wall or abode of sweet melodies."

Rich jewel art thou of old Temur of kings,
Darling of Ulster of red red shields.

Many of the popular superstitions are tinged with the same peculiarity. We need scarcely allude to the fires of Baal, to sacred wells, and rag offerings tied to trees and bushes. The banshee, Sir Walter Scott tells us, is only allowed to families of the pure Milesian stock, and is never ascribed to any descendant of the proudest Norman or boldest Saxon who followed the banners of Earl Strongbow. The very piety of the "Sacred Isle" is oriental in spirit and in character.

In tracing this peculiarity in its less familiar developments, it may be remarked here, that "black" is a favourite figurative qualification of rivers in the East. In Turkey a Kara-su is met with at every step; and in Arabia, Nahr el Aswad is by no means unfamiliar. Ireland boasts in similar manner of no less than eight "Blackwaters." If the second great feeder of Lough Neagh is not so large as its namesake in Cork, it is more distinguished in history, for it constituted the oft and long disputed boundary of Tyrone. Blackwater fort witnessed some of the severest struggles of Anglo-Irish warfare; and when, in the time of Shane O'Neill, the English were gradually obtaining the ascendancy in Ulster, one of the first steps to ensure security was to construct a fort and bridge, which the Lord Deputy Mountjoy called after his Christian name Charlemont, and the command of which new and important station was intrusted to Sir Toby Caulfield, afterwards created Baron Caulfield of Charlemont.

Northwards of Armagh the country lowers towards the valley of the Blackwater and Lough Neagh; and extensive peat-bogs are met with. Every inch of these appeared, however, to be turned to profit. The men of Ulster were not, like those of Connaught and Munster, idly waiting for alchemical discoveries, which are to commute peat into gold—they were endeavouring to effect this by more legitimate processes. Charlemont itself is situated at the corner of a bog, and the barracks and governor's neat residence, with elegant Elizabethan chimneys, enclosed in a regular fort, with bastioned ramparts, fosse, and glacis, present a

great contrast with the castles of olden times, and, indeed, with the character of the country generally. It is a tooth sown by a dragon, not an olive planted by a dove—the signet of a country still held by conquest, as much as by nationality. Would that such an unnatural state of things should pass by! Charlemont has, as might be imagined, not always been a peaceful or a secure tenure. That fiery successor of Red Hugh and Shane O'Neill, Sir Phelim, surprised the castle on the evening of the 22nd October, 1641, and seized upon Lord Caulfield, third baron of that name, a brave officer who had grown old in the royal service, and who, with the simplicity and love of ease natural to a veteran, having declined the honour of an earldom offered to him by King James, contented himself with a residence on his estate, where he dwelt in the unsuspecting interchange of hospitalities with his Irish neighbours. Sir Phelim, with that perfidiousness which the noble ally of the Irish, d'Aguiar, stigmatised as so characteristic, invited himself to supper with the baron, and at a given signal his followers seized the whole family, made the garrison prisoners, and ransacked the castle. The veteran was afterwards basely shot by one of the rebel's retainers, as he was being conveyed into the castle of Kinard; but William, first Viscount Charlemont, had the good fortune to apprehend his brother's murderer, and Sir Phelim was put to death mainly for this crime. It is said that the parliamentarian Ludlow offered the last of the Ulster freebooters life, liberty, and estate, if he would implicate Charles; but that O'Neill, with the true spirit of a brave and independent mountaineer, refused a despicable existence which was to be purchased by wrongfully staining the memory of an unfortunate monarch. These are contradictions in the same character, which can only be understood when we consider the semi-barbarous condition of those very chieftains, who, in their time, took up the sword, as in ours some few have still done the tribune, the pen, and even "the pence," in the ever-favourite cause of excitement and agitation.

On the other side of the river and canal, navigable at this point to a multitude of coal, peat, grain, and potato bearing craft, is the site of the aboriginal Moy, presenting a sad but characteristic contrast to the cleanly market-house, stately church, prim shady walks, and stern fortifications of its neighbour. A contrast of still more marked character, but which suggests more pleasurable feelings, presents itself to the traveller as he approaches Dungannon. The great mass of limestone which fills up central Ireland, stretching transversely from sea to sea, is at this point succeeded by sandstones of the coal formation, and the stronghold of the turbulent O'Neills, once only distinguished by its internecine wars and its national struggles, is now a very centre of industry and prosperity.

In the present day productive mines represent the dark dungeons in which in the sixteenth century lingered O'Donnells and O'Neills alike, and the flames of peaceful furnaces have taken the place of those contemplated by the English, when lit up by O'Donnell in 1500, and by O'Neill a century afterwards. The real civilising power is industry. Example may do much, but its effects are not permanent. Even the highest attributes of civilisation—literature, art, and science—are not to be acquired without industry; how much less so independence, position, and wealth! Moy has remained two centuries in contact with civilisation without deriving the least possible benefit to itself or its population; Dungannon, from a stronghold of predatory, factious, turbulent barons, has become a great coal

exchange ; and goodly houses have risen up, villas adorn the surrounding country ; the town is dignified by a spacious market-place, a court-house, and numerous other public edifices of various architectural pretensions. Coal Island, a village close by, where the chief shafts are sunk, is the scene of incessant industry, and throughout and around the traveller forgets for the time being that he is in the land of huts and bogs. In an agricultural point of view, the clean and well-tilled lands of Armagh would convey an impression of superior fertility, but the increased number of indigenous plants, the greater luxuriance of a somewhat more southerly vegetation, in the long valleys of sandstone formation, intimate to a closer examination that the same quantity of soil would bear more here than in many less favoured localities. The very vegetables—cabbages of gigantic proportions—in the cottagers' gardens mark a difference which may, perhaps, also be to some extent traced to the different character of their tenants. Such an opinion would, however, find so little favour in Ireland that we will not insist upon it. Put an English or a Scotch cottager in a purely Irish village, and will the plot of the one, or the kail-yard of the other, be as untidy and unproductive—as much under the dominion of the Irish baron of modern times, the unwieldy earth-grubbing pig—as that of his neighbours ? If it is not so, perhaps there is a difference, and it is not the oft-vaunted sinew and physical capability that makes the man or the woman. Industry has also something to do with it ; but industry is disavowed by agitators, who invariably attribute want and poverty to faults of government and not of individuals, and uphold the squalidity which they affect to denounce, by carrying away their followers in the perpetual pursuit of vain and imaginary things. It is no doubt pleasanter to travel the world with a tin can in hand than to blacken one's complexion in digging for coal ; but the cleanly cottage, the green garden, the smiling wife and children, and the smoking board, repay the sacrifice ; while fatigue, disappointment, cold, and hunger, dog the footsteps of the idle and the discontented.

Stewart's Town, immediately connected with the seat of the noble family of Castle Stewarts—a legitimated branch of the royal family of Scotland—which came next in order of progress, was wrapped in the sober mantle of the Sabbath-day, and appeared to be a cleanly neatly-built town. Its accommodations are good, but not equal to what are to be met with at Moneymore, the next station, and the chief place in Ulster of the Drapers' Company, whose foresight and generosity have provided for their tenants a well-kept hotel, a library, news-rooms, and assembly-rooms. From hence to the Cross or Drapers' Town, occasional deep ravines, with their appropriate streams, but seldom wooded, more level arable lands, dotted with the hamlets of industrious peasants, alternated with one another and above all rose a stately church and an apparently well-endowed rectory ; Drapers' Town itself consisted but of a very few houses, remarkable, however, for their cleanliness and superiority to the usual run of structures of similar character.

The tract of country in which the Irish possessions of the Drapers' Company are situate is one of exceeding beauty. It comprises a considerable portion of the slope which stretches down from Sleive Gullion to Lough Neagh. It is the sunny side of the mountain ; the soil is rich, well watered, and tolerably well sheltered. The great sheet of water beyond is more distinguished by its Canadian-like expanse than its picturesqueness. Its waters cover a space equal to about 98,000 English acres. The

prospect of so vast an expanse is, as may be readily imagined, as seen from the summit of Sleive Gullion, a very imposing sight. Irish bardic historians tell us that this great lake burst out in the reign of Lugardh Rhiabderg, and that it was called *Lion Mhuine*, from *lion*, "lake," and *mhuine*, "sore or ulcer," in allusion to the healing properties for which its waters are still renowned among the peasantry. Tradition also points to a similar sudden origin of this great lake, which may not unlikely owe its existence to some great subsidence in the coalfield of Ulster. That earliest of English tourists, Gerald de Barri, better known as Giraldus Cambrensis, relates this tradition as follows. There was a fountain in the land, with a lid and fastening, and an old prophecy stated that some day the well would be left uncovered and the water would overflow the whole country and drown the inhabitants for their crimes. It happened at last that a woman went to draw water, and just as she had filled her jug, and was preparing to fasten the lid of the well, she suddenly heard her child crying at a distance. In her haste to fly to its assistance she forgot to fasten the well, and when she would have returned to supply the omission she beheld the water flowing over in every direction; and it continued thus flowing and flowing until the whole of the devoted district had disappeared under the smooth surface of Lough Neagh. That the fishermen have often, when the waters of the lake are tranquil, seen at the bottom the lofty round towers of Ireland, has been handed down in poetry and prose alike. It has been attempted to alter the name of this Dead Sea of Ireland, to call it Lough Sydney and Lough Chichester, in honour of the Lord Deputies Sir Henry Sydney and Sir Arthur Chichester (the latter, in 1602, transported his forces across the lake into Tyrone); but names so arbitrarily imposed never endure, and Ireland's greatest lake is still "a tough sore," but by no means Ireland's greatest sore.*

Lough Neagh boasts of two kinds of trout, distinguished by their size; the dolochan, which is from fourteen to eighteen inches in length, and said to be peculiar to Lough Neagh, and the buddagh, a large trout weighing in many instances thirty pounds. The famed gillaroo trout is caught in Sandy Bay, off Glenavy. It is called by the fishermen shell-trout, from its subsisting on shell-fish of a minute size. To digest food of such a description this fish is endowed with a suitable organization in the shape of a strong-coated stomach. The imaginative Irish call this a gizzard, and their traditions relate that St. Patrick was enjoying the pastime of angling with some Irish predecessor of Isaac Walton in Lough Derg, where, as in Lough Erne, the gillaroo trout is also met with, when a strange and inexpressible desire came over them for a morsel of flesh at their repast, even if it was only the gizzard of a turkey. So St. Patrick, who was a man of sense, despising the foolish prejudices and austerities which he was obliged to use as instruments, caused every trout caught that day to have as good and perfect a gizzard as any that ever ornamented the right wing of a turkey, and which appendages they have retained to the present day. Lough Neagh likewise abounds in salmon, eel, roach, bream, pike, pollens or fresh-water herrings, which Sir Charles Coote thought might be the spawn of shad, but of which Mr. Cupples

* Lough Neagh is said to have also been called Echach or Eacha, the "holy well or lake."

merely says "called in England 'shad,'" and also a fish said to be peculiar to the lake, and designated the freshwater whiting.

Lough Neagh has been frozen over three times within the memory of man—in 1739, 1784, and 1814—which does not argue a great depth. Upon the latter occasion a Colonel Heyland, who in 1804 rode round the lake in less than five hours, being a circuit of eighty miles, rode his horse from Crumlin Water to Ram's Island—a fair islet of about seven acres, on which are the remains of a round tower. There is also another retired islet on the lake, on which Jeremy Taylor, the Spenser of our theological literature, is said to have meditated his most elaborate work, the "*Ductor Dubitantium*," or *Cares of Conscience*.

Extensive forests once adorned the shores of this great lake, and are said to have existed even as late as James I.'s time. One of the oaks of Lough Neagh is noticed in Evelyn's "*Silva*," as being forty-two feet in circumference; and "near to its stately brother" grew another oak-tree of unusual size, its branches extending to the distance of twenty-two yards. Strange that these forests should have disappeared here as elsewhere; yet the Irish are not insensible to the beauty of an aged forest-tree. We are told of an insurrection that once took place in the neighbouring town of Maghera to preserve an old beech-tree which had been condemned by Lord Strangford.

The comprehensive and splendid prospect obtained from Sleive Gullion embraces, besides a sheet of water eighty miles in circumference, the towns of Dungannon, Antrim, Tobermore, Maghera, and a host of other places. The pronunciation of Maghera, from *Magheona-dra*, "the field of vespers," is given in two lines of a poem published in Derry in 1790,—

Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, from Maghera,
Did to this city with a party draw.

In the hollow is Lough Beg, separated from Lough Neagh by a narrow neck of land called a deer-park. But the mountains of Newry are only visible when there is that peculiar clearness in the atmosphere and refractibility which denotes the approach of rain.

The forests of Lough Neagh and the stern recesses of Sleive Gullion and Carntogher were no doubt the favourite resort of the followers of the O'Neills in times of trouble. The aspect of the country changes entirely in these latter districts; scarcely anything is to be met with but stony wildernesses and valleys swept by mountain torrents. The very names of places as put down in our notes and in accredited maps differ, and, speaking of Moneymore, a road-book called "*The Northern Tourist*," which served as a guide, recorded that the lofty Sleive Gullion lies between Lough Neagh and the town, whereas it is the town which lies between the mountain and the lake! Sleive Gullion is an upheaved mass of primitive and metamorphic rocks, including gneiss, chlorite slate, and saccharoidal limestone. Gold has been met with in the washings of these mountains. Bishop Malcolm's "*Irish Historical Library*" is quoted in the "*Statistical Survey*" as recording the discovery of a drachm of pure native gold in the waters of the Miola, which descend from these hills. The mist still hung upon the heights the morning that our explorations took a westerly turn. Everything around was wild, untenanted, and uncultivated. A single-arched bridge crossed a stream whose waters

careered below over stony precipices, as if rejoicing in their newly-gained freedom. As day progressed an occasional sunbeam lit up the mountain-side, displaying flocks of sheep slowly wending their way to the scanty pasture. A group of seven houses with a miserable hostelry met with on the route had been designated by the Abercorn family, to whom it belongs, Mount Hamilton; but the Irish have another name for the place. A dish of nicely-boiled potatoes and a bowl of sparkling, clear, and very cold water, alone greeted the wayfarer, or rather in this case the bad-farmer, but hunger and a sharp morning's ride gave savour to a breakfast as primitive as the mountain rocks.*

Beyond this the way lay through stony solitudes of a similar character. There was no resource to amuse the wayfarer but to people them with those fantastic forms which the peasantry delight to associate with such unreclaimed and savage districts. Everything lent itself to the illusion. The dropping of bright drops from the mist which still obscured the sky resembled the pattering of little feet,—the light wind rustling through the heather, fairy music,—and the rippling of the mountain streamlet, the approach of fairy chariots. How many fairy traditions may have had no better origin than the solitude and leisure of the mountain-side! Fancies light as the very air that was breathed by the pony and his rider were dispelled by the sudden appearance of two men with kegs of another kind of mountain-dew, who emerged from the fog, for a moment apparently much to their discomfiture. A glance sufficed, however, to reassure them, and they became earnest in their inquiries as to whether “any one” was out on the road, embellishing these questions with sundry smiles and knowing winks as to what they meant by “any one.” The answer they got was that something like the tramp of horses and of rumbling vehicles had been heard in the distance, but the fog had prevented a perfect view. This caused a contraction of brows and an exchange of looks. They deserved a moment's anxiety for disturbing a pleasant dream.

Soon the valley began to expand; all the tiny rivulets had gathered their waters together to make a goodly stream, swelling in its onward progress into all the importance of a river. The land was tilled or enclosed in pasture. Near where a road turned off to Gortin, a bridge had been carried away, and no alternative remained but to ford the cold and riotous torrent, with stones of all sizes and shapes for a footing. Beyond this, near the village of Drumaspan, a small party of police, with an officer on horseback, passed by, on their way to the mountains.

* On the summit of Sleive Gullion there is a cairn of stones, hollow within so as to present an interior cavern, roofed with large flat slabs placed so as to support the incumbent weight. From the mouth of this cave a wide and regular range of flagging extends to the edge of a lake, which lies in an amphitheatre formed by the two pinnacles of the mountain. The peasants say that this is the roof of a covered passage. These caves were for a long time the resort of the robber O'Hanlon, who used to allege his relationship to the ancient family of that name as establishing a right to his rapacious demands. They are now frequented by distillers of potheen, to whom the neighbourhood of the lake, the cave, and the

is a primitiv

immense an area. As to date, the origin is certainly antediluvian! It would be difficult even for the Dean of York to put as much geological nonsense into two such brief sentences.

The same question was asked, whether "any one" was abroad? But in this case the "any one" was the other one to the first querists. The answer was, however, the same. Something like the tramp of horses and of rumbling vehicles had been heard in the distance, but the fog had prevented a better view. The neat and well-armed troopers pushed forward at this promising intelligence; not, however, to overtake the poor keg-bearers, as they would most likely keep to the mountains in search of the still, rather than to the open road.

Newton Stewart, a small town of one street, with market-place, church, chapel, and a goodly inn, was not attained till after another fording of a river, where the bridge was, however, in the act of being rebuilt. Within this town are remains of a castellated mansion, which was burnt by Phelim Roe O'Neill in 1641, and afterwards rebuilt by Sir William Stewart, Lord Mountjoy. It was burnt a second time by King James, on his retreat from Derry—an instance, it has been said, of ingratitude to Sir William, who had entertained the monarch on his way thither. The ruins now constitute part of the market-place. Close by are the ruins of a castle of greater antiquity and more simple structure. All that remain of the latter at present are two massive round-towers and the connecting-wall with porch. This castle belonged to Henry O'Nial, who, according to tradition, was King of Ulster in the fifth century, and was called by a name which signifies in English "cross" or "wicked." This king had a sister, who was very beautiful in person, but unfortunately her inviting form was terminated by the head of a pig. Henry, anxious to get rid of an object which mortified his feelings and his pride, adopted the plan of offering her in marriage to any person who should seem inclined to propose to her; but on condition that, after having seen her, he should either marry or hang. No less than nineteen persons, tradition relates, and among them a captive prince, who, tempted by the magnitude of the dowry, had agreed to the condition, suffered on the platform in front of the castle, rather than be wedded to this pig-faced princess. The twentieth and last person who proposed for her was the son of her own swineherd, and who was supposed to be somewhat familiarised with pig-faces and *stye*-lish beauties; but the boor's courage failed him when brought in presence with the Ulster princess, and he only exclaimed, "*Cur sus me!—cur sus me!*" which some might read, "Wherefore a pig for me?" but which is said to have meant, "Hang me!—hang me!" The youth, however, was spared, and the unfortunate princess put to death. This is a very unpoetical *dénouement*, for which we are not responsible. Henry's savage disposition obliged his brothers to build castles for themselves, each separated from the other by a river. One was on the banks of the Struel, and called Castle Moyle; the other on the plain called the Holme, now used as a race-ground and parade. Traces of this last, in the form of a mound, are alone perceptible.

A charming view is obtained from the towers of the pig-faced lady's castle of the domain of Baron's Court, the seat of the Marquess of Abercorn. At the northern extremity of this demesne there is a small circular island covered with wood, and now a heronry, called the Island of M'Hugh, from a chief of that name, who erected a castle, of which the ruins still remain. There are also the remains of another old castle in Baron's Court demesne, on a thickly-planted rising ground opposite to the island and castle of M'Hugh. It would be difficult to account for

this nestling of castles in the same spot, not particularly remarkable for its position, certainly not more so than Strabane and Omagh, to which it forms a kind of half-way house, except, perchance, of more closely outlying the central mountain district of Carnogher and Sleive Gullion, than by the explanation afforded by tradition of quarrels of brothers and of factions, a state of things too frequently illustrated in the sad and sober pages of Ulster history. What would have been even a pig-faced lady compared with the condition of this remote spot, when each river-bank was defended by warriors armed to the teeth like crocodiles, and far more ferocious and less prone to slumber?

A pleasant ride along the valley of the Foyle, now traversed by the Enniskillen and Londonderry railway, leads from Newtown Stewart to Omagh—the chieftain's city *par excellence*. A little south of Newtown are two isolated rounded hills, called Bessy Bell and Mary Gray, names belonging to two well-known Scottish ballads, which the Irish assert the Scots have stolen from them, as they have many of their national airs and saints. The Irish are particularly indignant upon the subject of "Maggie Lauder," of which sweet air the Scotch are said to have despoiled them. Thompson, in his preface to the "Select Melodies of Ireland," says, truly enough, that by means of the harpers and pipers who used to wander through the two countries particular airs might become so common to both as to make it questionable which of the two countries gave them birth; but Mr. Hardiman, in his "Irish Minstrelsy," insists upon the immediate restitution of all stolen melodies, just as if they could be put into a box and sent by the railway. Tradition, however, despite of poetry, derives the first name from Baal, formerly propitiated by fires lit on the summit of this mountain, as he still is, in an indirect manner, on Midsummer's eve; only, for the pagan sun and lord, John, who first taught that the Saviour would baptise with the Holy Ghost and *with fire* (Luke iii. 16), is substituted.

The ceremony is called Baal Tyn, and upon the occasion of its annual performance the peasants drive their cattle round the fire, to preserve them, as they believe it will, from accidents during the year. It is worthy of remark, that in these central mountain districts of Ulster the Irish lament, characterised by its melancholy and sweet cadence, has fallen into disuse, and its place is supplied by solemn hymns in the Latin language, set to Gregorian music.

Before entering Omagh the traveller passes the domains of the Earls of Blessington, once the abode of one whose sketches of Irish character were as true to nature as were her more sarcastic delineations of fashionable life. It was fair-day at Omagh, and a glance at the town and castle, all that remained of the fortress which held out against the Earl of Kildare in 1498, and was tenanted by Sir Henry Dowra in 1602, sufficed where all was crowd, and bustle, and excitement. At the hotel an inspector of national schools entertained me with a cheering account of the progress of a system at that time newly tried, and of the prospective advantages which it held out to the rising generation. As in every other Irish question where there are two religions opposed to one another, much is to be said on both sides. To suppose for a moment that, if the Roman Catholics and Protestants of Ireland are put upon the same footing, the former will ever cease to struggle for supremacy, covertly or openly, insidiously or forcibly, would argue a total ignorance

of the history and practices of the Roman Catholic Church. On the other hand, that the Protestants of Ireland, who have hitherto considered themselves to belong to the Church as by the law established, should not feel degradation in being not only reduced to the level of the Roman Catholics, but in many cases placed in subserviency to them, would be opposed to all the ordinary attributes of our nature. The unfathomable hostility of the Roman Catholics and the Protestants in Ireland cannot be appreciated but by such as have made a study of Irish history, and have further witnessed with their own eyes the daily antagonism that floats, despite of all barriers, to the surface in our own times. It is all very good for the political looker-on to disclaim against Orangemen as factious. Is it not enough to rouse the best man's ire to find his loyalty and his religion spurned by his own government? The attitude which the Protestants sometimes assume is too often forced upon them. It is precisely the same as in private life, where many an amiable disposition has been perverted by ill treatment. How many beings, gentle by nature, have become haughty in self-defence! It is a common thing to say that deformed people are sullen. Is it not in most cases the scoffs and sneers of the world that have made them so? What is more heart-breaking to the pure and simple-minded than to live to see the illusions of youth one by one disappear—to find those whom we have loved and respected, and looked up to as something immaculate and perfect, to be as frail as the rest of the world? How much more distressing, then, must it be to the adult and the aged to see all that he has esteemed through life, that he has been taught to honour and revere in his cradle and at his parish church, suddenly discarded—magistrates, church dignitaries, the Bible itself, sacrificed to a theory of joint education! If Lord Wharton boasted that he rhymed King James out of Ireland by the old Williamite ballad "*Lillibullero*," the Jacobites were not wanting in giving poetical expression to their exasperation. It was from them that came the term *Shane Bui*, *Yellow* or *Orange Jack*, as the English followers of King William were called:—

Could our prayers the proud Finians recall from their slumber,
Oh, the pride of the world we'd again be;
Not a foe to our prince Erin's soil should encumber,
And wo to the power of Shane Bui!

We find one of the Irish bards exclaiming extemporaneously, on seeing one of the "*festering boars*," or "*fetid goats*" (both elegant epithets applied to the *Sassenachs*), hanging to a tree,—

Pass on: 'tis cheering from yon stately tree
A foe's vile form suspended there to see.
Oh! may each tree that shades our soil appear
Thick with such fruit throughout the lengthen'd year!

A charitable wish truly! Grose says, in his "*Antiquities of Ireland*," that the language of boasting has everywhere been used to give warriors spirit. Here is a specimen of Irish national bombast:—

The world subdued—like chaff before the blast
The host of Cæsar—Alexander—pass'd.
Proud Tara's site is green, and Troy's is dust,
And England's hour may come, remembering, trust!

That England's trouble is Ireland's opportunity has been tacitly engraved on every true Irishman's heart ever since the battle of the Boyne; and many a massacre scarcely known by name to the self-engrossed

Englishman rankles to the present day in the inner memory of many an Orangeman and many a Roman Catholic.

That some system of national education should be enforced by which mutual charity and forbearance may be inculcated, the social condition improved, and political animosities gradually subdued, none will for a moment dispute ; but there cannot be two masters in the same nation. If one year an army is sent, as in the case of Canada, to put down the French and Roman Catholic party, and a few years afterwards the rebels of the day before are placed in power and compensated for past grievances, the Protestant loyalists are disaffected, at the same time that the opposite party, who have only forgone their hostility for their own purposes, reassume their true position, and the country is lost. So in Ireland it would be very venturesome to say that weakening the hands of the loyal and Protestant portion of the population is strengthening the queen's government.

The country which extends at the foot of the hills from Omagh to Lough Erne is stony and rude, but in great part cultivated. The hills are mainly composed of gneiss, chlorite slate, and serpentine ; the plains of outlying conglomerates, sandstones, clay, ironstone, and limestone. A few miles beyond Dromore, "the large hill," a poor village, to which it may be hoped the railway has since given a lift, a party of armed constabulary presented themselves on their never-ending search for illicit stills. It is impossible not to admire the appearance and the efficiency of the Irish police. Their perseverance, good conduct, indefatigability, and loyalty are beyond all praise. Yet how trying, and how fatiguing and vexatious, are their duties ! All the native talent and quickness of the "boys" is perpetually on the alert to out-wit them. One day the peat will be burning away in a glen of Loch Derg ; the next, the constabulary are on the scent, and the still is at work on Sleive Gullion ! What marches and countermarches do these stills occasion ! What would a grenadier of the guards think of such a day's work ? Even the private of a marching regiment would be laid up in a week's time. Another trick common to the "boys" is to kill the salmon and trout at night, especially in the Foyle and its tributaries just left behind. To effect this, they go into the rivers with a torch alight in their hands, and when they discover a fish under the banks they strike it with a kind of barbed spear called a lister, or catch them with a hook or gaff. This mode of fishing is called "blazing," and is practised only in the spawning season, that is from about the beginning of December to about the beginning of February. Fish of from fourteen to twenty pounds weight are caught in this way and sold at threepence a pound. It may be imagined how destructive such proceedings are in the spawning season ; and some of the proprietors have water-keepers, who fire an occasional gun to frighten the fishers, whom they are unable to seize, or perhaps afraid to assail.

A man beating a woman, it is to be supposed his wife, is always a most repulsive sight. Such unfortunately presented itself this day on the way-side. The man held a child with one hand, belabouring his weaker partner with the other, and nobody offered to interfere. It is, indeed, proverbially unwise to do so ; and the woman went away with the chastisement without an ejaculation, and with somewhat of the resignation of having deserved it. As the road swept downwards towards Lough Erne, several

charming glimpses were obtained of the lake, its numerous islands and distant mountain scenery; but a heavy rain obscured the horizon, and obliged me to take refuge, on reaching the banks of the lake, in a way-side inn at the village of Kells. This abrupt termination to the day's ride made the evening somewhat tedious. There was a room with a neatly sanded floor, continental fashion, but there were no books, not even a newspaper. In lieu of those luxuries there was the merry music of a large family of crickets, who had taken unmolested possession of the hearth, and who chirped, chirped away as lustily and as perseveringly as if they had been sole possessors of Fermanagh.

The ride the next morning along the banks of Lough Erne was a rare treat, although the weather was broken. If it was not for the tame outline and continuous blue slopes of the mountains on the western shore, Lower Lough Erne would exceed in beauty the upper or southern lake. As it is, on passing Pettigoe, glimpses of partial sheets of water, separated by wooded islands from the larger lake, alternating wooded belts and sandy shores, and occasional abrupt precipices crowned with ivy, holly, and oak, left little to be desired in the way of picturesque contrast. Limestone rocks stretch from Kesh to Pettigoe, where they are succeeded by a grey sandstone; and a little beyond the rude sierra-range of primitive rocks, which separate Lough Erne from Lough Derg, come down to the borders of the lake. On the shores of the lake itself were the ruins of Castle Magrath, with round towers at its angles (said to have been the residence of the first Protestant Bishop of Clogher, and to have been battered by the parliamentary forces); and beyond that, Castle Caldwell, a modern mansion, beautifully situated.

The waters of Lough Erne quit the lake a little beyond the last-mentioned place, through a level pastoral country, but, coming in contact with the limestone, they have had to force their way in a direction nearly at right angles to that of the dip of the rock, which averages from 15 deg. to 20 deg. inclination from the horizon. The consequence is the formation of several falls, the first of which is immediately above the bridge of Baleek, and is the highest, being about eighteen feet perpendicular; below the bridge the river makes another fall, where, as at the others, there is a fishery; the waters then sweep along the polished sides of a mural precipice of limestone rocks, tumble over another cascade, and enter into a valley, where they have soon to expand into a pellucid tranquil stream.

About a mile from Ballyshannon the rocks again contract the waters, which roll over two successive falls, burrowing the base of the cliff on the southern side into caverns, and on the northern sending off little streams, which lose themselves for a time under the rocks, to reappear at a short distance. Many picturesque caves wrought by the waters at a higher level in olden times were easily explored, others were completely choked up with trees and shrubs. A little beyond this point the river makes its final exit into the sea, but not without its waters being once more ruffled by the rich salmon-fishery and a bridge of fourteen arches. The glittering sand-hills, verdant banks, tapering masts of shipping, and Inis Saimar, the island upon which tradition landed Partholanus, *fifth in descent from Japhet, about 300 years after the deluge!* group together to form a landscape of rare beauty.

The fishery of the river Erne is very valuable, more particularly the eel-fishery, which finds a market during Lent-time at Belturbet. This

fishery commences on the 1st of June, and lasts till the 1st of March of the ensuing year. As many as 2000 eels are sometimes caught in a night. The salmon-fishery begins on the 1st of May, and terminates on the 17th of August. The produce of the latter fishery goes chiefly to the London market. A tourist is afraid of being accused of exaggeration when he says that the waters at the lower fall were positively alive with salmon, and that great fish were every moment leaping out of the waters in vain attempts to clear the fall; but he is happy to find his statement authenticated by Arthur Young, who published in 1780, and which distinguished traveller relates that he "was delighted to see the salmon jump, to me an unusual sight: the water was perfectly alive with them." St. Columbanus is said by the natives to have prayed away a bit of the fall in pity for the fish; if so, the worthy Culdee ought to have carried his prayers a little further, for the fish appeared to be wonderfully unsuccessful in their attempts to vanquish the obstacle before them.

The town of Ballyshannon is prettily situated on the rising ground on each side of the river. The once celebrated castle of the O'Donnells, Earls of Tyrconnell, is now so complete a ruin as to have little to interest the traveller. In the townland of Kilbarron, on a stupendous rock which rises out of the boisterous sea, are the ruins of a more important castle. Of the history of this once extensive and boldly situated edifice, the resident incumbent of Ballyshannon, the Rev. Henry Major, was unable, after a long and laborious research, to discover a single trace, except that its last owner, a man of the name of Cleary or Clarke, possessed an extensive property in the adjacent lands. On the left of the road to Kildoney, in a secluded and picturesque situation, are the ruins of the abbey of Asheroe or Asheroth, dissolved in the time of Henry VIII; and in the townland of Kilbarron are the ruins of the old church of that name, which enclose an area almost equal to that of a small town.

The remains of Pagan times attest that this beautiful and richly endowed coast* was as much in favour in ancient times as in those of peace-loving monks or warring chieftains. No less than fourteen circular enclosures, or raths, flagged above and below, have been excavated in the vicinity of Ballyshannon. Here, in the glorious times of the O's, as early as in 1348, Niall O'Donnell, who is described by the Irish annalists as "a tower of bravery, strength, and defence," and who had himself usurped the chieftainship of Tyrconnell by violence, was "treacherously and maliciously" slain. Here also, on the 11th of June, 1522, O'Neill arrived unexpectedly, and at a time when O'Donnell had gone out to deliver battle to the men of Tyrone on the river Finn, took the castle by storm, and slew a great number of people. The Tyrconnell annalists (the Four Masters) give an interesting account of the romantic adventures of young Hugh O'Donnell, commonly called the "Red Hugh," who escaped in 1591 from his prison in Dublin Castle. The young chieftain did not reach the castle of his ancestors at Ballyshannon until after losing his toes, his companion in flight, Art O'Neill, having actually perished on the road from cold and exposure. The castle of Ballyshannon was besieged by the English under Sir Conyers Clifford, in 1597, without success, although ordnance and stores were brought in ships. The Earl of

* Besides the productive eel and salmon fishery, there have been prodigious takes of herrings in the bay.

Ormond and the Lord Deputy Mountjoy both received orders to garrison Ballyshannon, but they do not appear to have succeeded in effecting their object; although they ultimately procured the destruction of the castle, by setting Niall Garv O'Donnell, who aspired to the chieftainship of Tyrconnell, and who had a large party among the Irish, especially of the northern septs of Donegal, against his kinsman Rory O'Donnell, who had succeeded to the chieftainship after the battle of Kinsale, when Red Hugh forsook his country in its fallen fortunes.

Wending our way over rounded hills diversified by occasional lakes to Ballinha, we explored some caverns and a subterranean river in the neighbourhood of Brown Hall, and thence crossed the hills to Lough Derg, so celebrated for its Purgatory. The island to which the pilgrims resort, and which lies about half a mile from the shore, is small and barren. Upon it are no less than six chapels, and in their neighbourhood circular stone walls enclosing broken stone or wooden crosses, which are called Saints' beds; and around these the penitents are made to pass bare-kneed on the hard and pointed rocks, repeating a certain form of prayer. Twenty-four priests receive the emoluments of the place. The chapel, dedicated to St. Patrick, and called the Prison-house, is substituted for the caves, which have been closed up by an order of the Lords Justices in 1630, and by an order of the Prior in 1780. The ferryman charges sixpence halfpenny for each pilgrim, but expects more from a tourist.

The tradition is, that the Hag of the Finger, cutting simples on a mountain in East Munster, was slain by Fin MacCoul, who, with his son Oisín (Ossian), and Gal MacMorni and Cuncen Miul, went to attack her at King Niall's desire, but was carried away by her giant son. Not many years afterwards the Fions were hunting the broad-horned deer (Irish elk) in Donegal mountains. Ossian began to moralise upon the remains of the woman. A dwarf came and told them of a worm that lay in the thigh-bone, which, if liberated from confinement, if it got water enough to drink, would destroy the world. So Cuncen Miul out of mischief smashed the bone and threw the worm into Lough Derg, where it became an enormous and turbulent beast. Fin began to chew his thumb, which taught him that the beast was vulnerable at a mole in the side, whereupon he leapt into the animal's mouth, marched bravely down into his stomach, and destroyed the animal, from which, however, deadly vapours are still given forth. So much for the Pagan tradition. Casarius, quoted by Keating as living 500 years after Christ, Phil O'Sullivan in his "*Historia Catholica Hibernia*," and other early Christian writers, naturally attribute to St. Patrick the miracle of destroying the monster and sending it to the bottom of the waters. Bishop Jones published in 1647 an account of what was supposed to be one of the bones of the very monster in question.

Giraldus (*Topogr. Hibern.*, Dist. ii. c. 5) describes the island as being in his time divided into two parts, one of which was cheerful and beautiful, and contained a church, which was "visibly visited" by the angels and saints; the other half only was rough and thorny, and peopled only by demons, and those who passed a night there were subject to the torments of purgatory. Those who underwent this trial in penitence obtained thereby the forgiveness of their past sins. The history of this place, and of the superstitions connected with it, is ably treated of by Mr.

Thomas Wright in his "History of Ireland," and in a little work especially devoted to the subject, and entitled "St. Patrick's Purgatory; an Essay on the Legends of Purgatory, Hell, and Paradise, current during the Middle Ages." Premising that Mr. Wright admits that the Irish monks either adopted "unwittingly" an older heathen legend, or turned the cave "intentionally" to their own advantage, the Christian legend he tells us was totally unknown to the early writers of the Life of St. Patrick, and it owed its first great publicity to two monks who about the middle of the twelfth century published an account of an extraordinary pilgrimage of a knight who had long served King Stephen. This narrative was soon translated and published in various languages, and the wonders of St. Patrick's Purgatory were sung in verse by the more pious minstrels in most parts of Europe. "The consequence was, that during many ages visitors from all parts of the world crowded to the sacred island in Lough Derg, and their offerings enriched the place and the church of the diocese. The gross superstition of these pilgrimages became at length, at a much later period, a subject of scandal among Christians, and they were forbidden by the pope, and the cave destroyed. But neither the pope's proscription, nor the destruction of the original cave and the building which covered it, nor the ridicule of those who disbelieved the story, was sufficient to put an end to the practice of pilgrimages to the Purgatory of St. Patrick." (History of Ireland, p. 124.)

St. Patrick's Purgatory was, as justly observed by Mr. Wright, during the middle ages, not only a place of pilgrimage for the Irish, but fanatics poured in from all parts of the world to lay their offerings at the same shrine. O'Sullivan (Hist. Cathol. Hibern., tom. i. ab. 2) relates the visit of a Spanish viscount to this spot, with a pomp of detail that almost rivals Moore in his "Epicurean." It was the visit of a French knight to the same place that enabled the chief of Tyrconnell to capture the town and castle of Sligo in 1516. The practice appears, however, to have declined as the Scots grew in power and numbers in Ulster, and Charles's queen, Henrietta Maria, wrote to the Lord Deputy Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Strafford, requesting him to re-establish the superstitious pilgrimage. The Irish, being fond of society, even in penance, still, however, flock to this place, with its numerous chapels and wreck of a cave; and the ferrying to and fro has been found so lucrative, that the monopoly is leased out to this present day for a considerable sum.*

There seems to be something in the air of the neighbourhood that is

* It is still a disputed point whether the island in Lough Derg in Tyrconnell is the seat of St. Patrick's Purgatory, or the Isle of Inniscaltra in Lough Derg on the Shannon, and where there are ruins of far more imposing ecclesiastical structures. The distinguished German tourist Kohl says that St. Patrick's Purgatory, as known at one time to half the Christian world, and still to the whole learned world of Ireland, was undoubtedly situated in Inniscaltra. But this does not agree with the Pagan tradition, which speaks of the Fions hunting the elk in Donegal; nor with the visit of the French knight to the chief of Tyrconnell and the Purgatory in 1516. Mr. Thomas Wright, in his "History of Ireland" (p. 274), speaks of the Purgatory as "the celebrated object of superstition, known by the name of St. Patrick's Purgatory, which lay in O'Donnell's territory in Donegal." In the "Northern Tourist," published in 1830, the caves and chapels on the Donegal Lough Derg are described in detail as the seat of the Purgatory; and it is said that that very year a Roman Catholic bishop had advertised his holding a station there.

favourable to superstition, or, its head-quarters having been for so long a time established here, the tone of mind has become more or less influenced thereby; for at the time of the prevalence of cholera in Ballyshannon and the neighbourhood, two persons, the one being a Roman Catholic, and the other a Protestant, declared themselves to have had on the same night a visitation sent to indicate to them where they should find that which would cure the afflicted and stay the pestilence. Their first statements were received with so much incredulity, that they attached little importance to the visitation; but the ensuing night it came back again, and, in anger at the contempt with which it had been treated, left the marks of its fingers on their faces. The favoured two could now no longer resist the warning, but they went to dig where it had been intimated to them to do so, and a holy well of miraculously curative powers came forth. This incident was seriously commented upon in the *Ballyshannon Herald* of September 29, 1832, and supported by no less than thirteen quotations from Scripture! It was not said whether those who had received this dispensation derived any benefit from visits to this miraculous well.

A spirit-stirring ride across the rugged hills of Gahan led to the bay and former metropolis of Doon-na-ngal, "the country of the strangers," according to the Rev. W. Faussett; or, according to the Rev. M. Molloy, the country of the Goil, or "men of chivalry," an epithet used by the Ostmen, who invaded these shores in 789. The town of Donegal consists of a single square, and of very short radiating streets. There are some good warehouses attached to the quay, but the amount of local business is trifling. The castle of Hugh Roe O'Donnell is situated by the side of the river Esk, and a small aperture is shown in one of the apartments which is said to have been used for angling in the stream below. The building of the castle does not, apparently, date before the time of the renowned chieftain whose name is still attached to it. The arms of the family are extant on the chimney-pieces, and in excellent preservation.

The river is crossed by a good bridge, and about a quarter of a mile beyond is a spa. The waters contain carbonates and chlorides of sodium, and carbonate of lime, and give off sulphuretted hydrogen. Both the spa and the castle are kept in repair by Lord Arran. Beyond the pier, and commanding a fine view of the bay, are the remains of the Abbey of Donegal, the cloisters still tolerably perfect, although much buried under ground. Being in great part built of slaty carboniferous limestone, this interesting ruin is crumbling rapidly to pieces. It was surprising to see the numerous rats that thrived in the soil, fattened by dead monks: the vegetation was also unusually rank and luxurious.

At Mount Charles, the first station met with on rounding the north side of the bay, is a lodge belonging to the Conyngham family. The country around is crowded with neat whitewashed cottages, and Mount Charles, where sandstone makes its appearance, is a cleanly little town. From this point westwards the shore is lined with little fishing-towns, occupying each one of the bays of the deep inlet of Donegal. First on the list is Inver, on the fine trout-stream of the same name. This river has its source in a lake situated in the mountains beyond, and it precipitates itself from thence into the valley by a cascade of some hundred feet in height, called the Grey Mare's Tail; and, after running nearly due west for six miles, discharges itself into Inver Bay. In a lough near Mount

Charles white carnelian is found, and another lough, called Tawyer, produces pearls of small size. Next to Inver is Dunglassan, beyond which the great range of primitive mountains which curves round the bay comes down to the shore, with a bold rocky front. The pass of Necknamarra is carried at first through clay-slate and mica schists, and then through hills of gneiss and sienite. The valley between this and the sea forms the bay of Killibegs, the best and most frequented harbour in the bay of Donegal. On the opposite side of the mountain, Ross Beg and Rossmore, noble expanses of mountain-enclosed water, stretched out towards the sea in the heart of a wild yet picturesque country—the outskirts of the desolate district called the Rosses.

The town of Ardra was full of soldiers, who had been despatched to this remote spot to protect the officers of the law. There was not a corner vacant wherein to stow away a pony or to repose a weary head, so there was no alternative but to continue the route, which now for the first time lay in a country in which accommodation for horse and rider were of the most uncertain description. While pondering upon the fate that might await both, an officer of the coast-guard came up at a jog-trot pace from behind, and the opportunity was quickly embraced to make the inquiry as to whether or not there was an inn at Naren, the next station on the map. The question was as quickly responded to by the very unsatisfactory information that there was no such a thing. Whether the wayfarer looked chagrined and gloomy at this intelligence it is difficult at this period of time to determine, but certain it is that a kindly offer was soon made, and as soon accepted, that if the said wayfarer would turn out of his route over the sand-hills he should find accommodation at the coast-guard station. The kindly guide accordingly led the way across marshes dotted with screaming plover, and sand-hills burrowed by playful rabbits, to a neat cottage, with a station for five or six men close by, in the midst of sand-hills, and in the most out-of-the-way place that could possibly be imagined.

“I have brought you a stranger,” was all the hospitable Englishman said to his wife, on introducing the wayfarer to his family circle, and where he was soon so much at home, and there was so much to be seen—the downs and pastures; Gar o’ Corps, “the field of slaughter,” with a tradition of a bloody affray between the MacSweenys and the O’Boyles; Kiltarnish Abbey, on a rock in a lakelet close by; currachs, or boats of horse-hide, like the Gopher boats of Babylonia; a neighbouring village with only one hat for the male part of the community, and which, stuck upon a common pole, was used by the first comer; ploughs tied to the tail of the horse, which in Arthur Young’s time was an almost general practice. “Indignant reader!” exclaims the great agriculturist, “this is no jest of mine, but cruel, stubborn, barbarous truth. It is so all over Cavan.” And then added to all this there was so much kindly hospitality within doors, and that in the prettiest and most secluded cottage that imagination could depict, that—the truth must come out—all further wanderings were brought to an unanticipated close for three long days.

THE CORDELIER OF SISTERON.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO, ESQ.

INTRODUCTION.

FEW English travellers, unless the conditions of their journey be imperative, are in the habit of taking the *route* from Grenoble to Marseilles, which passes through the mountainous region of Dauphiné, and descends from thence to the scorching plains of Provence; for, though this line be the more direct, it is undoubtedly the most tedious and fatiguing. The invalid on his way to Nice also avoids it carefully; and, except by pilgrims to the Vaudois, or an occasional pedestrian to the precipitous heights of Mont Pelvoux, this part of France is rarely visited, and cities once of importance are now comparatively unknown.

Amongst the many places thus forgotten, and neglected alike by industry and curiosity, Sisteron, hemmed in on the frontier of Provence between two torrents—the Buech and the Durance—may be cited as an example. Yet the city of Sisteron can claim an antiquity of two thousand years, from the period of its foundation as the capital of a Roman province to its present obscure condition as the simple *sous-préfecture* of a department. Until within the last few years it gave its name to a *see*. It still boasts a Romanesque cathedral; an impregnable citadel, once the prison of Prince John Casimir of Poland, renders it respectable in military estimation; and for picturesqueness of position it is almost unrivalled. Moreover, the annals of Sisteron contain much that is of interest, not only to the antiquarian and the historian, but to the general reader;—and it was in searching through these that my attention was first attracted towards the peculiar features of a remarkable trial which took place there about eighty years ago. The circumstances connected with it occasioned a great deal of scandal at the time. It appeared to me that an account of them was worthy of being related; and I have, therefore, thrown them into the shape of the following narrative.

I.

THE CONVENT OF THE CORDELIERS.

THE religious establishments of Sisteron, as was generally the case with cities of any note during the middle ages, were at one period very numerous: disproportionately so, indeed, to the spiritual wants or worldly necessities of the inhabitants; for although the greater part of them were originally founded from motives of piety or charity, those attributes gradually declined, and the establishments, instead of a relief, became a burden. Absorbing much, and dispensing little, they grew rich as the people became poor, until at length the anomaly presented itself of the wealthiest endowments being possessed by a mere handful of men, the principle of whose association was a vow of poverty and self-denial.

With a population of less than 4000 persons, Sisteron contained no less than fourteen ecclesiastical foundations, including most of the principal

religious orders : Franciscan, Dominican, Augustine, and Capuchin monks —“ black, white, and grey,—with all their trumpery ;” Ursuline, Bernardine, and Visitandine sisters; besides priories and abbeys, hospices and maisons de Providence.

Of this number some had happily fallen into decay, others had become merged in newer establishments, but one amongst them, the Cordeliers, or Franciscans, still flourished in the last century, though, at the time when the events occurred which form the subject of these pages, the number of brothers was reduced to only three !

The Sisteron Cordeliers were founded, it is believed, in the early part of the thirteenth century, by the celebrated Raymond Bérenger, Count of Provence, who richly endowed the convent : an example which was followed not only by succeeding princes, but by wealthy individuals of various ranks. The family of d'Agout, Seigneurs de Curban, were liberal benefactors ; and during the palmy days of the middle ages the coffers of the Cordeliers were filled with gold, and scarcely a year passed without some addition being made to their extensive landed property. Nor were the pious donors satisfied with giving gold and lands only. Women deprived themselves of their richest ornaments, to deposit them on the shrine of St. Francis ; and their jewels, their chains, their collars, their rings, and the *frontiers* which encircled their heads, were freely given to be converted to holy purposes, in the shape of censers, salvers, and other sacred vessels. It was this material wealth which, at a later period, so highly excited the cupidity of the Huguenot party when the churches became their prey.

There is one donation, out of the many, which, from its singularity, is worthy of being noticed.

A certain Adam Thibaut, a furrier, who died in 1496, desirous of being buried in the church of the Frères-Mineurs beside his deceased friend Jean Chais, and being, moreover, of a convivial disposition, purchased this favour at the expense of an ample and sumptuous dinner (“ bene, decenter et opulenter”) to be served in perpetuity on the anniversary of every Fête-Dieu. He left for this purpose a sum of money sufficient to buy a measure of wheat, four-and-twenty bottles of pure wine, and as much mutton, beef, and poultry as four-and-twenty Franciscan friars could dispose of at a meal.

In what manner the jovial Cordeliers reconciled this compulsory feast with their vow of abstinence is not upon record ; in all probability, they ate the dinner under the stimulus of a plenary indulgence, granted of course with a view to the encouragement of future donations ; or, availing themselves of the casuistry for which they were celebrated, sided with that party among the Franciscans who, in discussing the question of the entire renunciation of all things, imposed upon them by their rule, contended that the aliments which had only a temporary abode in their stomachs could not be looked upon in the light of possessions.

From what has been said above, it is clear that at the end of the fifteenth century the Cordeliers of Sisteron mustered four-and-twenty strong at least—

Four-and-twenty friars all of a row !

By the middle of the seventeenth century their number was reduced to four, and in the year 1767, when this narrative commences, only three

brothers, as I have already remarked, tenanted the convent. The names of these three were Ferrier, Touche, and Laloubière.

Father Ferrier was a weak and infirm old man; dull of intellect, and feeble in health, he was reckoned for nobody in the affairs of the convent, and whether he lived or died seemed to be of no account with the other two.

Father Touche and Father Laloubière were men of a different kind. Both were young, strong and active of body, acute and vigorous of mind. Each aimed at supremacy, and in their secret endeavours to obtain it hated each other cordially. There were no opinions to cultivate, no parties to create, no friends to canvass; each relied for support on himself alone, and on his own unassisted energies. But, resembling each other in many respects, they were not alike in all. Father Touche had no less ambition than Father Laloubière, but his course was more open and unreserved; he coveted the direction of the convent, and the control of the property which still belonged to it, but he was not of a temperament "to catch the nearest way" to the end he sought; he would win the game if possible, but by fair means only.

Not so Laloubière. Less impetuous on the surface, but of a deeper and darker nature, all means that served his purpose were alike to him. If barefaced power could have sufficed, he would have employed it; but failing that, a sinister and concealed system of action met with his ready and unscrupulous adoption.

As far as priority went, Laloubière had the advantage. He was the "*garden*" of the establishment; but although this office carried with it a certain degree of responsibility, it entailed no extraordinary authority. The goods of the convent were in common, and could only be alienated or appropriated by common consent. The right to punish and command—so dear to all men, and not undesired in cloisters—was not amongst the privileges of the *garden*, who longed for the sway that had been vested in the priors and abbots of former days.

There was also another cause for hatred, which, even more than the desire for superiority, engendered feelings of animosity between Laloubière and Touche.

Though the rules of their order were of the strictest, the absence of control in an establishment which, for all practical purposes, consisted only of two members, afforded opportunities for relaxation of discipline which neither of them were slow to take advantage of; and, with a freedom which had never been dreamt of by the founder, they mingled with the world, not to visit the sick or offer consolation to the suffering, but to share in its pleasures as far as lay in their power consistently with external appearances.

Out of this violation of their duties arose a circumstance which aggravated the ill-will borne towards each other by the two friars, and led in the end to the most deplorable consequences.

II.

THE BEAUTY OF BONNE FONTAINE.

AT the foot of the Rocher de la Baume, and within a stone's throw of the ancient convent of the Dominicans, there stood, at the period we

are speaking of, a small village, or rather a cluster of cottages, known by the name of Bonne Fontaine, from a clear, bubbling spring which rose through the crevices of the rocky soil, and sent its tiny stream down the valley, to mingle with the impetuous waters of the Durance. In one of these cottages dwelt a *vigneron* named Antoine Gantelme. He was a widower with an only daughter, and chiefly supported himself during the summer and autumn by the produce of his vineyard and a *jardin potager*, which he sold in the market of Sisteron. In the winter he made nets for the fishermen and sportsmen of the *arrondissement*, and eked out his means by the manufacture of wooden bowls and spoons, in carving which he showed some ingenuity. His daughter, Madeleine Gantelme, assisted him in his marketing, or rather was herself the sole *marchande*, and, when the season of fruits and flowers was past, her busy knitting-needles supplied many of the wants of their simple *ménage*.

Beauty is no remarkable attribute of the Provençale women in the upper valley of the Durance, but Madeleine Gantelme was an exception to the general rule. The crimson of her cheek, the lustre of her dark eye, the brilliancy of her teeth, her fine oval face and well-formed head, and her tall and graceful figure, rendered her conspicuous among the sallow, sunburnt, freckled, and awkwardly-shaped maidens who, like herself, were constant attendants at the market in the Grande Place of Sisteron. Here, as she sat amidst her wares, surrounded by the glowing fruits of autumn, a more picturesque object could scarcely be imagined, and many a male customer sought out her stall, less for the sake of the purple grapes, the golden figs, and the deeply-tinted mulberries which she offered for sale, than to have an opportunity of exchanging glances with, or making pretty speeches to, the Belle of Bonne Fontaine, as she was generally called. In addition to her beauty, Madeleine had a very agreeable, winning manner, and her ready smile offered no discouragement to such as strove to get into her good graces. But this *avenante* disposition was united to perfect modesty and propriety of conduct, and when she was twenty years of age—an advanced period of life in Provence for an unmarried girl—her less-favoured companions, who had already taken the irrevocable step, began to wonder amongst themselves how it happened that Madeleine Gantelme had not yet bestowed her hand upon some favoured lover. They instanced many whom they thought eligible, as, indeed, they were, both from age and station, but the truth was that Madeleine's heart was still untouched. They predicted the happy lot to several amongst the young men of Sisteron, but she smiled and thought of them no more. It never entered into the minds of her friends to imagine on whom her affections would one day centre; and had they named him, which was next to impossible, the girl herself would have started at the idea as if a scorpion had stung her. Yet the impossible prediction came to pass.

In his quality of *gardien* of the convent, the Cordelier Laloubière was a frequenter of the market to make the necessary purchases for the *jours gras*, which the brothers allowed themselves much oftener than the ordinances of the church permitted. Had these been strictly obeyed, the convent garden would have supplied all that was required; and this he was wont to say was all he needed on his own account, but Father Ferrier was an invalid, certain dispensations had been granted, and, against his will, he was compelled to provide the creature-comforts which

he never tasted. An indifferent person who had seen the heavily-laden basket of provisions under which the convent-servant, Jerome, laboured when the marketing was over, would have thought that for a sick man the appetite of Father Ferrier was remarkably good.

But it was not merely to cater for the convent-table, or to bargain with the peasants for quails and truffles, that Father Laloubière haunted the market of Sisteron. The bright eyes and blooming countenance of the Belle of Bonne Fontaine had fixed his wandering glances, and the impression which her beauty made was one he did not strive to resist. On the contrary, he encouraged it by every means in his power, until it became an absorbing passion. Day after day he came to the accustomed place, first to gaze at the fair girl, and then to speak to her in soft and persuasive accents, his secret desires being masked by words of religious seeming. In the simplicity of her heart, Madeleine listened to one who appeared to feel a sincere interest both in her temporal and spiritual welfare; and the frankness of her air and the confidence which she began to repose in him were readily misinterpreted into a levity of disposition that promised an easy conquest. Laloubière was one of those men who, having no belief in virtue, suppose that the seductions of vice have only to be named to obtain proselytes. He threw off the reserve which he had at first assumed, and, dropping the language of his profession, dared openly to speak of love. Madeleine could scarcely believe her ears.—What! this pious and benevolent man, a member of one of the most rigid orders of the clerical profession, bound alike by his special vow and his general obligation as a Christian minister, to mention a theme so profane, and, in this instance, so revolting! She could not trust herself to reply to him, and for a time her embarrassment was misconstrued by Laloubière as her previous frankness had been. In plainer terms he repeated his wishes and urged her to compliance, but he was not suffered now to remain any longer in doubt. As soon as she could find words to give utterance to her scorn and indignation, she broke through the timidity which had restrained her, and it was well for Father Laloubière's reputation that no one was near when she did so. Like a scared wolf he slunk away, but, with the tenacity of the animal he resembled, resolving still to accomplish the base purpose on which he had set his soul.

It was with a heavier heart than had ever before throbbed in her bosom that Madeleine took her way that afternoon to the vesper service in the cathedral, whither she always repaired to pray at the altar of Notre Dame de Pomeris before she went back to Bonne Fontaine. When she left the church her brow was once more serene, though a shudder involuntarily passed through her frame as she paused for a moment on the bridge over the Durance and gazed in the direction of the Cordeliers' convent, in the midst of the Champ l'Abbesse, without the walls of Sisteron. The dark thought of danger weighed for a moment on her mind, but like an ugly dream it vanished as she moved hastily onward to the peace and security of her home.

III.

THE PEYRIMPI.

FATHER LALOUBIÈRE had reckoned, and not without reason, on Madeleine's silence with regard to his unhallowed proffer. Her modesty secured his immunity as completely as her participation in his guilt would

have done. He persisted, consequently, in renewing his addresses whenever the moment seemed favourable, but he was invariably repulsed with coldness, for contempt had now come to her aid in the place of anger. When first she heard his degrading proposal, astonishment at the magnitude of the sin was the strongest feeling in her mind; nor was this diminished on after consideration; but, allied with it, was a sense of the baseness and unworthiness of the man who could make religion the cloak of his wicked designs. As often as he returned to the subject, she gave him some brief answer referring to his sacred calling, by doing which she sought to shame him into reflection on the duties he neglected and the mission he perverted. But this course wrought no change in his purpose, though it awoke a feeling of irritation, which, at every repulse, gradually deepened into a desire for vengeance, and he inwardly vowed her ruin, as much from motives of resentment as from the desire to gratify his passion. For a long time he meditated by what scheme he could manage to get her into his power, and finally decided upon appearing to abandon his pursuit, the better to lull her into security, for, as a means of defence, Madeleine had latterly associated more constantly than before with her companions of the market, and always went in their company both in leaving and returning to Bonne Fontaine. But in ceasing to annoy her by his presence, Laloubière never lost sight of her for a single day. He became a secret spy on all her actions, hovered about her path when she was least aware of it, and might often have been seen in the dead of night watching beneath her window, had any one besides himself been stirring at that hour. Nor did he confine his measures to personal *surveillance*. By cautious inquiry he came to the knowledge of all her father's affairs, what were his pursuits, who his employers, who his relatives, and in what part of the country they resided. Arrived at this knowledge, he formed his plans accordingly.

Having learnt, amongst other things, that a married sister of Antoine Gantelme, named Philippine Berulle, who resided in the canton of Ribiers, about three leagues from Sisteron, was in a declining state of health, he forged a letter in such handwriting as peasants use when they have acquired the art (and he found no difficulty in doing so, for there is little difference in the form or style of their letters), and caused it to be conveyed to Bonne Fontaine by a strange courier, who was passing through towards Barcelonette. It contained an urgent request that Madeleine would go over to see her aunt, whose malady, it stated, had much increased; and as she had always been a great favourite with his sister, old Antoine very readily consented to her departure. He would himself have accompanied her, but a summons to assist in getting in the vintage on the estate of a proprietor who lived at St. Symphorien, in an exactly opposite direction, wholly prevented him. To neglect his work to gratify his feelings was not a luxury permitted to Gantelme—as, indeed, it rarely is to people of his class; and accordingly, on the following morning, when the mists were slowly rising from the river, and everything promised a fine October day, the father and daughter separated on their different missions.

The thought of her aunt's illness had, for the moment, obliterated all other considerations, and, her habits of life having accustomed her to make long distances alone, she never thought of the necessity for a protector on the journey. Besides, it was broad day, the market-people and the *vignerons* were all abroad, the way was well known to her, and the

houses of many of her acquaintance were scattered along her route. After skirting the walls of Sisteron and passing beneath the rocky heights of Chambranon, she pursued the cross-road by Le Virail, which borders the Buech, whose full clear stream swept rapidly past to join the Durance, glancing gaily in the sunlight as the ripple caught it. A short distance from Le Virail the road quitted the banks of the river and wound up the steep side of the Montagne du Collet, for her aunt did not live in the bourg of Ribiers itself, but in a small hamlet called Fraissininié, distant from it about a league. To reach Fraissininié it was necessary that she should pass through a narrow gorge, which was rendered remarkable by a lofty rock of singular form which towers over the valley. It was called in the language of the country the *Peyrimpi*, a corruption of the term *Pierre impie*, which name had been bestowed on it as the traditional fortress formed by nature in which the Saracens took refuge at the period of their latest warfare in Provence, somewhere about the close of the tenth century. Without reference to the creed of the invaders, the people generally looked upon the name as significant of the commission of some forgotten crime, and it would not have been an easy matter to induce any of them to pass after dark, alone, through the gloomy glen.

It is probable that Madeleine shared in the common feeling, but at this hour of the day, and the object of her journey nearly accomplished, she scarcely gave it a thought. The picturesque character of the scene, where the bare and lofty rocks in the foreground contrasted forcibly with the rich autumnal vegetation in the plain beyond, gave her even a pleasurable sensation, and with a light step and a cheerful spirit she hastened to soothe the couch of sickness. Could she but have known that her evil genius was watching her footsteps as she passed the *Pierre impie*, the place might well have inspired her with dread! She passed, however, and unmolested. With the sun shining above his head, the watcher seemed to feel that the eye of God was upon him. Besides, he had calculated on her return at a later hour. Fool! to think that it needs a shrouded sky to perpetrate a deed of evil, or that to the Avenger of Wrong the darkness of midnight is not clear as the blaze of noon!

IV.

THE RESCUE.

A WALK of about three-quarters of an hour from the *Pierre impie* brought Madeleine to the hamlet of Fraissininié. She proceeded directly to the cottage of Philippine Berulle; but when she tried to lift the latch, she found, to her surprise, that it did not yield to her efforts. She tapped at the door, but all was still; louder, but no one replied to the appeal. What could be the matter? Had her aunt's illness made such rapid progress that her husband should have left her to seek for medical advice or for the last consolations of the church? Or was she, indeed, dead, and his absence caused by the last errand on which the watchers of the sick, amongst the poor, are sent?

With a trembling hand and swimming eyes she repeated her endeavours to gain admission; then listened breathlessly at the door, but nothing stirred. She tried the lattice, but it was fast, and she rattled it in vain. At last, from a neighbouring cottage—the hamlet contained only three or four—an old woman, whose day-dream was disturbed by a

fancied noise, came out, and, recognising Madeleine, inquired the reason of her being there when all the villagers were gone, except herself, to the grape-gathering at the Château de Noyers?

"What has brought you over to-day?" she asked.

"A message from my aunt," replied Madeleine, "to request me to come and see her. Is she not sick, Mère Gastinel?"

"Not worse than usual," replied the old woman; "if anything, rather better, seeing that she is able to go to the vintage and earn a day's work—and a good dinner at the château," she added, spitefully.

"Thank God for that!" exclaimed Madeleine. "But who, then, could have sent me a letter in her name, begging me to visit her without delay?"

"I know nothing about letters," replied Mère Gastinel, crossly; "all I know is, if you hadn't made such a noise I should have gone off into a sweet sleep," and, with these words, she was hobbling off to her cottage, when Madeleine's voice arrested her.

"I am sorry," she said, "to have disturbed you, but it was not my fault; and I am afraid I must disturb you still more, for I am rather tired with my walk, and I want a little rest and a cup of water before I set off home again. You will let me step into your cottage, will you not, Mère Gastinel?"

The crone gave a grumbling assent to this request, not inspired thereto by any motive of hospitality, for she was of a niggard nature and unsocial disposition, but from being aware that, if she refused so slight a boon as that, which Madeleine asked, her neighbour Berulle would hear of it, and resent the unkindness to her niece by withholding from her many gifts which now she freely bestowed. A seat on a wooden bench, and water from the well, which Madeleine drew herself, were all she offered, complying thus as literally as she could with the tired girl's petition.

Under the circumstances of the case, and as it would most likely be late before the villagers returned from the Château de Noyer, Madeleine decided that she would not prolong her stay at Fraissinié further than was absolutely necessary. There was no information to be got from Mère Gastinel; so, when her thirst was slaked, and her fatigue, as she thought, overcome, she left a message for her aunt, and, with mixed feelings of annoyance at the fictitious summons and of thankfulness that her first apprehensions had not been realised, turned her steps in the direction of Sisteron.

Had she not been somewhat vexed at the reception given her, Madeleine might have remained where she was till her aunt came back, in which case she would have passed the night at Fraissinié; but the impulse to return prevailed over every other inclination, as if, indeed, it were true that our purposes are controlled by fate.

She had not proceeded far on her homeward journey before she found that she had overtaken her strength. The heat of the sun was excessive, and when she again entered the narrow gorge of the *Pierre impie* she was not sorry to rest once more before she ascended the rugged path.

There was one near her whose dilated eye and quick pulse denoted with what anxiety he had been watching for her return; how eager he was to seize his prey; and yet what a struggle was in his breast between

the desire to do evil and dread of the consequences which might attend the act. It was even a relief to him when he saw his intended victim pause, and seat herself beneath the shadow of the fatal rock, as if the delay were necessary to enable him to summon up courage for the dark deed he meditated.

The subject uppermost at this moment in Madeleine's thoughts was the false message that had been brought her. It seemed so purposeless a jest that she was at a loss to conceive why any one should have taken the trouble to practise it upon her, and was equally at fault with respect to the person with whom it had originated. She ran over the list of her acquaintance, but came no nearer the mark. Her friends were all peasants, who had neither time nor inclination for such an amusement. Of a nature wholly unsuspecting, it never once entered into her head to associate the Cordelier Laloubière with the trick, or imagine that worse was intended than the trouble she had been put to.

While she thus pondered over the matter a feeling of drowsiness, caused by the heat of the day and the length of her walk, insensibly stole over her; her perceptions became more and more indistinct, her hands fell listlessly by her sides, her head sank down upon the bank on which she was resting, and in a few minutes she was fast asleep.

From the place of his concealment Laloubière intently watched her. The artifice he had employed had succeeded better than he had expected, but there were reasons why he still deferred the completion of his villainous scheme. He was chiefly influenced by the fact that the longer she slept the later would wane the day, and that in the greater obscurity he should have her more in his power than even now. Though he reckoned little on any one passing, owing to the loneliness of the spot, he felt assured that, as the shadows lengthened, the chances of interruption diminished, and he wistfully marked how steadily they stretched across the glen.

Meanwhile Madeleine slumbered in the sleep of innocence. Her dreams were of bright skies and beautiful flowers, of merry dances and joyous faces, which chased each other through her brain lightly as the breeze of summer passes over the young grain, changing its hue with every breath.

On a sudden, in her sleeping thought, the heavens seemed overcast, a heavy gloom arose between her and the sun, a storm rent the sky, and from the midst of the darkness there issued forth a voice, crying, "Madeleine, awake!"

She started, and awoke. It was no dream: there was a living reason for that terrible cry. The lips were still parted that had given utterance to it; and, bending over her, she beheld the gaunt figure and sinister countenance of Father Laloubière.

With a scream of affright, the dreadful truth now rushed to her mind; she tried to rise, but an iron grasp pinioned both her hands.

"It is in vain to struggle, Madeleine," said the friar, in a voice broken by emotion; "I have you at last."

She writhed—she strove. In spite of his strength she gained her knees, and in that attitude implored him in piteous accents to spare her. The granite rock above her might sooner have yielded to her prayer.

"Have mercy upon me, oh God!" she cried—and mercy was sent.

A blow, heavy as if a thunderbolt from heaven had fallen, smote La-

loubière on the head. "Scélérat!" rang in his ears, in tones he fancied he recognised, but his senses fled with the thought, and he fell heavily to the ground.

Madeleine looked up: her deliverer was a tall, powerful man, with strongly-marked features, quite unfamiliar to her. By his dress, she might have supposed him one of the shepherds from the Collet, for he wore the broad hat and dark brown cloak which was their common costume; but in his voice and manner was something that rendered that idea improbable. He gave her but short time for scrutiny.

"This is no place for you to remain in," he said; "whither are you bound?"

"To Sisteron—that is, to Bonne Fontaine, just across the Durance," answered Madeleine, faintly.

"That is my way too, at least as far as Sisteron," replied the stranger; lean on me; no harm shall happen to you again to-night. Have you strength to walk so far?"

"Any distance," exclaimed Madeleine, with reviving energy, "so that I leave behind me this horrible place."

The stranger turned once to look at his prostrate foe, who still lay without sense or motion.

"Better so altogether," he muttered, "though not by my hand. But," he added, turning away, "he will revive only too soon."

With this he strode away from the glen, accompanied by Madeleine, who hung upon his arm. It was night when the stranger left her at the door of Gantelme's cottage, into which, however, he refused to enter, to receive her father's thanks.

"Before long," he said, "I trust we shall meet again."

In Madeleine's prayer of thanksgiving that night how earnestly was a blessing invoked on the head of her deliverer!

V.

THE LOVERS.

THE stranger kept his word with Madeleine. On the following evening, on her return from market, she met him at the entrance to the little village. She told him how grateful her father was for her preservation, and urged him to return to the cottage that he might hear from his own lips the expression of Gantelme's gratitude; but she was no more successful than on the previous night, and, ascribing his repugnance to motives of delicacy, forbore to press the question.

The current subject of discourse in the market-place of Sisteron that day had been an account given by the convent servant, Jerome, of how the good father had been attacked by robbers on the previous night, while crossing the mountain of the Mollard on his way home from performing a work of charity in a distant village, and how, after being cruelly treated by them, he had only succeeded in dragging himself to the convent door at an early hour that morning. Madeleine had heard all this, but, fearful of the consequences of making any accusation against a churchman, discreetly held her peace, though it was only by keeping a strong command over herself that she was able to refrain from declaring all she knew when her peasant companions expressed

their horror at the wickedness of attacking so excellent a man. The reason which kept her silent abroad had operated in the same degree at home, and to her father she only spoke of a fright she had experienced, from which he afterwards inferred that her rescue was from one of the same band of ruffians that had fallen in with Father Laloubière.

Of the events of the evening before the stranger said nothing, beyond a mere allusion to the general topic, which he admitted having also heard of, and the conversation soon took a different turn. He spoke little of himself or his pursuits, and Madeleine was unable to gather in what part of the country he resided; but on all other subjects he was sufficiently communicative, and greatly interested his hearer; nor did they part without his having exacted a promise from her to meet again. He had reasons, he said, for not wishing to be abroad in the daytime, but Madeleine might safely trust in his word, that her confidence in him should not be abused, which, after the service he had rendered her, she felt no disposition to doubt. The truth is, Madeleine felt already a great attraction towards her unknown friend, and the scruples she might otherwise have allowed to weigh with her were silenced by a newly-awakened feeling.

To pursue its course would only be to follow a well-known track: it led, as may readily be supposed, to a declaration of love on his part, and on hers to a timid but happy acceptance.

Yet there were many things which rendered this happiness less perfect than it might have been.

In the first place, Madeleine knew nothing of her lover's condition or family; all that he had told her was, that his name was Gabriel Trouchet, that he was unmarried, and that there were circumstances which rendered it inadvisable, if not impossible, for him to marry in that part of the country. There were obstacles at present in the way which time might remove, but what these were he did not reveal. His secret, whatever it was, seemed of no common importance, and its effect on his manner was often painfully visible to Madeleine, who, while she fondly loved him, felt something of dread mingled with her love, and never ventured to question him on subjects which he had forbidden her to speak of. But for this she would have asked him why he had never crossed her father's threshold, or made himself known to Antoine Gantelme, and why they had only met in the secluded valley of the Riou, with the stars for their sole witnesses? All these questions Madeleine checked as often as they rose, though, in doing so, a consciousness of something wrong oppressed her; but her misgivings were of slight duration, while her love grew daily stronger.

In the mean time what had become of Father Laloubière?

Had the unexpected termination of the adventure in the gorge of the *Pierre impie* changed his intentions with regard to the beauty of Bonne Fontaine? Had he ceased to think of her as an object of pursuit? Had he secretly promised to amend his life, and confine himself henceforward to the duties of his profession?

Not at all. Passion still burnt in his heart, and the fiercer for being checked. He was perplexed in the course he meant to take, but resolved on following that only which promised him revenge. In the convent, also, the designs which occupied him after his recovery tended little to the glory of God. He still aimed at becoming sole master there, and

every day brought with it an accession of ill-will towards Father Touche. The communication between these two, never frequent, became by degrees less and less so, till at length it almost ceased altogether. But Laloubière did not on that account lose sight of his colleague, whom he was always seeking occasion to injure. He had latterly been informed by Jerome, the mere creature of his will, that Father Touche was in the habit of absenting himself every evening from the convent, whither he never returned until a late hour. He accordingly set this man to watch the movements of his brother Cordelier, and it was not long before he obtained such information as roused not curiosity alone but emotions of a graver nature. A vague suspicion, which had more than once haunted his mind when the recollection of the events at the *Pierre impie* came back to his memory (and they were rarely absent from it), that the tones of the voice which he had heard were not unfamiliar to him, grew rapidly now into a real belief, and he resolved to satisfy his doubts without delay.

Alone, therefore, and armed with one of those knives which most Provençals carried at that time when they went abroad, he followed Father Touche as he left the convent one night in November, about a month after the adventure in the glen.

Although the night at first was dark, it was not sufficiently obscure to prevent Laloubière from tracking his colleague's footsteps, while at the same time he was himself concealed from one who had no suspicion of being dogged. Father Touche, on leaving the convent, took the path that ran by the broad *gravier* of the river, and, passing beneath the walls of Sisteron, pursued his way as far as the Porte de la Saulnerie, where he crossed the high pointed bridge of one arch which there spans the Durance. He then followed the high road leading to Digne until he came to a narrow path which took its upward course along the flank of the Rocher de la Baume, in the direction of the mountain-village of Vilhosc. Laloubière kept him in view until he came to the gorge of Entrepierres, through which the Riou forces its foaming torrent, and there, the moon having risen in the mean while, perceived that he was joined by a female figure which rose from the foot of a *Calvaire* placed at the intersection of the cross-roads. Laloubière was too far off to distinguish more of the female beyond the fact that she was tall and wore an ample cloak to protect her from the *bise* which came up the valley. He paused while a hurried greeting took place between the pair, who then slowly descended the course of the stream, to where a small amphitheatre of rocks securely sheltered them. To follow them by the route which they had just taken would have exposed him to their observation, and, as there was light enough now on the mountain side, he cautiously crept along until he reached the amphitheatre, where, concealing himself behind a fallen rock, he was near enough not only to satisfy both eyes and ears, but even to touch the persons he was watching, if he had but stretched out his arm.

It was not long before he saw and heard enough, and more than enough, to satisfy him. The female was Madeleine Gantelme, and Father Touche his rival in love as in ambition! There was no doubt now to whom the rescue was owing, whose hand had dealt the blow which robbed him of his prize; and now he remembered, what he might well have recollected before, that Father Touche had relations at Ribiers,

whom he was in the habit of visiting. In returning to the convent across the mountain he had accidentally been the saviour of Madeleine. What had since happened Laloubière could only guess at; but the present intimacy which he witnessed left little for conjecture. But how, he asked himself, did it chance that the virtuous maiden who had so indignantly rejected his own advances, chiefly, he imagined, on account of his being a churchman—how came it that she listened with no unwilling ear to one who was in precisely the same predicament? Was the more comely favour of the younger Franciscan a reconciliation to sin? Was this the boasted purity of the Belle of Bonne Fontaine, the pattern of village virtue? He did not know that Madeleine was herself ignorant altogether of the position of her lover—that he wooed her under a fictitious name—that the care with which he avoided coming into contact with her father, and the reason why he met her only at this hour and in this remote valley, arose from the fear of its being discovered that he was one of the Cordeliers of Sisteron.

The lovers limited their walk to the small space which formed the amphitheatre, sometimes stopping in one place for minutes together when the subject on which they spoke was more than usually animated. On one of these occasions they paused directly in front of where Laloubière was concealed; he had already caught snatches of their conversation, but now he became master of the whole argument. It had been evident to him that Father Touche was proffering some urgent request which Madeleine hesitated to grant.

"What you ask of me, Gabriel," she said, "is impossible. I am my father's only stay—his only comfort. To leave him without a word of explanation would break his heart. I could not fly from his roof and let him learn that I had left it for a stranger. But why, Gabriel, should you continue to be a stranger to him? He is poor, but he has no desire to see me mated beyond my station. If want of wealth, if poverty even, prevent you from speaking, be content, he will offer no obstacle. He will tell you that with health and youth, with a good heart and an active mind, you are on an equal footing with all who have to make their way in the world. It is to the labour of his own hands he owes the little he possesses; he will not deny you the chance of succeeding as others do."

"That, Madeleine," returned Gabriel, "is the least of my fears. I have sufficient for present comfort, and the future shows me a prospect far from gloomy. But here I cannot attempt the course of life which is open to me elsewhere. I have told you that a mysterious fate hangs over me while in this country, like the thunder-clouds which so often cap the mountains above us. To reveal the secret at Sisteron, in Provence, anywhere in France, would bring down destruction on my head, and blast all our hopes of happiness. Nay, do not tremble and gaze upon me so wistfully. It is for no former crime that I fear to declare myself to the world's eye; the hand of justice might grasp mine, yet cause me no terror; if I am guilty of any sin, it is that of loving you—of loving you," he repeated hastily, as if he feared he had spoken too plainly, "and still keeping you in ignorance of the events of my past life. But believe me, dearest Madeleine, an imperious necessity compels me to this silence—at least, for the present. A day will come when you shall know all. In another land nothing prevents our union, no penalty

awaits on the open declaration of our mutual affection, while here—to make it known would be death for my portion and misery for yours !”

Madeleine could not restrain her sobs ; her lover had never before entered so deeply into the subject. The mystery which enveloped him was one she could not penetrate, but there was hope also in his words ; and she clung to hope in despite of fear. True love admits of no impeachment by threatened danger.

There was one within hearing at that moment who could by a word have cleared up all the mystery. Why did he refrain from uttering it ? Had he issued from his place of concealment, and called his rival by his conventual name, exposing to Madeleine the sacred tie which bound Father Touche to a life of celibacy, there could have been no doubt as to its effect on her. It must at once have severed the connexion between them. But how would it have advanced his own projects ? His rival would have been spared the commission of the heaviest crime in the dark calendar of religious offences, and would still have remained to thwart him in his conventual sway. Laloubière's revenge would have had no savour if less than destruction had awaited the object of it. There was one moment when the frenzy of his passion had all but prompted him to sacrifice her who was the cause of his present suffering. His hand was on the hilt of his knife, and one movement of his arm would have laid her dead at her lover's feet. But his own life would have probably paid the forfeit of his act—either in the immediate struggle, or in subsequent denouncement if Father Touche survived him. With a strong effort, therefore, he mastered these several impulses, and waited to hear the issue of the interview before he decided on his ultimate plan.

“ Madeleine,” continued Gabriel, gently, kissing away her tears, “ be comforted. What I ask of you is not, after all, the sacrifice you imagine. I would not for worlds separate you for ever from a father whom you so tenderly love. A few months at the most would intervene before you met again. I have the means which will enable him to join us hereafter, wherever it may happen that our destinies fix us. The Lake of Geneva, whither I go in the first instance, is not so remote but a few days' travel will bring him to your side, and when he witnesses our happiness he will be happy too.”

“ But may I not at least take leave of him if—if I consent to your wish ?” faltered Madeleine.

“ To do so in person would frustrate all my scheme. You shall leave a letter behind you explaining all that can be told. I will phrase it so as to quiet his least alarm.”

“ And how, Gabriel,” asked Madeleine, averting her head as she spoke,—“ how and where is the marriage rite to be performed ?”

Gabriel kept down a strong emotion as he answered.

“ There is,” he said, “ at Gap a priest who is devoted to me, and who will unite us in the dead of night. I am able to procure horses, and a mountain ride of five hours will take us there. The next day will see us across the frontier, and once in Piedmont our journey to the Canton de Vaud will be safely accomplished.”

But Madeleine still hesitated—still reverted to her first theme ; and again her lover had recourse to the arguments he had already urged, with others apparently, which, now that they were again in motion, La-

loubière could not overhear. What they were seemed, however, at last to be successful, for again they embraced, and Gabriel's lighter step and clearer accents showed that he had gained his point. They once more passed Laloubière's hiding-place as they directed their steps towards Entrepierres, and the Cordelier learnt that the evening of that day week had been fixed for Madeleine's flight. When they left the amphitheatre he took no further heed of their movements, but remained fixed to the spot in deep meditation. After a long interval he came forth from the valley, and slowly returned to the convent. Whoever had seen him then would have read an unalterable purpose in the rigid compression of his lips and the vindictive expression of his gloomy eyes.

VI.

THE CORDELIER'S REVENGE.

It has been shown that Father Laloubière was not a man to content himself with a petty measure of revenge. It was in his power to baffle the whole of his rival's project, by laying an information of Father Touche's intentions before the vicar-general of the diocese, and then surprise him in the act—a course which would have ensured the punishment of perpetual imprisonment; or he might at once go to Antoine Gantelme, and tell the *vigneron* of the step meditated by his daughter. But these he deemed paltry expedients compared with what he had in view. Blood was in his thoughts. To remove Father Touche by a violent death, which should leave him free of all suspicion, and once more restore him the chance of regaining possession of Madeleine, was now his settled resolve.

Of a close and mistrustful disposition, he would rather have been the sole agent of the deed, but there were reasons why he needed an assistant. He had long since sounded the depths of Jerome's heart, and knew that it was not want of inclination, but want of courage, which restrained him from the commission of crime. He was one who might easily be induced to follow, though he lacked the boldness to lead; and with the prospect of gain, his covetous soul was at the command of the best bidder. To Jerome, therefore, Laloubière revealed so much of his plan as suited his purpose. The rents of the convent had recently been paid, and these, together with what was previously in the treasury-chest, amounted to a considerable sum. The chest was secured by three different locks, of which each of the fathers kept a key; so that, to obtain access to it, it was necessary a general agreement to open it should exist. It was easy to obtain possession of the key in Father Ferrier's keeping, but not so that of which Father Touche had charge. Laloubière, consequently, sought to prevail with Jerome, whose opportunities were greater than his own, to steal the latter, promising him, as his reward, one-third of the contents of the chest. To this proposition the fellow made no scruple, as he apprehended little risk in the act; but he hinted to Laloubière his fear of the discovery of the robbery. There was a way, Laloubière replied, to prevent all chance of discovery. If the convent were set on fire when the two other Cordeliers had gone to their beds, the building might be consumed with its inmates, it might be supposed that all had perished, and thus no clue to detection would

remain. Laloubière and Jerome might escape as soon as they had laid the train and secured the money; horses would be in readiness (he reckoned on those of which Father Touche had spoken), and by their means themselves and their plunder would be saved. It was a plausible scheme, and as it involved no positive *voie-de-fait*, for which he would have wanted resolution, Jerome finally agreed to aid in its accomplishment.

As a preliminary step, and under the pretence that the wood for the winter's consumption could not be kept dry in the convent *chantier*, Jerome busied himself for several days in storing up a large quantity of faggots in the corridor where the three Cordeliers slept. They would not only be better to burn, Jerome said, when questioned about it, but be much more conveniently placed for the use of the reverend fathers. Father Touche was indifferent on the subject, as he dreamt of wintering somewhere else; and Father Ferrier was glad of anything that promised increased comfort with less trouble.

The night which Laloubière fixed upon for carrying out his plot was that agreed upon for the flight of Madeleine and her lover. How to keep Father Touche from leaving the convent that evening was his chief difficulty. It was absurd to suppose, even if he went to his dormitory, that he would lie down to rest; his time would be wholly occupied with preparations for his departure; and if the fire broke out while he was awake he would certainly escape. As no natural means were likely to aid him, Laloubière bethought himself of artificial ones. He was well known to the only *pharmacien* in Sisteron as an occasional purchaser of medicine for the ailments of Father Ferrier, who was too feeble to apply for them himself; and to him he now went with a tale that the invalid could no longer sleep as he had been accustomed to do, and praying that a liquid opiate might be prepared for him, which Laloubière would be careful to administer in the prescribed doses. The apothecary, who had no misgiving of the uses to which it was to be applied, freely did as he was requested, and Laloubière was now armed with an instrument which placed the life of the man he hated securely in his power.

To mask that hate he assumed a more friendly demeanour towards Father Touche; and the latter, unwilling to part in bitterness, even with such as he, relented somewhat from the austerity which had for some time marked his intercourse with the elder friar. They took their meals again in common, and with a greater show of sociality.

The day so anxiously expected, both by the murderer and one of his victims, at length arrived, and the three Cordeliers were seated at their evening meal, which they always ate at an early hour. Wine was before them, in separate bottles, and each had a motive for drinking freely. It need not be said that Laloubière had drugged the liquor of his two companions; that of Father Ferrier slightly, as a little would suffice to stupify him, while in the bottle of Father Touche he had poured the remainder of the narcotic mixture. It might poison, or only stupify him, he cared not which; the flames would keep the secret in either case. Its effects were soon visible on both. Father Ferrier began to show symptoms of drowsiness; the stronger constitution of the younger man strove against the violence of the dose, but finally yielded, and, pleading fatigue (which he attributed to the excitement of the day, and thought would yield to a brief interval of repose), Father Touche quitted the refectory

for his chamber. A quarter of an hour afterwards, when Father Ferrier had been led upstairs by Jerome, Laloubière's ear was glued to the door of Touche's dormitory. He heard him breathe deeply, and his eyes gleamed with exultation. From that sleep he should never awake!

But he was not content with oral evidence, he would satisfy his eyes also. He therefore gently opened the door and stole into the apartment. Father Touche was stretched upon his *grabat* in all the helplessness of medicated sleep. Laloubière looked round the room. On the floor was a small valise, prepared for travelling. In a half-opened drawer he perceived a bag of money knotted up for convenient removal. He took possession of both, and then descended with Jerome to the muniment-room of the convent, where the treasure was kept. The chest was opened, its contents abstracted and carried to the stable, where the horses procured by Father Touche were standing ready saddled. The money was deposited in the saddle-bags, the valise strapped on, and then the last wicked act of these wicked men remained only to be accomplished. Jerome, carrying a lantern, led the way, closely followed by Laloubière. They drew near the pile of faggots, when the Cordelier, taking the light from his companion's hand, desired him to go to his dormitory and fetch paper to kindle the flames. Some books were there, he said, which Jerome could easily find by feeling for them in a particular place; they would answer the purpose. The servant departed. Laloubière watched him till he entered the room, and then, with the speed of thought, setting fire to the pile, which needed only a candle beneath it to put it in a blaze, stole noiselessly to his dormitory, and double-locked the door with the key which he had previously left outside. So quickly was this done that Jerome, who was busily searching for the books, and making some noise himself in the attempt to find them, never heard the door close, nor was aware of the fact till he stumbled against it on his way out. He tried to open it, but in vain;—he called through the key-hole to Laloubière, thinking that an accident had caused its being shut, but the only reply he received was the loud crackle of the blazing faggots in the corridor. He threw the books upon the floor, and dashed at the door with all his might, forgetting that it opened inside; suddenly he remembered this, and tried with both hands on the handle, and with one foot pressed against the wall, till he bent himself almost double, to drag it open;—it resisted all his efforts. He then ran to the window and threw open the casement; it was barred so narrowly that in vain he tried to force himself through to drop to the ground outside at the risk of breaking his neck. In his despair he shouted for help, but the dormitories of the convent, which stood alone in a vast enclosure, were so situated that they looked out only on the *gravier* that borders the Durance, whence no assistance could come. Presently he thought he heard a noise below; he listened; it was the clattering of horses' feet. Laloubière was galloping from the convent.

Meantime the flames extended; a thick smoke now filled the corridor and sought a vent through every cranny; the open window afforded a relief from the suffocating smell, and Jerome clung closely to the bars, but he felt that it would not be long before the fire reached the room in which he was thus caged, like the Cordeliers in the adjoining dormitories. They, happy in their fate, were stupefied with opium and unaware of their danger; he, on the other hand, was not only conscious of his peril,

but knew himself the guilty cause of it. With what anguish of heart, with what miserable protestations, he promised a life of repentance if spared. The echoes of his cries were the only answer to his insane supplications.

The conflagration now raged; the old timbers of the corridor had caught; a broad furnace of flame swept it from one end to the other; the doors peeled and cracked, the windows at each extremity were burst open, and, rushing high into the air, a pyramid of fire announced to the startled citizens of Sisteron the devastation that was at work in the convent of the Cordeliers.

There were others beside the inhabitants of Sisteron who witnessed the scene from a distance. Two travellers on horseback, a man and a woman, were crossing the bridge of the Durance in the direction of the road to Gap at the moment the flames broke forth. The female reined her horse in, and uttered an exclamation of mingled fear and astonishment, but a brief and impetuous reply, rendered only in a hoarse whisper, chided the delay; they turned their horses' heads to the north and were soon out of sight, while from the southern gates of the town the people flocked to render assistance. How little did one of those riders know who was her companion; how little did she dream that the man she loved was perishing in that terrible blaze!

Yet such was his dreadful fate! Stupified by the drug he had swallowed, Father Touche was suffocated in his heavy sleep. His body was found on the stone floor of his dormitory calcined to a cinder, while, by one of those accidents which defy analysis, the fire spared the apartment in which Father Ferrier lay. Jerome too was saved, but by the aid of those from without, who planted ladders against the windows and broke away the bars which kept him prisoner. He was borne to the ground almost delirious with fear, and those who heard him utter denunciations on the head of Father Laloubière at first ascribed what he said to the ravings of madness. But it soon became apparent that he was consistent in his accusations, and as he grew calmer he told his story with all the steadfastness of truth. Collateral circumstances came in aid: Laloubière's empty chamber, which was entered when the fire was quenched, and the open chest in the muniment-room, made it clear to the authorities that a great crime had been committed.

The manner of Laloubière's escape was told by Jerome, though he could not explain the disappearance of both the horses. He accounted for it, at last, by the fact that each was loaded with the stolen property. But the watchers on the citadel had, by the light of the conflagration, noticed two mounted figures on the bridge at a most unusual hour, and the roused dwellers of the faubourg had heard the clatter of horses' hoofs on the road to Gap. The key to the direction which Laloubière had taken was now given—but who was his companion? A guide, probably, whom he had hired. At all events the truth would speedily be known, for a party of mounted *gendarmerie* was instantly sent off in hot haste to pursue the fugitives, and bring them back to Sisteron.

A friar and a peasant-girl, but little used to riding, were not likely to outstrip the winds in their flight; nor is it any wonder, therefore, that they had barely travelled three leagues before the *gendarmes* were close behind them. In spite of the circumstances, which counselled as little conversation as possible, Madeleine felt surprised at the brevity of

speech of her companion, and at the rare intervals at which he spoke ; but the deception, which was favoured by the darkness of the night, and the similarity of height and costume between Laloubière and her lover, was not removed. Some notable occurrence was necessary to enlighten her.

They had paused to breathe their steeds, after a sharp ascent, when Laloubière turned his head and listened. He heard the measured yet rapid tread of trained horsemen, and the violence of his nature found vent in a passionate exclamation.

"Malediction !" he cried ; "*les gueux sont à nos trousses. Sauvons-nous !*"

He spurred his horse at a bank as he spoke, but the animal, unwilling to leave the high road to which it had been bred, refused to take it, and Laloubière was thrown heavily over the crupper. Madeleine, frightened at the accident which followed, dismounted hastily, and rushed towards the fallen man. But she had scarcely reached him before she found herself surrounded by gendarmes, the leader of whom called out loudly to surrender in the name of the king. Their surprise was great when they found a woman in company with the object of their pursuit ; but it was nothing compared to hers when she discovered by their exclamations that her fellow fugitive was the Cordelier Laloubière.

The villain was only stuuned by the fall, and his first effort, when restored to consciousness, was to attempt to fly ; but the strong grasp of two gendarmes held him as if in a vice, and prevented his stirring. He fiercely interrogated them as to the cause of his detention.

"Of what am I accused?" he demanded, "that you dare to lay violent hands on a brother of the holy order of St. Francis?"

"Of robbery, of incendiarism, and of murder," was the stern reply of the leader of the gendarmes.

"Add also," said another of the party, who had charge of Madeleine, "of violating his religious vow."

"Il y a bien assez pour le faire pendre," observed a third, by way of comment.

Laloubière remained silent under these accusations, but Madeleine, recovered in some degree from her first astonishment, exclaimed,—

"Gentlemen, I take Heaven to witness I am guiltless of all complicity in the crimes of this monster. I knew not till now who was my companion."

"A likely thing," said the brigadier : "a woman travels at night with a fugitive from justice, equipped like him for flight, and yet knows nothing at all about him !"

Madeleine wrung her hands and wept in bitterness of spirit.

"I am rightly served," she murmured, "for abandoning my father. But to be thought the accomplice of a robber, a murderer—it is too horrible! Gracious God! how has all this happened? What can have befallen Gabriel?—how came this wretch to be his substitute?" Then, pointing to Laloubière, she said to the brigadier, "This man can, if he will, prove my entire innocence."

"A la bonne heure," replied the officer ; "but it must be in a court of justice. We can't take depositions on the high road at midnight."

The party now moved towards Sisteron, a gendarme riding on each side of the prisoners. Madeleine abandoned herself to despair at the

shame which she feared awaited her. Her maiden fame for ever blighted, her neglect of filial duty exposed, her seeming association with the guilty friar—all these things weighed upon her brain, and stung her almost to madness. Laloubière gave no outward demonstration of his thoughts, but preserved an inflexible silence, until the party came close to the town, when he desired to speak to the brigadier.

"You have accused me," he said, "of murder. Of whose death am I supposed to be guilty?"

"Of that of Father Touche, one of your brother Cordeliers," replied the *gendarme*. "The servant Jerome has confessed that you drugged him with laudanum, and afterwards fired the convent, hoping to burn all within it. But le bon Dieu has permitted that only one should perish. Father Touche is the sole victim."

"Father Touche then is dead?" cried Laloubière, in a tone of exultation, "Say that again."

"Why should I repeat a fact only too certain? He is dead, I tell you—murdered by your contrivance."

"You hear that, Madeleine," said Laloubière, turning to the unfortunate girl.

"I do," she replied; "and grieve to think any man should die in such a manner, though I know nothing of him."

"Indeed!" said Laloubière, significantly. "Did you ever know any one of the name of Gabriel?"

"Gabriel!" she almost shrieked; "what of him?—can you speak of him?"

"Enough for your purpose," answered the Cordelier, with cold malignity. "Listen, Madeleine: Gabriel and Father Touche were the same person!"

Madeleine gazed fixedly on the speaker for one long moment, and then her agony burst forth in a wild cry. The dreadful secret was now revealed. Her lover was the murdered Cordelier. There was no hope left on this side the grave.

The party had just reached a rocky height bordering the Durance, where are still to be seen the remains of an ancient bridge, carried away some centuries ago by the fury of the swollen river, which, confined in its bed at this spot, rages below at a distance of upwards of a hundred feet of sheer precipitous descent. The gorge is known throughout the country by the name of the *Puits d'Enfer*.

Madeleine's cry startled the horse of the *gendarme* who rode beside her nearest the precipice. The rider reined him up, in momentary fear lest he should swerve. That instant decided Madeleine's fate. Supporting herself on the flat board which had rudely served for a stirrup, she rose from her seat, and, extending her arms towards heaven, while on the night-air floated the words "Adieu! mon père!" she plunged over the parapet, and, before the party could leap from their horses to gaze after her, her mangled body was swept away by the rushing waters of the Durance!

Antoine Gantelme did not long survive his daughter; but he died in the firm belief of her innocence: a belief in which there were very few to share; for people love rather to cherish the memory of a great crime than suffer charity to efface it.

Laloubière was tried and convicted on the evidence of Jerome. He was sentenced to death, but mysteriously disappeared from prison before the day appointed for his execution. It was whispered through the country that the authorities had connived at his escape, at the instance of the vicar-general of the diocese, who sought to avoid so great a scandal on the church as the capital punishment of a Franciscan friar.

This was partly true. Laloubière was saved from death to be transferred to a convent of his order at Coni, in Piedmont, where he suffered imprisonment for more than twenty years. That dreary interval, however, awoke in him no repentance; the wickedness of his heart was unchanged.

The French revolution, which swept away so many monastic establishments, even beyond the territory of France, released Laloubière, then a man of sixty years of age, and cast him again upon the world. He found his way to Lyons, became affiliated with the most violent of the revolutionary clubs, was afterwards a terrorist of the most sanguinary hue in Paris, and finally met his well-deserved fate on the Place de la Grève.

The bloody knife of justice never severed the head of a viler criminal than that of the Cordelier of Sisteron.

PARIS AND THE PARISIANS.

THE Parisians have not yet reaped all the fruits of their revolutionary orgies. Every one is uncertain as to the future; mistrust is in every mind; there is no confidence in things as they exist, in public institutions, or established authority; business cannot recover its pristine healthy tone; financial embarrassments increase daily. Only one thing is certain, which is, that every one is working in his own way, directly or indirectly, in preparing for the entombment of the Republic. The farce of establishing the supremacy of a state of things founded upon insurrection, by a solemn condemnation of the insurrectionists of the day before, is enacted in vain; every one sees through so shallow a device. Thwarted by the assembled legion of representatives, the President dismisses the whole ministerial body, and elects one of a more servile character, without bettering his position; nor can he expect to place himself in independence, unless he and his ministry are made to act apart from the Assembly, or, trying a last *coup d'état*, he assumes a sole and irresponsible power. But should Louis Napoleon strive to attain so unenviable a pre-eminence prematurely, the result will be an inevitable struggle. In such a sanguinary collision, when, as on most previous occasions since the dethronement of the Orleans dynasty, questions of power and authority have to be established in the streets, each party will endeavour to avail itself of the military, of the National Guard, or of the Red Republicans. So rapid are the movements on the treacherous stage of French politics, that, at the very moment that the judges of the land, assembled at Versailles, are condemning to transportation no less than seven members of the

Legislative Assembly, and an officer high in command in the artillery, the President is by his own act liberating the greater part of the prisoners of Belle Isle, and letting loose upon society a body of desperadoes—tools at the hand of the highest bidder. Louis Napoleon is evidently anxious in the coming struggle to rally round him the army and the populace. Backed by such forces, he will set the Assembly at defiance; the other leading political parties will take advantage of the confusion that will ensue to foster even Red Republicanism, if it can tend ultimately to their advancement; and the time is not very far distant which may either reassemble the High Court of Justice, or raise the head of the French Republic to a loftier station.

The condition of that society in which the most striking and singular events of the day are being enacted cannot but be to all a subject of deep interest. There are no effects without a cause, and the social condition which brought about the insurrections of 1848 and 1849, and which may be renewed in 1850, cannot but be suggestive of deep thought to the philosopher and the politician, indeed to every reflecting man. A work, of which the first volume was published some short time back and the second more recently, by an observing and intelligent foreigner, M. Charles de Forster, and which, at first called "*Quinze Ans à Paris*," had subsequently its title changed to "*Paris et les Parisiens*," has afforded us an unusual opportunity of stepping as it were for a moment from the arena of political action down into the bosom of society itself, into the midst of the great crowd of Paris, or apart with the different members of that strange body. The sum of each man's existence is made up of details insignificant in themselves, but which, when considered as acting upon masses, assume a significance and a character that cannot be too highly appreciated. There is nothing in the life of the Parisian that is not deserving of study, for his luxuries as well as his cares, his pleasures as well as his business, are made to assume more or less of a political character. Some features of the Parisian character are so prominent, more especially the self-exaggeration of each individual, producing national glorification among the mass, that the stranger who smiles at first is himself gradually carried away, and seldom fails, after a short time, to be convinced with all around him that there is nothing so great, nothing so worthy, nothing so magnificent as Paris and the Parisians! This is the case, it must be stated beforehand, with our otherwise intelligent authority M. Forster. He is carried away by the current even at the onset, when he allows himself to be committed to so unphilosophical a mistake, so cardinal an error, as that which obtains with every Parisian when he puts forward change as progress.

"Who," exclaims M. de Forster, "can aver that the Paris of the morrow shall be the Paris of to-day? that the great metropolis of 1830 resembles that of 1849? Everything changes, everything perishes and revives under a new form, in this extraordinary city, completing the work of the past, enlarging the arena of the future, but marching always, ever marching onwards!" It is evident that M. Forster does not think that it is possible to go backwards; yet history presents no less curious than striking instances of changes not being always progress. According to Forster Paris is the centre from whence radiate upon the world the most generous, the most social, and the most philosophical ideas. To Paris belongs

the exclusive honour of taking the initiative of all that has been accomplished in Europe that has been *really progressive*, of all that has profited to civilisation and to humanity. France is the country of liberty *par excellence*, and in that respect it stands by itself and alone. "England," adds Forster, "by her geographical position, her religious tendencies, and the very spirit of her organisation, has never been able to impress the world with that universal impetus which leads to the realisation of the greatest good—liberty."

Among the changes lately effected by this wonderful nation, at the sacrifice of thousands of lives, two have been from a constitutional monarchy to an irresponsible republic, and from an irresponsible republic to a presidency or dictatorship, which openly proclaims the anarchy that prevails, the necessity of the *single direction* of a firm character, and that the name of Napoleon is a complete programme in itself. Is this progress? Are these the conquests in constitutional government so much boasted of?—the fulfilment of the social problem to be solved to the profit of all—property divided, places open to the deserving, to the seclusion of all *castes*? The other day the Parisian friends of the "peace movement," which, as one of progress, must have originated in Paris, were, according to M. Bastiat, the only representative who crossed the *Manche* in favour of a vague but generous object, to be summoned by the electric telegraph, but it was discovered—and the fact, says M. Bastiat, has not a little astonished our neighbours—that in France the electric telegraph is not at the disposal of the French! Yet this is the country of liberty *par excellence*, and which in that respect stands by itself and alone! If egotism is liberty, and change progress, most assuredly the Parisians enjoy an abundant share of both.

It is, as before said, the tone of exaggeration pervading Paris—which applies to everything in public or private life, in the café and the theatre, in literature, art, and politics—that imparts to the place one of its most peculiar features. Every one brings to the common mass his own prejudices. He defends them obstinately, and never yields what he considers to be his right—his convictions. The one great prejudice inseparable from a Parisian is, that everything in his city is superior to anything elsewhere. The shops surpass even those of the shopkeeping nation close by; the walks and passages are unequalled; the cookery famed throughout Europe; the men the politest and wittiest of mankind; the women the best dressed and the prettiest; the libraries wondrous; the conservatory and opera unrivalled; the artists and authors incomparable; the orators supereloquent; the doctors and learned men omniscient; the army—especially the National Guard—irresistible; the very pickpockets and thieves ennobled by their dexterity, ingenuity, and civility. These facts are so impressed upon the stranger, and in so civil yet so resolute a manner, by every one and at every corner, that other and less egotistical natures soon succumb, and are carried away by the great self-congratulatory torrent.

If the reader cares to disport himself for a time in this vortex, M. Forster is just the person to afford him an excellent opportunity of doing so. Much—some will say a great deal too much—has been already written about Paris; M. Forster will prove to you the contrary, and that even the *cent et un* have not been able to depict their own countrymen

in all the various phases which so kaleidoscopic a society presents to the observer. M. Forster informs us, in the first place, that there are two kinds of society in Paris: one, with which it is impossible to mix without the best introductions; and a second, which he tells us opens its doors to any stranger of good appearance—that is to say, who possesses a black coat, japanned boots, straw-coloured gloves, and a riband (no matter what order—a freemason's will do) at his button-hole. A lady between two ages, generally the widow of a magistrate or a field-officer, the intimate friend of a deputy, having some influence in ministerial circles, and whose acquaintance the stranger has made by accident, will introduce him into this kind of society. In return for such an act of condescension, the stranger is expected to waltz and polk almost incessantly; for the lady between two ages, M. Forster tells us, is passionately devoted to this kind of exercise.

The Frenchman, M. Forster assures us, is perfect in his conduct to strangers; his heart occupies a lofty position; his blood flows warmly; his head is easily excited; everything, with him, must be done at once, for he is easily discouraged; he is quick, but not patient; brilliant in conversation, but not profound in philosophy; he arranges his time so as to enjoy three times as much life as a German: he dresses as he likes, and carries the fashion everywhere: gallantry is his chief occupation, nor does he in any way trouble himself what direction it takes. The exquisite politeness of olden times (M. Forster says) is now going by. The new generation look upon the manners of the past as unworthy of independent men. The abuse of tobacco he also asserts to have a most pernicious effect. It seems, he says, as if the smoke of that noxious weed has the property of tarnishing the lustre of good manners.

"*La femme règne en France*" is an old and accredited opinion, which M. Forster has the singular intrepidity to replace by the statement that "*La femme est un meuble bien utile en France.*" So ungallant an aphorism is softened down by encomia on the sex of the most flattering description. The Frenchwoman, M. Forster avers, is one of the most delicious creations of the world, and holds, without question, the first place among the women of all nations. In Paris, every woman, ugly or pretty, is in possession of advantages which can scarcely be obtained elsewhere by a distinguished education. She has also far more talent and readiness than her husband; and hence it is that in a certain class, among shopkeepers and small households, everything is left to the woman, and there she reigns absolute.

A chapter upon the climate of Paris is neither so long nor so didactic as those upon the Parisian and the Parisienne. As a *résumé* of the whole, it would appear that winter is the most stirring and noisy epoch; spring, the most musical; summer, the most empty; autumn, the most melancholy. Winter is given up to pleasure, spring to the arts, summer to study, autumn to idleness or to emigration. In winter, the Parisiennes are seductive; in spring, romantic; in summer, speculative; in autumn, tourists.

It is pretty generally admitted that no other nation, except Rome at the period of its decline, has carried the art of cookery to such perfection as the Parisians. The exaggeration that exists in every-

thing, from dress to politics, attains its acme in the practices and the literature of the *cuisine*. We need not go abroad to seek for examples of the almost extraordinary enthusiasm and devotion with which the genuine professor regards this art. No really inspired man can ever speak of a new gastronomic creation in the calm language of ordinary life. Vatel is ever in his mind; Carême in his head; Brillat Savarin at his fingers' ends.

M. Forster places in the category of the aristocracy of the *cuisine* Véfour, Véry, the Café du Périgord, and the Café Corazza, in the Palais Royal; the Maison Dorée, the Café Riche, the Café Anglais, and the Café de Foy, on the Boulevards, where are also the Café de Paris and the Café de la Madeleine, deans of the faculty of cookery.

After these scientific establishments, whose *chefs* are better paid than bankers or ambassadors, come those restaurants which, without having a European or even a Parisian reputation, *which is the same thing*, still enjoy a kind of renown, and that generally for some speciality. Such are the restaurants of the Boulevard du Temple: Deffieux, renowned for the freshness of its *marée*; the Cadran Bleu, for its matrimonial repasts; the Vendanges de Bourgogne, for its private cabinets; Pestel, rue des Frondeurs, for its dinners, termed *à la Union des Nations*, organised and presided over by M. Jullien, of Paris; Philippe, rue Montorgueil, for oysters; the Italians Biffi, for macaronis, and Broggi, for *côtelettes à la Milanaise* and the polenta; Vachette, Boulevard Poissonnière, for its *soles au gratin*; Champeaux, Place de la Bourse, for its garden; Lemardelay, restaurateur to the corporations, &c.

Next on the list come the restaurants at two francs and thirty-two sous. The rooms are well furnished, the linen perfectly clean, the plate and crystal everything that can be desired, the cellars well supplied; and Brillat Savarin asserts that any one who knows how to choose his dishes can dine very well at this price. M. Forster remarks, that to eat such a dinner at home as can be obtained in the Palais Royal for two francs, it would be necessary to spend four or five thousand francs (160*l.* to 200*l.*) a-year upon the kitchen only. The best restaurants at two francs are, Moureau, Halatravant, Tavernier, Richard, and Harbain, in the Palais Royal. The first two give soup, four dishes at the consumer's choice, dessert, half a bottle of wine, and *pain à discrétion*. The others only give three dishes. The stranger may dine equally well for the same money at Richard's, Galerie Colbert, and at Masson's, Passage des Panoramas. For small incomes it is always better to dine at a given price than by the *carte*.

In every quarter of Paris eating-houses are to be met with, having more or less ambitious designations—as the little Vatel, the great Vatel, the little Véry, the little Véfour. At these houses, for the sum of 9*d.*, soup, two dishes of meat, dessert, a pint of wine, and bread, may be obtained, the same as at Flicoteau's, the chief restaurant of the Quartier Latin, for 6*d.* The curiosity of the thing is how this is done—how dishes of meat can be served up at a penny a plate, and soup at a halfpenny. M. Forster gives the following explanation of this mystery:—

The restaurants of the first class are obliged, unless they would wish to sacrifice their reputations, to have everything as fresh as possible. As they charge accordingly, it is not of much importance that they also make their purchases at a high figure. But their stock not being all consumed the same day, and not being able to serve it up again the next, they make arrangements with the restaurants at two francs to take all that is superfluous; for that which may

not be good enough for the *gourmet* who pays thirty or forty francs for his dinner may appear delicious to the less fastidious who pay two. This exchange of produce does not stop here. The third day the refuse of the two-franc dinner goes to repair the forces of consumers at 9d. a-head, and on the fourth or fifth the refuse of the refuse is to be met with in the form of *arlequin* at the open-air restaurants.

To those who may not have followed Rodolphe in his cap-and-blouse disguises or have perused Jacques Arago's picturesque sketches of the Parisian pauper, it may be necessary to explain that *arlequin* is the name given to the refuse of kitchens, mixed indiscriminately. Everything is to be met with in this disgusting compound—bones badly gnawed, legs of fowls, backbones and heads of fish, with lumps of fat. The *arlequin* may be seen to advantage in the street called the *Marché Neuf*, which, after passing the lugubrious Morgue, leads to the cathedral of Notre Dame. It would appear, from the above statement, that a stranger cannot dine in Paris unless he expends upwards of a pound upon his dinner. If he takes refuge in a restaurant at two francs, he only gets the refuse of the more opulent purveyors. There is much cause for self-congratulation in feeling that this system does not exist in London, where, at any respectable eating-house, the soles are fresh, simple roast and boiled meats never twice cooked, and neither fish, flesh, nor fowl tainted or corrupt. There is in this respect a manifest advantage in English cookery over the French, as made dishes facilitate too much the operations and disguises exposed by M. Forster.

Cafés, which in Paris take precedence of bakers and grocers in number and in luxury of aspect, originated with one Pascal, an Armenian. The most renowned of the cafés of olden time was that of the *Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie*, where the terrible Encyclopædists used to meet. Madame de Sévigné said, "Racine and coffee will pass by;" but, upon this occasion, that clever lady did not speak as a prophet. In the present day the *Café de Paris* and *Café Anglais* take precedence of all others. The *Cafés de Mulhousen* and de *l'Europe* are most frequented by merchants; the *Cafés Lemblin* and *Foy* by Liberals and Bonapartists; the *Cafés Turc* and *Régence* by chess and domino players. The Parisian, so zealous in the search without for what he probably cannot find at home, insists upon the leading cafés having beautiful *dames de comptoir*. But even these have become so rare, that the apparition of a star of any magnitude in a café necessitates the interference of the police to keep order among the crowd who rush to the shrine of the new beauty. The *dame de comptoir*, M. Forster tells us, always in the same position, soon fades away, and dies the victim of her beauty, or flies to some distant country with a rich boyard, or a *chevalier d'industrie qui en spécule*.

The garçons receive their wages from the frequenters, "because, every Frenchman being equal before the law and free, he will not exchange that liberty for the salary of one, which would be an humiliation!" It is surprising to find a foreigner, for M. Forster appears to be a Pole, thus prostituting his judgment before the prejudices of a Parisian valet. If all men considered the service of another inconsistent with liberty and civilisation, and beneath the dignity of manhood, all would be masters, and want and barbarity would take the place of production and riches.

"If there be a city," says M. Forster, "most spoken of in the world, it is most assuredly Paris; and if in that city there is an edifice most familiar to strangers, it is, without contradiction, the Palais Royal." To such a preamble naturally follow exaggerated descriptions of the wealth, the industry, and the decorations of this splendid caravanserai, itself a city within a city. Doors and windows of Bohemian glass display behind them riches that dazzle the beholder! Corcelet's is "a sanctuary of taste." Maisonneuve has no rival, except Fenoux on the opposite side, in the manufacture of superb portfolios. Money-changers exhibit piles of gold and prodigious heaps of bank-notes. Aubrey beats the English in the temper of his steel. Here are innumerable jewellers to satisfy the most exquisite or the most extravagant tastes. The crystal staircase at Lahoeche's is celebrated even in Cochin China. Imitation never before attained the degree of perfection attested by the wigs of Richard. Sakoski is enthroned among shoes of unparalleled make. Everything that flies in the air or swims in the sea is to be obtained at Chevet's. In fact, everything is surpassing in its way, and M. Forster's descriptions are like the glare and sparkle of the little lamps and tinsel of the panorama at the Coliseum.

Among the Parisian tailors Jean de Bourgogne is said to be the first who felt in its full significance that life was not long enough to enable one person to study all the parts which constitute a gentleman's dress. Convinced of this great fact, he concentrated his whole powers, his almost unrivalled genius upon the waistcoat, as Mr. Sheriff Nicol, in our own capital, had the shrewdness to do upon the paletot; he devoted to it years of study; he made himself thoroughly acquainted with the anatomy of the chest, and with the structure of its bony case; he sounded the problem of its geometrical relations with a sphere; and he succeeded in designing a waistcoat deemed a *chef-d'œuvre*. So wondrous a success in a speciality was not lost upon others, any more than Nicol's or Grandjean's paletots have been without rivals. Renard and Vitit have devoted themselves to pantaloons, Humann and Chevreuil are most distinguished for coats, Velter for paletots.

There are few Parisians who are acquainted with all Paris, but the heavy duty that is levied by the municipality upon wines and spirits brought into the town has caused an infinite number of wine-shops to spring up outside the walls at every outlet, and thither crowds of the middle and lower classes repair, especially on Sundays and Mondays. The tricks resorted to to pass spirits into the city without paying the duty are often very ingenious. Sometimes it is a man with a hump, a Norman with a high bonnet, or a lady *en famille*. Upon one occasion the lynx eyes of the "gabelous" were for a long time blinded by a lady who took a daily walk accompanied by a fat pug-dog which she led with a string on its exit, but the poor little thing, getting tired with its walk, was always carried back into town. Unfortunately, one day, a guardian of the gate offered a bone to the dog, who, insensible to the proffered politeness, did not even turn towards the donor. This excited so much curiosity that the dog was examined, and turned out to be a tin case in the form of a quadruped, covered with dog-skin. It is needless to say that the living pet was daily taken back by another gate. A party once succeeded in introducing a very considerable quantity of wine and spirits into the city without paying duty, by hiring two

houses, one within the walls, the other without, and establishing a subterranean communication between the two.

M. Forster gives a graphic description of *la fille du peuple*, whose sole coquetterie is limited to the kerchief which she ties round her head, not only with a certain elegance, but even so as to communicate to her naturally quick and intelligent look a truly picturesque aspect. The *bouquetière* is a step in advance of the *fille du peuple*. One of her tricks, and not an uncommon one, is to watch a stranger who attends any public place, more especially balls or concerts, in company with a lady. The *bouquetière* ascertains in a few minutes the extent of the intimacy existing between the parties; she soon makes her way up and forces a bouquet upon the lady, who seldom refuses, leaving the neophyte to disburse the trifling expense. The gallantry of the latter is, however, sorely tried, when the *bouquetière*, with trembling hand, and a look so earnest, so deep, as to make him apprehend that he has inspired an unfortunate passion, asks ten or twelve francs for a winter rose or a few violets. Some ladies share profits with the *bouquetières*, and the same flowers are often sold the same evening several times. For these and various other reasons, it is well for the stranger to beware of the fair *bouquetières* of Paris.

The life of the Parisienne is for the most part made up of the minute details of dress. The most refined taste cannot discover anything to find fault with in the pretty woman's toilette. There are among them many who accept presents, who will receive bank-notes or permit their rooms to be superbly furnished, but without exacting such a tribute to their charms. Their sole object is to amuse themselves, to intrigue, to write letters whose orthography is anything but orthodox, and to shine in public balls. While one devotes life to dress, the other makes a secondary consideration of the toilette; while the one is *spirituelle*, the other is adorably stupid—she remembers words that she does not understand, and uses them in the wrong sense. She is essentially gourmande, and not very particular, being generally devoted to à la mode-beef and haricots, which she will ask for with a serious face at Véry's or the Café de Paris.

There are pretty Parisiennes who delight in disorder. These are an amusing class to study. Penetrate to the domicile of one of these pets of the Parisians, and you will find her bracelets under the table, her hose on the chimney-piece, her gloves in a pot of preserves, and her comb by the side of an Italian cheese. She knows the fourth part of a tune on the piano, and three-fourths of a ballad, which she sings night and day to a wrong tune. She is always speaking of her father, who was a field officer in the time of the Empire, or drum-major in the National Guard. She is not so affectionate to her mother, who generally looks to the housekeeping, and who receives from her loving daughter three sous a-week to purchase snuff. She is not, however, always parsimonious; when she is in funds she gives her old shoes to her mother, and buys her a shawl for seven francs fifty centimes. If you perceive a half-burnt cigar on the table, it is she who has smoked it—a gold-headed cane, it is her father's—a pair of boots, they are for a masquerade. Any other accidental fragments of male attire—they are for theatrical purposes. If you stumble accidentally upon a gentleman advanced in years, it is her godfather, who wishes to settle her in life.

There is a district of Paris called the *Quartier Latin*. La Sorbonne,

the schools of law and medicine, the Collège de France, are its chief places. This learned district, as its name implies, is tenanted by the studious youth, the hope of France, and the future glory of this fine country. It is there that this studious youth gives itself up to scientific occupations, such as playing billiards, blowing horns, smoking pipes, and now and then, by way of change, attending lectures.

It will be readily understood that a youth with such serious occupations cannot look after his domestic affairs, his boots, and shirts: these artistic cares devolve upon the fair person who shares his bifteaks, his monthly allowance, and even in his monthly studies. There have been many Parisiennes of this class who could pass an examination in descriptive or general anatomy or in public law. These *liaisons*—*mariages du treizième arrondissement*, as they are called—are made at the *bals* of the Prado or the Chaumière, sometimes over a *choppe* of beer and the inevitable *échaudés*, but punch and ices are most influential.

Some idea may be gathered from these revelations of the Quartier Latin as to the moral of the French student. Is it surprising that at the moment of insurrection the students should rush down to the affray and add to the ranks of the insurgents? It is now well known that amongst the 15,000 prisoners cast into the forts or buried in the caverns of the Tuileries after the affairs of June, were many hundred medical students. Many have never been heard of since those terrible days, while the majority, without the shadow of trial or judgment, condemned by the military tribunals, were transferred to the *pontons* and thence transported to Africa. No wonder that even French parents hesitate to expose their children to a residence in Paris during these troubled times. An eye-witness, describing the opening of the present session on the 2nd of November, says that the hospitals are full of patients, but the hotels on the contrary are empty of students, and for the most part tenanted by their masters alone, a very unprofitable species of occupancy. Here and there a lank American, or a stray English doctor, may be seen; but that once busy and joyous quarter is now comparatively a desert; hardly a French student is to be met with in its once crowded streets, and the establishments which they were wont to support are closed or rapidly falling into decay.

When we consider that in the great human ant hill, yelet Paris, every morning some 50,000 persons rise up without knowing how they are to dine, it will not be surprising that there are among them many who follow *industries sans nom*. We do not allude here to the slothful cowardly reprobate of the lower, or rather lowest, class of human beings, but to the *chevalier d'industrie* of a higher order.

Turn now and contemplate that man, elegant, *distingué*—so perfectly amiable, so agreeable in his manners. A riband of some order of merit adorns the button-hole of his coat, the cut of which is irreproachable. The most charming smile lingers upon his lips; his profile is at once graceful and refined; his look penetrating, yet mild. Nothing can be done without him; he is one at every hunting-party, at races, bals, and soirées. He shakes hands with deputies and with influential journalists; he is upon the best terms with magistrates and bankers, and sometimes dines with a minister. His horses are quoted on the "turf;" his stories repeated in the minor journals. He is *tutoyé* by dancers and actresses, adored by their *mères*, whose confident and counsellor he is. He carries from house to house, from green-room to green-room, the scandal of the day, the broken or the projected *liaisons*, the quarrels, the treatises, and the makings-up. A good horseman, a skilful player, versed in the knowledge of diamonds and precious stones, he bets

at every word. As soon as a great lord, a wealthy tourist, the heir to a great name and fortune makes his appearance on the Boulevard de Gand, or under the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli, he picks up an acquaintance with him, invites him apparently to a fire-side supper, from which he prudently withdraws at the dessert.

Yet this man is the habitu  of the clubs, the dandy, the peaflower of our golden youth. He is called *l'am  de c ur*!

It is not surprising that, in a city where luxury is paramount, the most common description of swindling practised is at the expense of keepers of hotels, restaurants, and caf s. The Parisian has a strange belief in fabulous wealth. Hence it is that *millionnaire* is his favourite expression, and every wealthy Englishman is in his eyes a *milord*. It is also to be attributed, as before said, to the circumstance that a great part of the business of Paris is simply engaged in supplying the demands of pleasure or luxury. All the tricks of the Parisians have a local stamp—some prominent feature or other essentially French. Sometimes it is an “illustrious emigrant,” or “a great political victim,” pressing to his bosom a cross of immense value, only remnant of a vast fortune, the gift of a potentate. He is obliged to part with it, but he does so with tears of grief and heartrending sighs; he will sell it for nothing—a thousand francs! The cross, when examined at a subsequent and more leisurely moment, is found to be worth thirty sous, and the distinguished victim of political events is a native of Pantin, where he has from time immemorial been an itinerant dealer in lucifers. Sometimes it is a lady, who is handed out of a carriage by two footmen, and enters to select jewellery. Desiring the articles selected to be paid for by the duke her husband, she takes one of the foremen with her in her carriage, but escapes by the back door of an hotel.

Speaking of crimes of a more serious nature, M. Forster says,—

The neighbourhood of the canal is very dangerous at all times. He is a miserable wight who has to traverse that district alone by night. A stab is soon given; the silent waters are there, and receive the victim, who has not even time to cry for help. Of late the police has been so busy seeking for political conspirators, that the assassins have had it almost all their own way. Nocturnal attacks increased in a frightful ratio. At last the institution of “*patrouilles   clair  es*,” ever moving on at short intervals, permitted those who were out late to get home without accident.

It often happened that, when an act of assassination was committed, the cries of the victim were drowned in boisterous laughter. If by chance some one, wakened by the cries of murder, opened the window, he would only see a group of persons laughing at the top of their lungs. Perhaps one of them would say, “*Tais-toi donc, farceur; tu vas   veiller le quartier!*” And he would shut his window, fancying it was merely a set of drunkards; but the next morning a bloody corpse lying at his door would disclose with what cynical cruelty a murder had been committed.

To turn to subjects of more general interest, M. Forster takes up the question of the republic in the threefold sense, whether such a form of government is in the nature of the country, if the French character can put up for any length of time with such a form, and whether the wishes of the nation go really along with it. The grievous sore whence springs the misery of the people M. Forster considers to be, *the contempt into which every kind of power has fallen in France*. What a theme to expatiate upon, and how true! In France, says M. Forster, rebellion against the law is so attractive to the majority, that when the most fantastic demands are not conceded at the moment, they are ready to follow out their principles of disorganisation at once to an extreme. Hence, he adds, will France be tossed about, unsettled, and un-

steady, till education has diffused among the masses respect for power. This may appear to many a state of things both difficult and tedious of cure. If France must wait till education shall have taught its masses and the *élite* of the country respect for power, it has a long time to wait, and the interval cannot but be looked to with great anxiety. But it is not want of education. Copefigue explained the origin of this monstrous sore much more correctly when he traced it to the universities and the existing system of education. One of the directions most fatal to the executive which this tendency of the French to despise those in power is made to assume is Ridicule. At the present moment in France the most serious matters, the most noble actions, are made subjects of ridicule, and have no longer any respect attached to them. The provisional government itself, with its unlimited powers, could not escape this fatal spirit. Every name, however illustrious, is liable to be swallowed up in the same swamp in which the great and the insignificant, the glories and the shame of the country are alike engulfed.

As to the declaration of a republic at the Hôtel de Ville, M. Forster avers that it was received with a general stupefaction. The country "*laissez faire*," and M. Ledru-Rollin undertook to show by his commissaries that without a republic there was no safety. This stupor lasted for a sufficiently long time to induce a belief that the republic was a thing desired and accepted. All kinds of hopes and promises were also held forth by the party in power, and the past was calumniated at the expense of the future. Universal suffrage was to be the criterion of the national will, yet with it came the first disappointment. The nation had somewhat recovered the state of stupor into which it had been thrown—it felt that the existing state of things could not last, yet it was not willing to go to an extreme in opposing the republican party; it contented itself with returning nearly an equal number of members to the ministerial and to the opposition benches. The experiment still did not succeed. Mistrust on one side, fear on the other, paralyzed action, and kept everything in suspense. The republic does not act, not because, as the Montagnards would have us believe, sufficiently revolutionary means are not put in force, but because it has not been established on a congenial soil. "*La sève républicaine*" (the republican sap), says M. Forster, "is wanting in France." The Past in France belongs to the monarchy, with all its *prestige*, all its glories, and even all its vanities. To attempt to establish another order of things in a country whose past reposes on totally different principles is an impossibility. To attempt to destroy the traditions of the past is to subjugate and oppress the majority of the nation to the benefit of a few. Wherever there is a yoke there is resistance, with conspiracies, struggles, and civil wars. Now France is essentially monarchical, both in respect to its traditions and in the estimation of the middle classes, as well as in the vanities of its aristocracy.

France, in electing a president, rejected General Cavaignac, although he rendered immense services to society in the days of June, only because he was too republican. It gave six millions of votes to Louis Napoleon Bonaparte because he did not represent a republican idea. Louis Philippe's fall has not carried with it all the traditions of the past. The question is as to whether the Monarchical or the Imperial principles will be first revived, and how long, if once more brought to life, either will enjoy vigorous and undisputed power. *Nous verrons.*

SOAPEY SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A WET EVENING.

WE were nearly coming up from Hammersmith, where we live in a style of considerable elegance—not to say luxury—in a second-floor front—we were nearly coming up from Hammersmith, in one of Mr. Cloud's omnibuses, to what is technically termed "pitch into the printer," for breaking off where he did last month; when, on referring to the manuscript, we came to the conclusion that he could not have better described the long, pottering, dribble of words that ensued, ere Messrs. Spraggon and Sponge got their intercourse up to anything like a "cry," than by breaking off, and giving the reader a month to rest upon it. They went so slow, and dwelt so long upon each observation, that it would have been almost impossible to give an idea of the lapse of time that ensued without publishing the best part of a page blank, with here and there a cough, a hem, or a half-finished sentence.

At first they went about the pace of a couple of chess-players, and their passings and repassings of the bottle might have served for moves on the board. But though their tongues were somewhat tied, their minds were anything but idle. Sponge was thinking if there was any possibility of turning Jack to account; while Jack, on his part, was engaged in a most difficult and delicate inquiry, whether it would not be possible to combine his future prospects under Lord Scamperdale's will with his present interest of getting something by abating the Soapey nuisance by buying his horses on his lord-ship's account.

It may seem strange to the uninitiated that there should be prospect of gain to a middle-man in the matter of a horse-deal, save in the legitimate trade of auctioneers and commission stable-keepers; but we are sorry to say we have known gentlemen, bearing even her Majesty's commission, who have not thought it derogatory to accept a "trifle" for their good offices in the cause. "I can buy cheaper than you," they say, "and we may as well divide the trifle between us."

That was Mr. Spraggon's principle, only that the word "trifle" inadequately conveys an idea of describing his opinions on the point; Jack's views being, that a man was entitled to 5*l.* per cent. as of right, and should take as much more as he could get, just as the servants at certain self-paying hotels consider that what is charged for them in the bills is "theirs," and what they can get for themselves is "their own."

It was not often that Jack got the chance of a "bite" at my lord, which, perhaps, made him think it the more incumbent on him not to miss a chance when he had it. Having been told, of course he knew exactly the style of man he had to deal with in Mr. Soapey Sponge—a style of man of whom there is never any difficulty in asking if they will sell their horses, price being the only consideration. They are a sort of unlicensed horse-dealers, in fact, from whose odious presence few hunts are wholly free. Mr. Spraggon thought, if he could get Sponge to make it worth his while to get my lord to buy his horses, the—whatever he might get—

would come in very comfortably to pay his Christmas bills, and the question "how he should begin" was what was occupying his mind when we somewhat unceremoniously left the worthy pair over the sick Mr. Jawleyford's port. Sponge had his legs stuck out before him full stretch, and was lolling and rolling about in his chair, as if he was most thoroughly at home, while Mr. Spraggon sat upright, squinting his eyes inside out, and snapping his toothpick against the frame of his chair.

By the time the bottle drew to a close our friends were rather better friends, and seemed more inclined to fraternise. Not that they were as yet kissing kind, but they did not regard each other with the mutual aversion that characterised their first approach. Jack had the advantage of Soapey, for he could stare, or rather squint, at him without Soapey knowing it. The pint of wine apiece—at least as near a pint apiece as Spigot could afford to let them have—somewhat strung Jack's nerves as well as his eyes, and he began to show more of the pupils and less of the whites than he did. He buzzed the bottle with such a hearty good will as settled the fate of another, which Soapey rang for as a matter of course. There was but the rejected one, which however Spigot put into a different decanter and brought in, with such an air as precluded either of them saying a word in disparagement of it.

"Where are the hounds next week?" asked Soapey, sipping away at it.

"Monday, Beggar-my-Neighbour Hill; Tuesday, the cross roads by Dallington Burn; Thursday, the Toll-bar at Whitburrow Green; Saturday, the kennels," replied Jack.

"Good places?" asked Soapey.

"Monday's good," replied Jack; "draw Furzey Gorse—sure find; second draw, Barnlow Woods, and home by Loxley, Padmore, and so on."

"What sort of a place is Tuesday?" asked Soapey.

"Tuesday!" repeated Jack. "Tuesday! Oh, that's the cross roads. Capital place, unless the fox takes to Bromborrow Craigs, or gets into Seedeewood Forest, when there's an end of it—at least an end of everything except pulling one's horse's legs off in the stiff clayey rides. It's a long way from here though," observed Jack.

"How far?" asked Soapey.

"Good twenty miles," replied Jack. "It's sixteen from us; it'll be a good deal more from here."

"His lordship will lay out overnight, then?" observed Soapey.

"Not he," replied Jack. "Takes better care of his sixpences than that. Up in the dark, breakfast by candle-light, grope our ways to the stable, and blunder along the deep lanes, and through all the bye-roads in the country—get there somehow or another."

"Keen hand!" observed Soapey.

"Mad!" replied Jack.

They then paid their mutual respects to the port.

"He hunts there on Tuesdays," observed Jack, setting down his glass, "so that he may have all Wednesday to get home in, and be sure of appearing on Thursday. There's no saying where he may finish with a cross-road's meet."

After a pause, to digest this great amount of information, they at the port again. By the time the worthies had finished the bottle, they had got a certain way into each other's—if not confidence, at all

events character. The unlucky hint—unlucky for his lordship at least—that Lord Scamperdale had given about buying Soapey's horses still occupied Jack's mind; and the more he pondered on it, the more sensible he became of the truth of the old adage, that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." "My Lord," thought Jack, "promises fair, but it is *but* a chance, and a very remote one. He may live many, many years—as long, perhaps longer, than I may. Indeed, he puts me on horses that are anything but calculated to promote longevity. Then he may marry a wife, who may kick me out of doors, as some wives do kick out their husbands' agreeable friends; or he may change his mind, and leave me in the lurch altogether."

All things considered, Jack came to the conclusion that he should not be doing himself justice if he did not take advantage of such fair opportunities as chance placed in his way, and therefore he thought he might as well be picking up a penny during his lordship's life, as be waiting for a contingency that might never arise. Mr. Jawleyford's indisposition, preventing Jack making the announcement he was sent to do, made it incumbent on him, as he argued, to see what could be done with the alternative his lordship had proposed—namely, buying *Sponge's* horses. At least, Jack salved his conscience over with the old plea of duty; and had come to that conclusion as he again helped himself to the last glass in the bottle.

"Would you like a little claret?" asked Soapey, with all the hospitality of a host.

"Hang your claret!" replied Jack. "No; not in these cholera times."

"A little brandy, perhaps, would be better?" suggested *Sponge*.

"I shouldn't mind a glass of brandy," replied Jack, "by way of a nightcap."

Spigot, at this moment entering to announce tea and coffee, was interrupted in his oration by Soapey demanding some brandy.

"Sorry," replied Spigot, pretending to be quite taken by surprise, "very sorry, sir—but, sir—master, sir—bed, sir—disturb him, sir."

"Oh, dash it, never mind that!" exclaimed Jack; "tell him Mr. Sprag—Sprag—Spraggon" (the bottle of port beginning to make Jack rather inarticulate)—"tell him Mr. Spraggon wants a little."

"Dursn't disturb him, sir," responded Spigot, with a shake of his head; "much as my place, sir, is worth, sir."

"Haven't you a little drop in your pantry, think you?" asked *Sponge*, who had a pretty good knowledge of the habits of these gentry.

"The *cook* perhaps has," replied Mr. Spigot, as if it was quite out of his line.

"Well, go and ask her," said *Sponge*; "and bring some hot water and things, the same as we had last night, you know."

Mr. Spigot retired, and presently returned, bearing a tray with three-quarters of a bottle of brandy, which he impressed upon their minds was the "*cook's own*."

"I dare say," hiccuped Jack, holding the bottle up to the light.

"Hope she wasn't using it herself," observed *Sponge*.

"Tell her we'll (hiccup) her health," hiccuped Jack, pouring a liberal potation into his tumbler.

"That'll be all you'll *do*, I dare say," muttered Spigot to himself as he sauntered along the passage to his pantry.

"Does Jawley stand smoking?" asked Jack, as Spigot disappeared.

"O I should think so," replied Sponge; "a friend like you I'm sure would be welcome"—Soapey thinking to indulge in a cigar, and lay the blame on Jack.

"Well, if you think so," said Jack, pulling out his cigar-case, or rather his lordship's, and staggering to the chimney-piece for a match, though there was a candle at his elbow, "I'll have a pipe."

"So 'll I," said Soapey, "if you'll give me a cigar."

"Much yours as mine," replied Jack, handing him his lordship's richly embroidered case with coronets and ciphers on either side, the gift of one of the many would-be Lady Scamperdales.

"Want a light?" hiccuped Jack, who had now got a glow-worm end to his.

"Thanks," said Soapey, availing himself of the friendly overture. Lighting a cigar with a man being equivalent to asking him to take wine.

Our friends now whiffed and puffed away together—whiffing and puffing where whiffing and puffing had never been known before. The brandy began to disappear pretty quickly; it was better than the wine.

"That's a n—n—nice—ish—(hiccup)—horse of yours," hiccuped Jack, as he mixed himself a second tumbler.

"Which?" asked Soapey.

"The bur—bur—brown," spluttered Jack.

"He is *that*," replied Soapey; "best horse in this county by far."

"The che—che—ches—nut's—(hiccup)—not a ba—ba—bad 'un, I dare say," observed Jack.

"No, he's not," replied Soapey; "a deuced good 'un."

"I know a man who's rayther s—s—s—sweet on the b—b—br—brown," observed Jack, squinting awfully.

Soapey sat silent for a few seconds, pretending to be wrapt up in his "sublime tobacco."

"Is he a buyer, or just a jawer?" he asked at last.

"Oh, a *buyer*," replied Jack.

"I'll *sell*," said Soapey, with a strong emphasis on the sell.

"How much?" asked Jack, sobering with the excitement.

"Which?" asked Soapey.

"The brown," rejoined Jack.

"Three hundred," said Soapey; adding, "I gave *two* for him."

"Indeed!" said Jack.

A long pause then ensued, Jack thinking whether he should put the question boldly as to what Sponge would give him for effecting a sale, or he should beat about the bush a little. At last he thought it would be most prudent to beat about the bush, and see if Soapey would make an offer.

"Well," said Jack, "I'll s—s—s—see what I can do."

"That's a good fellow," said Soapey; adding, "I'll remember you if you do."

"I dare say I can s—s—s—sell them both for that matter," observed Jack, encouraged by the promise.

"Well," replied Sponge, "I'll take the same for the chestnut; there isn't the toss up of a halfpenny for choice between them."

"Well," said Jack, "we'll s—s—s—see them next week."

"Just so," said Soapey.

"You r—r—ride well up to the h—h—hounds," continued Jack, "and let his lordship s—s—see w—w—what they can do."

"I will," said Soapey, wishing he was at work.

"Never mind his sw—sw—swearin'," observed Jack; "he c—c—can't help it."

"Not I," replied Soapey, puffing away at his cigar.

When men once begin to drink brandy-and-water (after wine) there's an end of all calculation and thought. They take no note of time, not even of its lapse. Our friends—for we "may now call them friends," as they say on the hustings—our friends sat sip, sip, sipping, mix, mix, mixing; now strengthening, now weakening, now warming, now flavouring, till they had not only finished the hot water but a large jug of cold, that graced the centre of the table between two frosted tumblers, and nearly got through the brandy too.

"May as well fi—fi—fin—nish the bottle," observed Jack, holding it up to the candle. "Just a thi—thi—thim—blefull apiece more (hiccup)," added he, helping himself to about three-quarters of what there was.

"You've taken your share," observed Soapey, as the bottle suspended payment before he got half the quantity that Jack had.

"Sque—ce—eze it," replied Jack, suiting the action to the word, and working away at an exhausted lemon.

At length they finished.

"Well, I s'pose (hiccup) we may (hiccup) as well (hiccup) go and have some tea," observed Jack.

"It's not been announced yet," said Soapey, "but I make no doubt it will be ready."

So saying, the worthies rose, and, after sundry bumps and certain irregularities of course, they each succeeded in reaching the door. The passage lamp had died out and filled the corridor with its fragrance. Soapey, however, knew the way, and the darkness favoured the adjustment of cravats and the comb-fingering of hair. Having got up a sort of drunken simper, Soapey opened the drawing-room door, expecting to find smiling ladies in a blaze of light. All, however, was darkness, save the expiring embers in the grate. The tick, tick, tick, ticking of the clocks sounded wonderfully clear.

"Gone to bed!" exclaimed Soapey.

"Gone to ground! WHO-HOO!" shrieked Jack, at the top of his voice.

"What's smatter, gentlemen?—What's smatter?" exclaimed Spigot, rubbing in, rubbing his eyes with one hand, and holding a block tin candlestick in the other.

"Nothin'," replied Jack, squinting his eyes inside out; adding, "Get me a devilled—" (hiccup)

"Don't know how to devil them here, sir," snapped Spigot.

"Devilled turkey's leg though you do, you rascal!" rejoined Jack, doubling his fists and putting himself in posture.

"Beg pardon, sir," replied Spigot, "but the cook, sir, is gone to bed, sir. Do you know, sir, what o'clock it is, sir?"

"No," replied Jack.

"What time is it?" asked Soapey.

"Twenty minutes to two," replied Spigot, holding up a sort of pocket warming-pan, which he called a watch.

"The deuce!" exclaimed Soapey.

"Who'd ha' thought it?" muttered Jack.

"Well then, I suppose we may as well go to bed," observed Soapey.

"Spose so," replied Jack; "nothin' more to get."

"Do you know your room?" asked Soapey.

"To be sure I do," replied Jack; "don't think I'm d—d—dr—drunk, do you?"

"Not likely with what we've had," rejoined Soapey.

Jack then commenced a very crab-like—all ways at once and none in particular—sort of ascent of the stairs, which fortunately were easy, or he would never have got up. Mr. Sponge, who still occupied the state apartments, took leave of Jack at his own door, and Jack went bumping and blundering on in search of the branch passage leading to his piggery. He found the green baize door that usually distinguishes the entrance to these secondary *suites*, and he was presently lurching along its contracted passage. As luck would have it, however, he got into his host's dressing-room, where that worthy slept; and when Jawleyford jumped up in the morning, as was his wont, to see what sort of a day it was, he trod on Jack's face, who had fallen down in his clothes alongside of the bed, and broke his spectacles across the bridge of his nose.

"D—n it!" roared Jack, jumping up, "don't ride over a fellow that way!" when, shaking himself to try whether any limbs were broken, he found he was in his dress clothes instead of in the roomy garments of the Flat Hat Hunt. "Who are you? where am I? what the deuce do you mean by breaking my specs?" he exclaimed, squinting frightfully at his host.

"My dear sir," exclaimed Mr. Jawleyford, from the top of his night-shirt, "I'm very sorry, but—"

"Hang your *buts*! you shouldn't ride so near a man!" exclaimed Jack, gathering up the fragments of his spectacles; when, recollecting himself, he finished by saying, "Perhaps I'd better go to my own room."

"Perhaps you had," replied Mr. Jawleyford, advancing towards the door to show him the way.

"Let me have a candle," said Jack, preparing to follow.

"Candle, my dear fellow! why, it's broad daylight," replied his host.

"Is it?" said Jack, apparently unconscious of the fact. "What's the hour?"

"Five minutes to eight," replied Jawleyford, looking at a timepiece.

When Jack got into his own den he threw himself into an old invalid chair, and sat rubbing the fractured spectacles together as if he thought they would reunite by friction, though in reality he was endeavouring to run the overnight proceedings through his mind. The more he thought of Amelia's winning ways, the more satisfied he was that he had made an impression, and then the more vexed he became at having his spectacles broken; for though he considered himself very presentable without them, still he could not but feel that they were a desirable addition. Then, too, he had a splitting headache; and finding that breakfast was not till ten, and might be a good deal later, all things considered, he determined to be off and follow up his success under more favourable auspices. Considering that all the clothes he had with him were his lordship's, he thought it

immaterial which he went home in, so to save trouble he just wrapped himself up in his mackintosh and travelled in the dress ones he had on.

It was fortunate for Mr. Sponge that he went, for, when Jawleyford smelt the indignity that had been offered to his dining-room, he broke out in such a torrent of indignation as would have been extremely unpleasant if there had not been some one to lay the blame on. Indeed, he was not particularly gracious to Mr. Sponge as it was, but that arose as much from certain dark hints that had worked their way from the servants' hall into "my lady's chamber" as to our friend's pecuniary resources and prospects. Jawleyford began to suspect that Soapey might not be quite the great "catch" he was represented.

Watering-place fortunes are always very large, and Mr. Sponge, it must be remembered, dated the Jawleyford acquaintance from such a source. Beyond, however, putting a few searching questions—which Mr. Sponge skilfully parried—advising his daughters to be cautious, lessening the number of lights, and lowering the scale of his entertainments generally, Mr. Jawleyford did not take any decided step in the matter. Mr. Spraggon comforted Lord Scamperdale with the assurance that Amelia had no idea of Soapey, who he made no doubt would very soon be out of the country,—and his lordship went to church and prayed most devoutly that it might be so.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MR. AND MRS. SPRINGWHEAT.

"Lord Scamperdale's foxhounds meet on Monday at Beggar-my-Neighbour Hill, &c. &c."—*County Paper*.

THE Flat Hat Hunt had relapsed into its wonted quiet, or "selectness" as its members called it, and "Beggar-my-Neighbour Hill" saw none but the regular attendants, men without the slightest particle of curve in their hats—hats, indeed, that looked rather as if the owners sat upon them when they hadn't them on their heads. There was Fyle, and Fossick, and Blossomnose, and Sparks, and Mayo, and Joyce, and Capon, and Dribble, and a few others, but neither Washball nor Puffington—none of the holiday birds were there.

Precisely at ten, my lord, and his hounds, and his huntsman, and his whips, and his Jack, trotted round Farmer Springwheat's spacious back premises, and appeared in due form at the green rails in front. "Pride attends us all," as the poet says; and if his lordship had ridden into the yard and holloaed out for a glass of home-brewed, Springwheat would have trapped every fox on his farm, and the blooming Mrs. Springwheat would have had an interminable poultry-bill against the hunt; whereas, simply by "making things pleasant," as the railway people call it—that is to say, coming to breakfast—Springwheat saw his corn trampled on, nay, led the way over it himself, and Mrs. Springwheat saw her Dorkings disappear without a murmur—unless, indeed, an inquiry when his lordship would be coming could be considered in that light.

But we will introduce the Springwheats; and first for their house. Beggar-my-Neighbour Hill—a name that the worthy owners had vainly endeavoured to convert or abbreviate into Nabob Hill—stood in the centre of a circle, on a gentle eminence, commanding a view over a farm whose fertile fields and well-trimmed fences sufficiently indicated its boundaries,

and looked indeed as if all the good of the country had come up to it. It was green and luxuriant even now in the depth of winter, while the strong cane-coloured stubbles showed what a crop there had been. Turnips as big as cheeses swelled above the ground. In a little narrow dell, whose existence was more plainly indicated from the house by several healthy spindling larches shooting up from among the green gorse, was the cover—an almost certain find, with the almost equal certainty of a run from it. It occupied both sides of the sandy, rabbit-frequented dell, through which ran a sparkling stream, and it possessed the great advantage to foot-people of letting them see the fox found. Beggar-my-Neighbour Hill was, therefore, a favourite both with horse and foot. So much good—at all events so much well-farmed land would seem to justify a better or more imposing-looking house, the present one consisting—exclusive of the projecting garret ones in the Dutch tile roof—of the usual four windows and a door, that so well tell their own tale; passage in the middle, staircase in front, parlour on the right, best ditto on the left, with rooms to correspond above. To be sure there was a great depth of house to the back, kitchen with well-contrived rooms above; but these in no ways contributed to the importance of the front, from which point alone the Springwheats chose to have it contemplated. If the back arrangements could have been divided, and added to the sides, they would have made two very good wings to the old red brick rose-entwined mansion. Having mentioned that its colour was red, it is almost superfluous to add that the door and rails in front were green—red and green being almost inseparable colours in all countries.

This was a busy morning at Beggar-my-Neighbour Hill. It is good for us all to have to brush up our premises occasionally—good for the author to have to tidy his parlour to receive the editor—good for the duke to set his castle fair to entertain the queen—good for the earl to set all square to receive the marquis—good for the squire to right his house to receive Sir John—good for the farmer to furbish up to receive the fox-hunter. It is thus that housekeepers “take stock.” This was the first day of the season of my lord's hounds meeting at Beggar-my-Neighbour Hill, and the fine handsome Mrs. Springwheat had had as much trouble in overhauling the china and linen, and in dressing the children, preparatory to breakfast, as Springwheat had had in collecting knives and forks and wine-glasses and tumblers for his department of the entertainment, to say nothing of looking after his new tops and white cords at the bootmaker's and tailor's. “The Hill,” as the country people call it, was “full fig,” and a bright balmy winter's day softened the atmosphere, and felt as though a summer's day had been shaken out of its place into winter. It is not often that the English climate is accommodating enough to lend its aid to set off a place to advantage. Even in summer a “houseful of company” is pretty sure to draw rain; but perhaps Jupiter Pluvius thought it beneath his dignity to spoil such humble sport, and kept his mischievous indignation for Kensington Gardens, horticultural fêtes, and places where people congregate in clothes that are worth spoiling. The Flat Hat Hunt gentlemen were more given to quantity than quality, most of them looking as if they had half their wardrobes on their backs.

Be that, however, as it may, things looked smiling both without and within Beggar-my-Neighbour Hill. Mrs. Springwheat, by dint of early

rising and active superintendence—not to say assistance—had got things into such a state of forwardness as to be able to adorn herself with a little butter-pat sort of a cap—curious in microscopic punctures and cherry-colour ribbon interlardments,—placed so far back on her finely-shaped head as to proclaim beyond all possibility of cavil that it was there for ornament and not for the purpose of concealing the liberties of time with her well-kept, clearly-parted, raven-black hair. Liberties of time, forsooth! Mrs. Springwheat was in the full heighday of womanhood; and though she had presented Springwheat with twins three times in succession, besides an eldest son, she was as young, fresh-looking, and finely-figured as she was the day she was married. She was now dressed in a very fine French grey merino, with a very small crotchet-work collar, and very neat plain wristbands. The high flounces to her dress set off her smart waist to great advantage.

Mrs. Springwheat, we say, had got everything ready, and herself too, by the time Lord Scamperdale's second horseman rode into the yard and demanded a stall for his horse. Knowing how soon the balloon follows the pilot, she immediately ranged the Stunner-tartan-clad children in the breakfast-room; and as the first whip's rate sounded as he rode round the corner, she sunk into an easy-chair by the fire, with a lace-fringed kerchief in the one hand, and the *Mark Lane Express* in the other.

"Holloa! Springey!" followed by the heavy crack of a whip, announced the arrival of his lordship before the green palings that divided a yard and a half of garden from the field; and a loud view holloa burst from Jack, as the object of inquiry was seen dancing about the room above, with his face all flushed with the exertion of pulling on a very tight boot.

"Come in, my lord! pray, come in! The missis is below!" exclaimed Springwheat, from the open window; and just at the moment the pad-groom emerged from the house and ran to his lordship's horse's head.

His lordship and Jack then dismounted, and gave their hacks in charge of the servant; while Wake, and Fyle, and Archer, who were also of the party, scanned the countenances of the surrounding idlers, to see in whose hands they had best confide their nags.

In Lord Scamperdale stamped, followed by his trainband bold, and Maria, the maid, being duly stationed in the passage, threw open the parlour-door on the left, and discovered Mrs. Springwheat sitting in the position we have described.

"Well, my lady, and how are you?" exclaimed his lordship, advancing gaily, and seizing both her pretty hands as she rose to receive him. "I declare, you look younger and prettier every time I see you."

"Oh! my lord," simpered Mrs. Springwheat, "you gentlemen are always so complimentary."

"Not a bit of it!" exclaimed his lordship, eyeing her intently through his silver spectacles, for he had been obliged to let Jack have his only remaining pair of tortoiseshell-rimmed ones.

"Not a bit of it," repeated his lordship. "I always tell Jack you are the handsomest woman in Christendom; don't I, Jack?" inquired his lordship, appealing to his factotum.

"Yes, my lord," replied Jack, who always swore to whatever his lordship said.

"By Jove!" continued his lordship, with a stamp of his foot, "if I

could find such a woman I'd marry her to-morrow. Not such women as you to pick up every day. And what a lot of pretty pups!" exclaimed his lordship, pretending to be struck with the row of staring, black-haired, black-eyed, half-frightened children. "Now that's what I call a good entry," continued his lordship, scrutinising them attentively, and pointing them out to Jack; "all dogs—all boys I mean?" added he.

"No, my lord," replied Mrs. Springwheat, laughing, "these are girls," laying her hand on the heads of two of them, who were now full giggle at the idea of being taken for boys.

"Well, they're devilish handsome anyhow," replied his lordship, thinking he might as well be done with the inspection.

Springwheat himself now made his appearance, as fine a sample of a man as his wife was of a woman. His face was flushed with the exertion of pulling on his tight boots, and his lordship felt the creases of the hooks in his hands as he shook him heartily by them.

"Well, Springey," said he, "I was just asking your wife after the new babbey."

"Oh, thank you, my lord," replied Springey, with a shake of his curly head; "thank you, my lord: no new babbies, my lord, with wheat below forty, my lord."

"Well, but you've got a pair of new boots at all events," observed his lordship, eyeing Springwheat's refractory calves bagging over the tops of them.

"'Deed have I!" replied Springwheat; "and a pair of uncommon awkward tight customers they are," added he, trying to move his feet about in them.

"Ah! you should always have a chap to wear your boots a few times before you put them on yourself," observed his lordship. "I never have a pair of tight 'uns," added he; "Jack here always does the needful by mine."

"That's all very well for lords," replied Mr. Springwheat; "but we farmers wear out our boots fast enough ourselves without anybody to assist us."

"Well, but I s'pose we may as well fall to," observed his lordship, casting his eye upon the well-garnished table. "All these good things are meant to eat, I s'pose," added he: "cakes, and sweets, and jellies without end: and as to your sideboard," said he, turning round and looking at it, "it's a match for any Lord Mayor's. A round of beef, a ham, a tongue, and is that a goose or a turkey?"

"A turkey, my lord," replied Springwheat; "home-fed, my lord."

"Ah, home-fed, indeed!" ejaculated his lordship, with a shake of the head: "home-fed; wish I could feed at home. The man who said that,

E'en from the peasant to the lord,
The turkey smokes on every board,

told a big 'un, for I'm sure none ever smokes on mine."

"Take a little here to-day, then," observed Mr. Springwheat, cutting deep into the white breast.

"I will," replied his lordship, "I will; and a slice of tongue, too," added he.

"There are some hot sausingers comin'," observed Mr. Springwheat.

"You *don't* say so," replied his lordship, apparently thunderstruck at

the information. "Well, I must have all three. By Jove, Jack!" said he, appealing to his friend, "but you've lit on your legs coming here. Here's a breakfast fit to set before a queen—muffins, and crumpets, and cakes. Let me advise you to make the best use of your time, for you have but twenty minutes," continued his lordship, looking at his watch, "and muffins and crumpets don't come in your way every day."

"'Deed they don't," replied Jack, with a grin.

"Will your lordship take tea or coffee?" asked the handsome Mrs. Springwheat, who had now taken her seat at the top of the table behind a richly chased equipage for the distribution of those beverages.

"'Pon my word," replied his lordship, apparently bewildered—"pon my word, I don't know what to say. Tea or coffee? To tell you the truth, I was going to take something out of my black friend yonder," nodding to where a French bottle like a tall bully was lifting its head above an encircling stand of liqueur-glasses.

"Suppose you have a little of what we call laced tea, my lord—tea with a dash of brandy in it?" suggested Mr. Springwheat.

"Laced tea," repeated his lordship; "laced tea: so I will," said he. "Devilish good idea—devilish good idea," continued he, bringing the bottle, and seating himself on Mrs. Springwheat's right, while his host helped him to a most plentiful plate of turkey and tongue. The table was now about full, as was the room; the guests just rolling in as they would to a public-house, and helping themselves to whatever they liked. Great was the noise of eating.

As his lordship was in the full enjoyment of his plateful of meat, he happened to look up, and, the space between him and the window being clear, he saw something that caused him to drop his knife and fork and fall back in his chair as if he was shot.

"My lord's ill!" exclaimed Mr. Springwheat, who, being the only man with his nose up, was the first to perceive it.

"Clap him on the back!" shrieked Mrs. Springwheat, who considered that an infallible recipe for the ailments of children.

"Oh, Mr. Spraggon!" exclaimed both, as they rushed to his assistance, "what is the matter with my lord?"

"Oh that Soapey something!" gasped his lordship, bending forward in his chair, and venturing another glance through the window.

Sure enough, there was Soapey, just in the act of dismounting from the piebald, and resigning it with becoming dignity to his trusty groom, Mr. Leather, who stood most respectfully—Pavo in hand—waiting to receive it.

Mr. Sponge, being one of a rather numerous breed of men, who think a red coat a passport everywhere, having stamped the superfluous mud sparks from his boots at the door, swaggered in with the greatest coolness, exclaiming, as he bobbed his head to the lady, and looked round at the company, —

"What, grubbing away! grubbing away!"

"Won't you take a little refreshment?" asked Mr. Springwheat, in the hearty way these hospitable fellows welcome everybody.

"Yes, I will," replied Sponge, turning to the sideboard as though it were an inn. "That's a devilish fine ham," observed he; "why doesn't somebody cut it?"

"Let me help you to some, sir," replied Mr. Springwheat, seizing the

buck-handled knife and fork, and diving deep into the rich red meat with the knife.

Soapey, having got two bountiful slices, with a knotch of home-made brown bread and a dab of mustard on his plate-edge, now made for the table, and elbowed himself into a place between Mr. Fossick and Major Mayo, immediately opposite Mr. Spraggon.

"Good morning," said he to that worthy, as he saw the whites of his eyes showing through his formidable spectacles.

"Mornin'," muttered Jack, as if his mouth was either too full to articulate or he didn't want to have anything to say to Mr. Sponge.

"Here's a fine hunting morning, my lord," observed Sponge, addressing himself to his lordship, who sat on Jack's left.

"Is it?" blurted his lordship, pretending to be desperately busy with the contents of his plate, though in reality his appetite was gone.

A dead pause now ensued, interrupted only by the clattering of knives and forks and the occasional exclamations of parties in want of some particular article of food. A chill had come over the scene—a chill whose cause was apparent to every one, except the worthy host and hostess, who had not heard of Mr. Sponge's descent upon the country. They attributed it to his lordship's indisposition, and Mr. Springwheat endeavoured to cheer him up with the prospect of sport.

"There's a brace, if not a leash, of foxes in cover, my lord," observed he, seeing his lordship was only playing with the contents of his plate.

"Is there!" exclaimed his lordship, brightening up: "let's be at 'em!" added he, jumping up and diving under the side table for his flat hat and heavy iron hammer-headed whip. "Good morning, my dear Mrs. Springwheat," exclaimed he, putting on his hat and seizing both her pretty taper-fingered hands and squeezing them ardently. "Good morning, my dear Mrs. Springwheat," repeated he, adding, "by Jove! if ever there was an angel in petticoats you're her; I'd give a hundred pounds for such a wife as you! I'd give a thousand pounds for such a wife as you! By the powers! I'd give five thousand pounds for such a wife as you!" With which asseverations his lordship stamped away in his great clumsy boots, amidst the uproarious laughter of the party.

"No hurry, gentlemen—no hurry," observed Mr. Springwheat, as some of the keen ones were preparing to follow, and began sorting their hats, and making the mistakes incident to their being all the same shape. "No hurry, sir—no hurry, sir," repeated Springwheat, addressing Mr. Sponge specifically; "his lordship will have a talk to his hounds yet, and his horse is still in the stable."

With this assurance, Mr. Sponge resumed his seat at the table, where several of the hungry ones were plying their knives and forks as if they were indeed breaking their fasts.

"Well, old boy, and how are you?" asked Soapey, as the whites of Jack's eyes again settled upon him, on the latter's looking up from his plateful of sausages.

"Nicely. How are you?" asked Jack.

"Nicely too," replied Soapey, in the laconic way men speak who have been engaged in some common enterprise—getting drunk, licking a policeman, or anything of that sort.

"Jaw and the ladies well?" asked Jack, in the same strain.

"Oh, nicely," said Soapey. "Jaw's headache's gone—wish mine was too."

"Take a glass of cherry-brandy," exclaimed the hospitable Mr. Springwheat: "nothing like a drop of something for steadying the nerves."

"Presently," replied Soapey, "presently; meanwhile I'll trouble the missis for a cup of coffee. Coffee without sugar," said Soapey, addressing the lady.

"With pleasure," replied Mrs. Springwheat, glad to get a little custom for her goods. Most of the gentlemen had been at the bottles and sideboard.

Springwheat, seeing Mr. Sponge, the only person who, as a stranger, there was any occasion for him to attend upon, in the care of his wife, now slipped out of the room, and mounting his five-year old horse, whose tail stuck out like the long horn of a coach, as his ploughman groom said, rode off to join the hunt.

"By the powers, but those are capital sausages!" observed Jack, smacking his lips and eating away for hard life. "Just look if my lord's on his horse yet," added he to one of the children, who had begun to hover round the table and dive their fingers into the sweets.

"No," replied the child; "he's still on foot, playing with the dogs."

"Here goes then," said Jack, for another plate, suiting the action to the word, and running with his plate to the sausage-dish.

"Have a hot one," exclaimed Mrs. Springwheat, adding, "it will be done in a minute."

"No thank ye," replied Jack, with a shake of the head, adding, "I might be done in a minute too."

"He'll wait for you, I suppose?" observed Soapey, addressing Jack.

"Not so clear about that," replied Jack, gobbling away; "time and my lord wait for no man. But it's hardly the half-hour yet," added he, looking at his watch.

He then fell to with the voracity of a hound after hunting. Soapey too made the most of his time, as did two or three others who still remained.

"Now for the jumping powder!" at length exclaimed Soapey, looking round for the bottle. "What shall it be, cherry or neat?" continued he, pointing to the two.

"Cherry for me," replied Jack, squinting and eating away without looking up.

"I say *neat*," rejoined Soapey, helping himself out of the French bottle.

"You'll be hard to hold after that," observed Jack, as he eyed Soapey tossing it off.

"I hope my horse won't," replied Soapey, remembering he was going to ride the resolute chestnut.

"You'll show us the way I dare say," observed Jack.

"Shouldn't wonder," replied Soapey, helping himself to a second glass.

"What! at it again!" exclaimed Jack, adding, "Take care you don't ride over my lord."

"I'll take care of the old file," said Soapey; "it wouldn't do to kill the goose that lays the golden what-do-ye-call-'ems, you know—he, he, he!"

"No," chuckled Jack; "indeed it wouldn't—must make the most of him."

"What sort of a humour is he in to-day?" asked Soapey.

"Middling," replied Jack, "middling; he'll d—n you heartily, most likely, and declare, if it wasn't unbecoming a nobleman to use coarse language, he'd swear; but that you mustn't mind."

"Not I," replied Soapey, who was well used to that sort of thing—Soapey, like all horse-dealing foxhunters, being always a terribly troublesome fellow in the field.

"You mustn't mind me either," observed Jack, sweeping the last piece of sausage into his mouth with his knife, and jumping up from the table. "I swear when his lordship swears," added he, diving under the side table for his flat hat.

"Hark! there's the horn!" exclaimed Soapey, rushing to the window.

"So there is," responded Jack, standing on one leg transfixed to the spot.

"By the powers, they're away!" exclaimed Soapey, as his lordship was seen hat in hand careering over the meadow beyond the cover, with the tail hounds straining to overtake their flying comrades. Twang—twang—twang went Frostyface's horn; crack—crack—crack went the ponderous thongs of the whips; shouts, and yells, and yelps, and whoops, and hollons, proclaimed the usual wild excitement of this privileged period of the chase. All was joy, save among the *gourmands* assembled at the door—they looked blank indeed.

"What a *sell*!" said Soapey, who, with Jack, saw the hopelessness of the case.

"Yonder he goes!" exclaimed a lad, who had run up from the cover to see the hunt from the eminence on which the house stood.

"Where?" exclaimed Soapey, straining his eyeballs.

"There!" said the lad, pointing due south. "D'ye see Tommy Claychop's pasture? Now he's through the hedge and into Mrs. Starve-land's turnip-field, making right for Bramblebrake Wood on the hill."

"So he is," said Soapey, in disgust, who now caught sight of the fox emerging from the turnips on to a grass-field beyond.

Jack stood staring through his great spectacles, without deigning a word.

"What shall we do?" asked Soapey.

"Do?" replied Jack, with his chin still up; "go home. I should think."

"There's a man down!" exclaimed a groom, who formed one of the group, as a dark-coated rider and horse measured their length on a pasture.

"It's Mr. Sparks," said another; adding, "he's always rolling about."

"Lor, look at the parson!" exclaimed a third, as Blossomnose was seen gathering his horse and setting up his shoulders preparatory to riding at a gate.

"Well done, old 'un!" roared a fourth, as the horse flew over it, apparently without an effort.

"Now for Tom!" cried several, as the second whip went galloping up on the line of the gate.

"Ah! he won't have it!" was the cry, as the horse suddenly stopped short, nearly shooting Tom over his head. "Try him again—try him

again—take a good run—that's him—there, he's over!" was the cry, as Tom flourished his right arm in the air on clearing it.

"Lauk! there's old Tommy Hoggers, the rat-catcher!" cried another, as a man was seen working away with his arms and legs on an old white pony that went about the pace of a pig.

"Ah, Tommy! 'Tommy!" observed another, "ye'd better shut up, man,—ye'd better shut up; the further ye go, the further ye'll be left a'hint."

A very true prophecy; for before Tommy got to the gap out of the second field, his lordship and the leading men were at the white gate leading into Bramblebrake Wood. A southerly wind wafted the echo of the first outburst of melody back to the "hill," after which the lagging horsemen and still more lagging footmen were all that remained to our left-in-the-lurch friends. How disgusting a red coat is under such circumstances! We have heard it said that running about a fallow after one's horse is the most humiliating thing in nature, but we question whether not getting a start at all is not worse.

"How did my lord get his horse?" asked Jack of the servant in charge of the hacks, who now came up from the cover, and joined the group at the door.

"It was taken down to him at the cover," replied the man. "My lord went on foot, and the horse went round the back way. The horse wasn't there half a minute afore he was wanted; for no sooner were the hounds in at one side than the fox popped out at t'other. Such a wopper! biggest fox that ever was seen."

"They are all the biggest foxes that ever were seen," snapped Soapey, who wanted somebody to find fault with; adding, "I'll be bound he wasn't a bit bigger than nine-tenths of what one sees."

"I'll be bound not either," growled Jack, squinting frightfully at the man, for both worthies were equally ready to fall foul of anybody; adding, "Get me my hack, and don't be after talking nonsense there."

Our friends then remounted their hacks, and in very discontented moods retraced their steps to their respective homes, fully satisfied that my lord had "done it on purpose."

● A DRIFT-LOG ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY ZEBEDEE HICKORY.

CHAPTER V.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

* * * What is here?
Gold?—yellow, glittering, precious gold?—

* * * This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the accursed;
Make the hoar leprosy adored; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench.

Timon of Athens.

GODFREY was in the habit of straying on 'Change in the evening to learn the gossip of the day. It has been said by some one that a visit

alone to a place of amusement is a penance instead of a pleasure. To be alone in a crowd is to experience the most complete solitude. It is so on 'Change. The chance visitor wanders from group to group of busy merchants and stockbrokers, and every one seems employed but himself.

Our hero was on this occasion standing in "the place where merchants most do congregate," when a hand was laid on his shoulder, and a friendly voice exclaimed,

"How are you, sir? How do you get along now?"

He turned round, and recognised Mr. Snag. He replied that he was as well as could be expected.

"A countryman of yours came from up river to-day," said Mr. Snag. "He knows you."

"Knows me?" repeated Selborne.

"He is here now, I expect," said his friend. "If you will wait a moment, I will bring him to you."

He departed, and presently returned with an elderly gentleman, whom he introduced as Mr. Underwood, who greeted Selborne with the cordiality of an old acquaintance. Strange to say, the latter had no recollection of him, and, under the circumstances, received his advances with that sort of uncertainty mingled with distrust which a dog is seen to exhibit when being attempted to be conciliated by a suspicious stranger.

There was something in Mr. Underwood's appearance and manner decidedly unprepossessing. His ordinary communications were uttered in an offensively familiar and confidential tone. He gave profound attention to all Godfrey said, while he listened, looked into the speaker's face with a watchful and curious eye, which more than once made Selborne stop short in what he was saying, and his laugh, which was more frequent than necessary, was harsh and grating.

He drew Selborne aside to a seat, and told him that he had seen his friends.

"You see, sir," said he, "that I promised to see you. I think I can be of great service to you."

Godfrey replied drily that he should be glad to know in what way.

"Ah!" said the other, in an oily whisper, "that I cannot inform you without your consent to embark in the scheme."

"How can I consent until I know what it is?" said Godfrey.

"Ah!" replied Mr. Underwood. "Answer me one question. Would you prefer wasting five, or six, or ten years here, at last making a bare competency; or would you run the hazard of life and limb for a few short months, and become a millionaire at one bold stroke?"

Selborne replied that if he had confidence in the scheme he would not hesitate a moment.

"Would you like," continued Mr. Underwood, "instead of scraping a pile of paltry dollars, to go at once to the fountain-head, and draw direct from the bank of nature—draw till you were tired?"

"You are speaking riddles to me," said Godfrey.

"Will you swear me secrecy?" said Mr. Underwood.

"I will give you my word," said Selborne, "that if the plan is a straightforward one, no person but myself shall know it."

Mr. Underwood laid his hand on Selborne's knee, and said, in a

hoarse whisper, which made our hero sensible of the presence of alcohol in his vicinity,

"Gold, sir—pure, virgin gold, coined in nature's mint—glittering lumps, that dazzle the eye, cropping from mountains and choking up streams. Join us—you must—you will. Our party starts the day after to-morrow."

"Starts!—where for?" said Godfrey.

Mr. Underwood paused, looked into the face of the latter steadily, hit him in the chest, and uttered, in a low voice, the word "*California*!"

"Hush!" he said; "you must not speak it, you must not dream of it, for fear you are overheard."

"Do you go with the party?" inquired Selborne.

"I follow in a few days," replied Mr. Underwood, hurriedly. "To-morrow night the party meet preparatory to setting out. I will take you there, and you shall learn for yourself."

"I shall consider the matter over," said Selborne, rising.

Mr. Underwood's brow darkened.

"You must go," he said; "I would not have told you otherwise."

"If you think your secret unsafe with me, Mr. Underwood, you had much better not have told me."

"Pardou me," said Mr. Underwood, deliberately; "I know you *will* go."

Here they separated.

From the time of Mr. Mudge's introduction to our voyagers, Jones and he seemed to have struck up a friendship, and were seldom apart. About the period when this chapter commences, an appointment in the government offices of the state was tendered Selborne by Mr. Forrest, which, all preliminaries being settled, he hastened to accept. The duties connected with this engagement necessarily separated him from the other three, so that he only saw them occasionally. Ever since the scene between Jones and himself, the former had shunned him, except when unavoidably brought into contact, on which occasions Jones was oppressively civil. However, these occasions did occur, and Selborne, far from cherishing resentment, repeatedly invited an opportunity for a mutual explanation, which was as sedulously avoided by the other. This would be unworthy of notice, except in explanation of one or two circumstances which occurred at this time.

They were all seated this evening at a table in Wright's room at the hotel—Selborne amongst the number—when a note was handed in to the latter from Mr. Forrest, which ran as follows:—

"I have some letters for you by the mail, which you had better call for in the morning, as it may be of importance for you to receive them personally."

While Selborne was reading this communication, Mr. Mudge eyed the paper askance, but apparently with an unsatisfactory result, for he arose, ostensibly to light his cigar, and stood behind our hero's chair. The cigar took so long to light, that the latter person, annoyed at this apparent espionage, turned the note over and looked quickly round, but Mr. Mudge's face wore an expression of stolidity, and his eyes were fixed on the smoke of his cigar. "He could not have been reading," thought he.

After separating for the night, Selborne had retired to his room. His dormitory was in an elevated part of the building, and his window commanded an extensive view of the city. He was not what might be termed a sound sleeper, and on this night particularly he was in that restless state which can be more easily conceived than described. He turned from one side to the other, in the vain hope of that repose which is usually so fickle as to shun the eyes of those who need it most and court it most assiduously. He tried the various resources said to be specifics for this painful wakefulness. He repeated verses to himself; he counted from one to five hundred, forwards, then backwards, but without success—sleep fled from his eyelids.

In despair he rose, and, striking a light, drew forth a cigar and proceeded to smoke, with his feet on the dressing-table and himself on a chair, tilted back as far as the laws of equilibrium would permit. He reduced two real Havannahs to ashes before inducing the least symptom of drowsiness, and then resorted to his couch to make a new effort. Before extinguishing the light, he looked to the fastenings of his room, and for the first time perceived an ominous notice to the following effect:—

“You are requested to lock your door to prevent losses at night.”

Sleep came now without solicitation, and unconsciousness overtook our hero almost the moment he had settled himself on his pillow. His slumber was not so sound but that Queen Mab visited him, and he wandered in dreams.

He dreamt that he was rambling around the base of the St. Charles, and while straying about in idle curiosity a voice was heard urging him to search.

“Search!” it said: “a treasure lies below.”

In his vision he thought a guide appeared, directing him to a particular spot, and that, obedient to his instructions, he had commenced the search, and was about removing some of the stones from the foundation of the building, when the whole pile toppled over, fell to the ground with a loud crash, and the vision disappeared.

A noise of something falling, too real and material to be altogether visionary, startled Selborne from his slumbers, and with a shout he sat up in bed. He was sensible on the instant that some person was in his room, and that an article of furniture had been overturned.

“Hallo!” cried he; “who is there?”

But the only answer he received was the sound of the door stealthily closing. Recollecting that he had turned the key carefully before going to bed, he was convinced that no one could obtain access to the room without a duplicate key, and that there was some treachery afloat. He sprang from his couch and rushed to the landing, but no person could he see. Reflecting for a moment on the uselessness of hunting over the immense building for any concealed depredator, he returned to his chamber and rang the bell with all his might. He employed himself for at least a quarter of an hour in this manner, when at last the summons was answered by three waiters in *di-habille*, who inquired, in not the most pleasant tone of voice, what was the matter.

Godfrey related the circumstance of some one entering the room by means of a duplicate key, when one of the waiters inquired if he had lost anything.

This had not occurred to our hero till this moment, and he admitted the fact.

"The gentleman ought to look before he calls people out of their beds," said one of the satellites in a reproachful tone.

"Stay," said our hero; "do you think you could borrow me a pistol, or a knife, or something?"

They all immediately asserted that it was impossible at that late hour; but on Godfrey assuring them that he should ring his bell all night if they did not, they departed, and shortly returned with the articles in question. Selborne, after looking to the priming and charge of the pistol, and fixing a chair and table against the door, proceeded to examine his pockets. To his consternation he found that a roll of five-dollar notes, which he had drawn that day from the bank, was gone, and also some letters from his pocket-book. He was not disturbed again that night, and towards morning managed to obtain some snatches of repose.

The morning did not elucidate the mystery, and though, on stating the matter to the manager of the hotel, the latter person did all in his power to extract information from the servants, the attempt was ineffectual. He did not see any of his friends at the morning's meal. He hastily devoured the viands before him, and was about setting off for his place of business, intending to call on Mr. Forrest in his way thither, when a messenger from the government office came to request his immediate attendance there.

He found the whole place in commotion. It was during the war in Mexico, and intelligence had just been received from the army in occupation on the Rio Grande of a great conflict between the American and Mexican forces, which information required to be telegraphed to headquarters at Washington without loss of time. This duty devolved on our hero, who executed it without delay. It was only a prelude to the employments of the day, which were so multiplied as to shut out all other occurrences from his mind. He received instructions to proceed to Baton Rouge that evening. The evening came, but he was too late. The steamer had started half an hour before.

Another boat was about starting for Galveston in Texas. Amongst the persons on board was one whom our hero thought he recognised, and who, on turning round, disclosed the features of Mr. Mudge. So far, however, from the recognition appearing to give mutual pleasure, the latter person faced round and immediately disappeared. Godfrey was about to follow, when he was intercepted by the negroes on the gangway, while a voice from the hurricane-deck shouted out,—

"Keep off that gangway."

Still he endeavoured to press forward.

"Now then!" roared the voice, "are you going by this boat?"

"No," roared Godfrey in reply.

"Well, then, clear off the gangway at once, and be d——d to you!"

This command was enforced without ceremony by one of the men lifting the plank on which Godfrey stood, and thereby almost precipitating him into the river. To this sort of logic there was no replying, as he was on the wrong side of the water; and he walked away to his cab.

THE HABITUE'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY CHARLES HERVEY.

An English *flâneur*—"Aux 25,000 Coachman"—Variétés; Change of Management; Déjazet—"Graziella," Rose Chéri—"La Femme à la Broche;" Grassot; Mademoiselle Azimont—"Les Deux Sans-Culottes;" Sainville—"Croque-Poule;" Arnal; Madame Doche—"L'Impertinent;" Félix; Mademoiselle Clary; Une *souricière*—"Le Comte Hermann;" Melingue—Rouvière—M. Montigny and Mademoiselle Duverger—"La Jeunesse Dorée," and Mademoiselle Ozy's Soirée Dansante.

THE term *flâner, mis en action*, may be considered as indigenous to the French soil, or, more correctly speaking, to the Parisian asphalt, its peculiar properties being nowhere more attractive or more contagious. Transplant the most confirmed man of business from his London counting-house to the Boulevard de Gand, that gay and sunny paradise of loungers and cigar-smokers, bounded by the Rue Grange Batelière on the east, and by the Chaussée d'Antin on the west; and in less than no time you will see him with his hands in his pockets, like Numa, smiling and smirking under the influence of the exhilarating and perpetually-varying panorama at which he is never tired of gazing. Let any one then venture to speak to him of consols or railway-shares, or even of what might be thought more locally interesting—the last price of the *trois* in the Passage de l'Opéra! Ah, bah! consols, funds, French or English, *il s'agit bien de ça!* What! do you imagine that a poor wearied, harassed, extenuated denizen of Copthall-court or Change-alley, fresh (Lord help me for venturing on so misapplied an expression!) from his desk and ledger, will calmly recommence dot-and-carry-one headwork, to the exclusion of such brilliant and evanescent visions as those in which his eyes and fancy are mutually revelling? No, no; for this once at least, *l'homme d'affaires est mort; vive le flâneur!*

The majority of Englishmen, however, do not *flâner* as if they were "to the manner born," but shyly and awkwardly, as if they were ashamed of being caught doing nothing. Moreover, those who are gregariously and socially inclined, far from deriving the amusement that a Frenchman does from the mere contemplation of a shop-window, coolly penetrate into the interior, solely for the purpose of killing time, and without the remotest idea of ever making a purchase. Not long ago I was awaiting the termination of a sharp shower in Tresse's shop, the well-known play-vendor of the Palais Royal, when an unmistakable son of Albion walked in, and, without saying a word, deposited his well-soaked umbrella against a chair, thereby causing the gradual accumulation on the floor of an extensive puddle. This feat accomplished, he buried his hands underneath his coat-tails, and whistled a few bars of some indescribable melody, while Tresse and I looked on in undisguised amazement. Presently he stopped whistling, and, without exhuming his hands, affably remarked to no one in particular,

"Molié!"

Tresse, who is by no means deficient in intelligence, stared for a moment, and then, with a perspicacity which did him honour, suddenly darted to one corner of the shop, and, hauling down a goodly tome, politely handed it to the stranger, saying,

"Voilà Molière, monsieur!"

Out came one arm, and with it the individual addressed motioned away the volume.

"No, no," said he, "*je disais molié.*" (Here he first cast a downward glance at his saturated coat and then an upward one at the square foot or so of sky visible through the glass door of the shop.)

"Ah!" said Tresse, "*monsieur veut dire mouillé?*"

"Oui, molié ; mauvaise temps pour étranger."

Having delivered himself of this sentiment, which seemed to intimate that strangers in Paris were alone susceptible of inconvenience from a ducking, *any* weather being good enough for the natives, he liberated the other hand, recaptured his umbrella, and renewed his whistling, under cover of which he sallied forth, as unconcerned as he had entered.

Most of the ready-made clothes shops in the Palais Royal have, for the last two or three years, exhibited in front of their *étalage* certain uncouth wrappers, fabricated of the coarsest possible woollen material, and adorned with buttons of a fabulous size and make. These garments, which the Parisian loungee in his Arcadian innocence fondly imagines to be a *sine quâ non* in every English sportsman's wardrobe—no matter how many of them there may be—are collectively denominated "*coachman*;" but this is the only point of resemblance they bear one to another, the various artists employed in their manufacture allowing their imaginations the fullest play both as regards shape, hue, and pattern. In despite, however, of their anomalous character, it would appear that these supposed necessary appendages to a coach-box find favour in the eyes of the French, the supply being constantly on the increase. Nay, more; an establishment has been recently opened on the Boulevard des Italiens, the proprietor of which has evidently based his hopes of success far less on the quality of his goods than on the sonorous originality of his signboard, on which is inscribed, in white letters on a black ground, the following mystic but eye-attracting sentence—

"AUX 25,000 COACHMAN!"

Thanks to the long evenings and fogs—for we have recently had some specimens of a whity-browny mist, which only wanted a slight extra dash of coal-smoke to render it perfectly Londonian—thanks to these unerring heralds of winter, the spirits—and, I am glad to be able to add, the receipts—of theatrical managers in general are decidedly on the rise. In proportion as the streets and boulevards become deserted, the temples of Thespis begin to fill; and one may date the improvement in dramatic matters as well from the withdrawal of the chairs in front of the Café de Paris as from the singularly reduced demand for American drinks at the Café de l'Opéra.

This change for the better is especially visible at the Variétés, the management of which theatre has, within the last ten days, fallen into the hands of M. Milon Thibaudeau, formerly an actor of some merit at the Odéon and elsewhere, and out of those of M. Morin, professor at the Conservatoire, under whose administration the boards once trod by Brunet and Potier have been profaned by the exhibition of such trash as would hardly have been tolerated by the most indulgent frequenter of the Délassements Comiques.

The new director's first move has been a politic and judicious one ; he has reinforced the masculine *ensemble* of his company by the engagement of Bardou, that sterling and conscientious actor whose place is still vacant at the Vaudeville. It now chiefly remains for M. Thibaudau to look to the ladies ; mind, I do not say look *at* them ; for three pair of eyes, like those of Page, St. Marc, and Ozy, would unnerve the sternest reformer in Christendom ; few having a more unquestionable right than this trio of syrens to say,

If to my share some trifling errors fall,
Look in my face and you'll forget them all.

But the shrewd manager of the Variétés knows as well as we do that half a dozen combinations of beauty and talent, far from being *de trop*, will only render his seraglio still more attractive, and it would be treason to doubt that he is even now meditating the acquisition of some new marvel, destined to share the honours of the *affiche* with the inimitable Déjazet—yes, Déjazet ; for—Thalia be praised !—here she is again ; still unrivalled—still unapproachable.

What on earth did people mean by saying—and that not many weeks ago—that we had seen the last of her ; that the lively Frétilion, the witty Létorière, the amorous Gentil-Bernard, the irresistible Richelieu, in a word, the incarnation of *esprit* and gaiety, had become a confirmed hypochondriac, a prey to melancholy and ennui ? Ennui, *allons donc* ! if there were any *ennui* in the case, it must have been the ennui of doing nothing, the natural result of a too prolonged *congé*,—in fact, neither more nor less than the *mal du pays*, for every one knows that Déjazet's *pays* is the theatre, where her presence is as necessary to her own pleasure as it is to ours. Déjazet melancholy ! Why, then she must be a more wonderful actress than ever the world gave her credit for ! What, when we look at and listen to that sly, mischievous, pin-sticking little *Voltaire*, that arch *Lisette*, with her wicked smile and her volume-speaking glance, we are to believe that all their gaiety is forced, all their *esprit* a mechanical exertion, a theatrical falsity, put on and thrown off like a mask or a glove ! *Credat Judæus* ! Not I.

It is somewhat late—but better late than never—to speak of Rose Chéri's last creation—or rather embodiment of one of the most exquisite creations that a poet's fancy or memory ever gave birth to—of Lamartine's *Graziella* ! The piece is a mere sketch, an unpretending outline of the mournful tale ; the other actors appear but as shadows in the background, the entire interest of the *tableau* being concentrated in the heroine, the simple maid of Procida. And what touching grace, what innocent artlessness, what angelic resignation does she not by turns exhibit in that short half-hour between the rise and fall of the curtain ! Painfully attractive, indeed, is the gradual passing away of that gentle spirit—sad, indeed, but exquisitely harmonious, are the last faint notes of that heart-rending elegy ! You forget you are in a theatre ; you lose sight of the actress ; you insensibly become one of the mourners grouped around the dying maiden ; and when at length the vision is dispelled, and you awake to reality, your first thought, your first involuntary exclamation is, that *Graziella* is worthy of Rose Chéri, and Rose Chéri of *Graziella* !

Farceur de Grassot ! Est-il drôle, cet animal-là ! Such are the only criticisms one is likely to hear at the Palais Royal during the performance of "La Femme à la Broche." And even those words are not uttered quietly and deliberately, but gasped out amid smothered shrieks of merriment and spasmodic oscillations of the body, as if the entire audience were under the uncontrollable influence of laughing-gas. Like the fiddler in the fairy tale, whose magic notes set everybody dancing, one look, one word, one gesture of Grassot is enough to convulse and "double up" the gravest, the prosiest, the most melancholy dullard whose lucky star ever led him within the range of this comic, this irresistible artillery. Whether you take Grassot *en entier* or piecemeal, the effect is the same ; his cherry-coloured coat, short-sleeved, short-waisted, and profusely buttoned, his broad-checked trousers, his perpendicular wig, resembling in shape a fir-apple or the top of a sugarloaf mountain—all these may be examined in detail, though it is highly probable that before your inspection is half finished he will completely upset all your calculations by one of those extraordinary upward jerks of his right hand, and a simultaneous shake of his head, both of which alike defy description and imitation.

And yet there are moments when—strange as it may appear—one would be glad if even Grassot's drolleries were less magnetic than they are, if he were to follow old Homer's example and become tedious, so as to give our attention and our *lorignon* a brief respite; namely, when pretty Mademoiselle Azimont is on the stage. A dainty little bit of goods, truly, is that archly-smiling damsel, and very temptingly indeed does she set off her becoming costume. Seriously, one ought to insure one's life before braving the charges of *Agathocle* and the phosphoric glances of the charming *Blondinette* ; it is true that the former only make our sides ache, whereas the influence of the latter is more permanent, inasmuch as they aim at (I will not say always *hit*) the heart.

"La Femme à la Broche" is followed every evening by another even more outrageous *bêtise*, called "Les Deux Sans-culottes." There you have not only Grassot, but the leviathan Sainville into the bargain, and I leave you to judge of the pranks indulged in by this precious pair. If you remember Vernet and Odry in "Madame Gibou et Madame Pochet," or Ravel and Alcide Tousez in "La Chambre à Deux Lits," you may fancy the repartees, the *lazzi*, the incessant running fire of jokes and *calembourys* perpetrated by Messieurs *Tiquetonne* and *Racahout*. To hear Sainville—after alternately snubbing and being snubbed by his angular associate, just at the very critical moment when one expects him to pitch Grassot out of the window—suddenly and admiringly burst out with a "Moun Diou, moun Diou, moun Diou ! qu'il me plaît donc cet être-là !"—to hear that, and not roll off one's seat in consequence, requires an intense development of self-denial, both mental and muscular. Had such a labour been proposed with the others to Hercules, he would have said, with Mr. Gregsbury, while listening to the reproaches of his friend Pugstyles,

"Go on to the next."

Welcome to the Vaudeville, Monsieur Rosier. It is refreshing to turn from political pieces, with their incendiary *couplets* and gross personalities, to your witty and sparkling dialogue, studded with epigrammatic point and delicate satire. A right pleasant, right merry little *bluette* is your "Croque-poule," combining in one short act the refinement of comedy

and the drollery of farce; an amusing episode of married life, the first chapter in the connubial history of *Oscar* and *Louise*. And here let me tell you, Monsieur Rosier, that if the frequenters of the Vaudeville have reason to be grateful to you for thus temporarily making them forget the heterogeneous productions of MM. Clairville and Co., Arnal himself is equally your obliged—equally your debtor. You have made him appear—contrary to the usual custom of his authors—a gentleman; you have trusted for the success of your piece to the natural *finesse* of the comedian, and not to the coinage of apocryphal words and phrases, whose oddity is often their only merit. You have thus tested the *real* merits of the actor, and have shown that his talent is yet but a partially explored mine, promising a rich and ample harvest to those who may hereafter follow in your track.

Nor, although November be a somewhat chilly fosterer of such blossoms, is the *rosier* without a *rose*, for *Louise* is played by Madame Doche.

At the same theatre a clever two-act comedy by Bayard, called “*L’Impertinent*,” has afforded Félix an opportunity of displaying not only his habitual *verve* and gaiety, but also an earnest and impressive sensibility which took even his warmest admirers by surprise. If he add many more such creations to his *répertoire*, Lafont had better look to his laurels.

While distributing the characters of “*L’Impertinent*,” M. Bayard’s attention was casually attracted by the grace and *gentillesse* of one of the young and untried actresses of the Vaudeville, who had hitherto figured in “*La Foire aux Idées*” and other pieces of the kind as little more than a *choriste*.

“*Ah bon !*” said he, “*voilà mon affaire !*”

So keen an eye and so practised a judgment as those of M. Scribe’s son-in-law seldom err; and in this case William Tell himself could not have proved a better marksman. For, making every due allowance—and our good-nature in this instance will not be too severely taxed—for Mademoiselle Clary’s inexperience, it would be difficult—not to say impossible—to imagine a more complete, a more perfect embodiment of that rarest of all rare ideals—an ingenuous-looking *ingénue*. A sweetly intelligent countenance, whose youthful, nay almost infantine expression, constitutes its peculiar charm, a slight and graceful figure, a quiet, lady-like, and unpretending manner, a soft and melodious voice, and a most gentle and winning smile—such were the guarantees of future excellence offered the other evening by the trembling *débutante*, and cordially accepted by the public.

Allez toujours, Mademoiselle Clary! plant your pretty little feet bravely and steadily on the ladder of fame, and be sure that the *habitué*, like Tibby Posteltlwaite in the farce, will keep a *hi* on you.

Our printers are often accused, and with reason, of occasional typographical errors, but they seldom make so ingenious and so *à propos* a mistake as the one I am about to relate. The compositors of a Parisian theatrical journal, being lately engaged on a flaming article in praise of an actress *très à la mode*, came to the following phrase as a wind-up to an outrageously fulsome paragraph:—

“*Enfin, c’est une véritable sorcière.*” When the fair object of these

eulogies, complacently casting her eye over the *printed* homage of her adorer, arrived at the passage in question, she read as follows :—" Enfin, c'est une véritable *souricière* !"

C'était flatteur !

The indefatigable Dumas has just added a new link to his chain of dramatic marvels ; and this time the prolific writer is neither dependent for his success on the scene-painter or the *costumier*. "Le Comte Hermann," like its more immoral predecessors "Antony" and "Teresa," is one of those thrilling episodes of modern life, the interest of which does not consist in a rapid succession of brilliant and dazzling *tableaux*, but in the fierce struggles of conflicting passions, skilfully developed by a master-hand. Some of the scenes are wonderfully effective, and fully equal any previous efforts of the author ; it is, moreover, but justice to add that his intentions are admirably carried out by the performers.

Those who have only seen Mélingue in his lighter mood, as the gay and gallant *d'Artaguan*, or even as the omnipresent *Monte-Cristo*, can have little idea of the impressive energy, the deep impassioned feeling he has lavished on this new creation. There were moments during the first representation of "Le Comte Hermann" when the entire audience, breathless with attention and sympathy, awaited each coming word and gesture with spell-bound anxiety, when each successive display of *genuine* emotion (for Mélingue is a true creature of impulse, deriving his inspirations, not from the calculations of art, but from nature alone), communicated itself like an electric shock to all present, even the most callous, the most *blasés*. So true is it that, if an artist would work on the feelings of others, he himself must be the first to feel.

Mélingue is ably, most ably supported by Laferrière and Mademoiselle Person ; and Rouvière's impersonation of the deep designing villain, *Fritz Sturler*, was so abominably natural, that, if *pommes cuites* and such like missiles were as much the order of the day at the Théâtre Historique as they are at the Funambules, he would have enjoyed a monopoly of them. I cannot pay M. Rouvière a higher compliment.

M. Montigny, the worthy manager of the Gymnase, has just discovered a new recipe for enriching his treasury to the amount of 10,000 francs. "*Diable !*" say my readers ; "10,000 francs ! *c'est un joli dénier !* and how ?" Simply thus. He has engaged Mademoiselle Duverger at his theatre, a stipulated clause in the agreement being the forfeiture of the above sum in the event of either party breaking the contract. Now, as it is morally certain that before many months the fair Augustine will find rehearsing a bore, and acting a *corvée*, the question becomes merely one of time, and sooner or later the 10,000 francs will find their way into M. Montigny's pocket. Q. E. D.

PS. When a man retires to rest at six in the morning he is not likely to be fit for much that day. Such is my case ; but yet, even at the risk of saying one thing when I mean another, my brain being in rather a topsy-turvy state, I must briefly chronicle the two important events of last night—the success of "La Jennesse Dorée" at the Ambigu, and, above all, Mademoiselle's Ozy's *soirée dansante*.

Of the first, first. When M. Léon Gozlan attempts to write a play

alone he seldom attains to anything beyond a *succès d'estime*, the mysteries of dramatic effect being a sealed book to him; but when, as in the present case, he takes unto himself a *collaborateur*, and that *collaborateur* an old hand like M. Lockroy, he may fairly aspire to a *succès d'argent*. "La Jennesse Dorée" is a carefully constructed drama, with sustained interest and well-contrasted character: it is, moreover, excellently played by Chilly, the best actor on the Boulevard after Frédéric Lemaître (who, by the by, was comfortably seated in a *stalle de balcon*) and Madame Guyon. It was rumoured before the performance that the piece contained sundry hits against the *aristos*, and that in consequence the members of the Jockey Club were to be present *en masse* to hiss any republican demonstrations in pit or gallery. Ears and eyes, nevertheless, exerted themselves in vain; the hits were absent, and so was the Jockey Club; the latter, however, subsequently mustered in high numerical force, where we will for an instant join them—*chez Mademoiselle Ozy*.

If any one had forgotten the number of the fair lady's abode, one glance at the open door, with its coloured lamps on each side of the staircase, and its two *sergents-de-ville* on the threshold, would have reassured him. The Boulevard Poissonnière was thronged with admiring groups slowly returning home from the different theatres, and lingering to look upwards with a wistful glance at the gaily illuminated windows; and far more wistful, indeed, would their glances have been had they known half the fun and merriment that was going on within!

Fancy a charming suite of rooms, peopled with forty or fifty of the prettiest actresses in Paris, an interminable succession of dances of every kind, from quadrille to polka, from redowa to cotillon—not to mention a slight, very slight *souçon* of another *pas*, for whose name I shall refer you to Mademoiselles Céleste Mogador or Rose Pompon, executed by that marvellously droll creature, La Boigourtier, to the inspiring air of "Drinn, drinn." Fancy the majestic Nathalie, the fascinating Octave, the languishing Page, the graceful Marquet, the *piquante* St. Marc, the lively Renaud, the merry Caroline Bader, the dark-eyed Figeac, and those not less attractive syrens, Constance, Juliette, Durand, Bertin, Delorme, Posel, Valentin, and twenty or thirty more, whose charms are fresher in my memory than their names. Fancy all these brilliant specimens of dramatic loveliness, in the prettiest and most seductive *toilettes*, dancing, chattering, laughing, flirting—in a word, enjoying themselves and conferring delight and enjoyment on all around them! Fancy Mademoiselle Ozy herself, perpetually intent on her hospitable duties, now here, now there, and always everywhere; now finding a *vis-à-vis* for some luckless couple in distress, now whirling round and round in the mazy waltz, and that at five in the morning, as if she had not been doing the same thing ever since midnight! Fancy all this, reader *mon ami*, and whatever else you like, for be assured that your liveliest flight of imagination can hardly approach the reality. Description can give no idea of such a scene, and happy is he who can say with the *Habitué*,

J'ai voulu voir: j'ai vu!

Paris, November 23rd, 1849.

THE THEATRES.

MR. MACREADY'S FAREWELL PERFORMANCES AT THE HAYMARKET.

The first term of Mr. Macready's engagement at the Haymarket is now drawing to its close. After Christmas he will again appear at the same theatre, and that second term will probably last till about Midsummer.

The great enthusiasm with which he was welcomed on the first night of his appearance, and the crowded audiences that have been attracted to the Haymarket every night of Mr. Macready's performances, render this engagement the most important event of the theatrical season.

Several sentiments were blended into the one strong expression of feeling which made the echoes of the Haymarket ring when Mr. Macready stood before his audience in the character of *Macbeth*.

In the first place, there was the feeling of respect for the gentleman, who, during a long career, has ever laboured to elevate the profession of which he is the chief member. The greatest theatrical eminence has often been connected with the most equivocal social position; but Mr. Macready has, before the world, combined within himself the character of the English actor and that of the English gentleman of the highest order. His private circle comprehends some of the first names in the literature and art of his country; and while his worldly success in his own path is almost without parallel, he is most honourably known as a liberal patron to those who have sought other roads to fame. His respective managements of Covent Garden and Drury Lane, at a time when there was no home for the legitimate drama, will ever be recorded among the most signal events in the history of the English stage. He indeed laid himself open to the objections of those who maintained that by over-elaborate decoration the "suggestive" character of the drama was crushed, and that the proper work of the imagination was anticipated by too material expedients. But when we recollect the *style* of decoration with which he embellished his pieces—the antique grandeur of his "*Coriolanus*," the perfect classicality of his "*Acis and Galatea*,"—we find, we must own, that his productions rose far above the character of ordinary pageantry; that stage decoration, so managed by him, was a high and a novel art; and that the imagination of the greater part of a mixed audience must have been, not anticipated, but surpassed, by such admirable illustration.


In the second place, there was, in the tribute paid to Mr. Macready, the recognition of the eminent artist—the last of a race of illustrious actors who delighted the public as cotemporaries. His interpretation of the various parts he represents is differently judged by different spectators; and perhaps those who have witnessed the *magnates* of former days are less lavish of their praise than those who have lived in the present generation only. But none can doubt the high intellectual character of

his acting; throughout his range of plays he always impresses his audience with the belief that all he does is founded on a careful study, and that he is constantly actuated by the true artistic ambition of executing his conception to the utmost degree of perfection. In some of his characters there is nothing left to desire. The slow misery of *Werner*, the irritable activity of *Richelieu*, are perfect in their kind; and if we turn to the Shakspearian repertoire, there is the fondness and the peevishness of *Lear* set forth with the highest degree of truth. We may remark that Mr. Macready's appearance in "*Lear*," which followed the "*Macbeth*" and the "*Hamlet*," was treated almost as a second *début*, from his known excellence in that particular part.

In the third place, the London public had to read a lesson to the Transatlantic ruffians who insulted Mr. Macready at New York and Philadelphia. The parties engaged in the disgraceful tumults of those cities may learn, if they are capable of learning anything, the estimation in which a gentleman whom they thought fit to revile is held by the most fastidious metropolis of Europe. The measure of indignity offered in the United States has proved an additional stimulus to honour Mr. Macready in his own land. Having touched on this subject, we must state our conviction that the American people is not in the least represented by the mob by which Mr. Macready was assailed. As far as we have heard the opinions of the Americans domiciled here, they have all regretted the taint cast upon their country by a few turbulent individuals.

In the fourth and last place, the series of performances is intended to constitute a "farewell;" and if the merits of Mr. Macready at all times call for acknowledgment, this is especially the case when he not only returns to his native country after a long absence, but is about to quit forever the public which has witnessed his triumphs.

The Haymarket Theatre, which is so fortunate in the engagement of Mr. Macready, has also been lucky in an adaptation of the French comedy, "*Un Mari à la Campagne*," which, under the title of the "*Serious Family*," forms the staple commodity on "off-nights." The manner in which Mr. Barnett, the adapter, has changed French devotees into "serious" English does him great credit, and his piece is admirably performed by the Haymarket company. Our especial favourite, Miss Reynolds—so lady-like, so graceful, and so inobtrusive—becomes this season more charming than ever.



L I T E R A T U R E.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1848.*

THE descriptions and opinions of a qualified Englishman and an eye-witness of the French Revolution were, even amidst the multiplicity of publications, a great desideratum. It is impossible for a Parisian to divest himself of the prejudices of party, and still less so of the halo of extravagance with which he invariably invests contemporary events of a remarkable and exciting character. Captain Chamier's clear and vigorous apprehension of the truth, his easy discrimination of the real from the unreal, by divesting both the character and proceedings of late of all the glitter that is imparted to them by the pens of Lamartine, Caussidière, and other French historians, presents us with the same facts in almost an extreme of nakedness and reprobateness. Even if the common rule was followed in such a case of taking the middle line between the two classes of writers it would still be bad enough. The revolution would remain a thing of accident, and therefore a stigma upon a nation, followed by a sanguinary struggle which is a stain upon the times we live in, and a blur upon the boasted civilisation of the metropolis of the world.

"A Frenchman," says Captain Chamier, "is altogether an indescribable animal; his heart is in his heels. Nature formed him for a caperer; he appears quite incapable of sincerity, and will swear fidelity and allegiance to half a hundred kings, without the smallest intention of keeping his promise."

He is also, according to the same authority, given to another recreation, of a more dangerous kind, and that is political discussions. The French, who, despite their indecent and inelegant dances, and their savage war-whoops, are (if we believe their own account of themselves) the most accomplished and refined people in the whole world, also believe themselves to be the cleverest people in the world; their national conceit on this point, continues Captain Chamier, is extraordinary, and he adds, after alluding to the luxury and the vice, the dishonesty and the deception that reign in the capital, "With a population of this description, where every man believes himself out of his proper sphere, and where every man declares himself quite competent to take the situation of minister of finance, or of public works; and what is still more deplorable, where every man is more or less a soldier, one cannot wonder that such sudden changes should occur as those we have lately witnessed."

We have elsewhere devoted a few pages to the consideration of the social state of that city, in which, in the words of an old diplomatist, "the streets are paved with deceit and falsehood; and every step a man takes in this city of vice is on the pathway of dishonesty and deception;" we need not therefore follow Captain Chamier in his corroborative remarks. It is evidently, however, to the vices of the Parisians, their interference in other persons' business and neglect of their own, their love of pleasure and luxury, their dissipation, profligacy, and gambling propensities, and other sins, that he traces the difficulties and the sufferings of the nation, and that a future fall of despair alone presents itself to his eyes.

Captain Chamier watched the progress of events on the 22nd of

* A Review of the French Revolution of 1848: from the 24th of February to the Election of the First President. By Captain Chamier, R.N. 2 vols. Reeve, Benham, and Reeve.

February from a balcony exactly opposite the garden of the *Ministère des Affaires Étrangères*; but it was on his return home by the Champs Élysées, he says, that the first slight collision occurred, and this was an attack made by the populace upon a solitary lancer riding a very tired horse. Captain Chamier should, however, have said the first collision that he witnessed, for it is evident, by his own subsequent showing, that the guard-house in the Avenue Matignon had been stormed and fired by that time. That awful word to French ears was also by this time heard—*barricades*; but in feeding the flames at the guard-house, or picking up the pavement for barricades, Captain Chamier saw the *gamins de Paris* most active. Two boys, he says, certainly neither of them seventeen years of age, made the barricade at the corner of the Rue Montaigne. Captain Chamier follows Lamartine and Causidière in attributing the fatal shot fired at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs to Lagrange; but he is more explicit than any French writer in denouncing the conduct of the National Guard upon this great occasion. "An armed population," he justly remarks, "is the most fatal barricade against true liberty; they are as often used to suppress as to support it; and when these feather-bed soldiers become a political body they are as dangerous to the state as a revolutionary army."

No new light is thrown upon the fatal *contretemps* that occurred in the succession of ministries. "Monsieur Thiers," says Captain Chamier, "shrinking from the responsibility which a Clarendon would have courted and a Grey demanded, begged that Monsieur Odilon Barrot might be president of the council!" General Lamoricière, our author says, would, had he received orders, have gallantly done his duty. The Duke de Nemours, he says, had before offered to place himself at the head of the troops. "Sir," the king had replied, "you are not yet regent; wait my orders." The duke, hurt by the reproof, retired to his apartments; and this may explain his absence on other occasions, which some have attributed to another and a less pardonable reason. Captain Chamier relates the king's escape after Alexander Dumas's version, and the breaking-up of the assembly from his own evidence, and he concludes the description of that ever-memorable event by saying, "The nation was to decide, and yet the provisional government were named—or named themselves—in the presence of about 500 people at the most, out of 35,000,000, and took especial good care to call *that* election the universal opinion of the country."

Never had any word such terrific effect as the word *Republic*. From the moment it was mentioned, all courage in this great nation seemed stifled: men spoke with hesitation and with caution; the guillotine was before their eyes, ruin stared them in the face; and yet they bowed their heads, cried "*Vive la République!*" and bared their backs to the severe lash about to be inflicted. In after years this will appear incredible. A nation, famed for its valour—a nation which, under Napoleon, conquered the vast extent between the Pyramids and Moscow, whose very name created fear and alarm throughout Europe, to whom kings bowed and emperors capitulated—that such a nation could be frightened at a word!—that all the provinces should accept what they all feared—that a street *émeute* in Paris, and a declaration made in noisy acclamations by, at the most, five hundred men, should be unresistingly accepted, with the consciousness of ruin, by thirty-five millions of people—this is a cowardice of which the history of the world can give no parallel. Where were all the nobility of this great country? people proud of their rank and privileges, men of fortune, of talent, of supposed courage—where were the mass of independent citizens who existed but by order, and whose growing riches marked the increase of commerce and the tide of prosperity—and where were the National Guards of Paris, a body composed of all the house-

holders and shopkeepers who grew opulent by the influx of strangers and the allurements of the court?

Captain Chamier, speaking individually of the French, says that there are among them many of the finest of mankind—men of the highest honour and repute—brave, chivalrous, generous—real patriots. "The pens of all the writers in creation," he in one place observes, "cannot bestow sufficient praise on the Parisians for their honesty during the excesses of the revolution;" but the gallant captain has also what he terms an unmitigated horror of all people who pretend to be either more patriotic or pious than their neighbours; and while he praises the Parisians individually, he scourges them "generally," with an unsparing pen. "Certainly," he says in conclusion, "the annals of history can scarcely parallel a crown so lost, without even a struggle—a flight so ignominious and disgraceful—a nation so disloyal—a panic so universal—a king so disguised—or a people so treacherous."

The most fatal of all expressions, Captain Chamier says, is the perpetual "*Enfin que voulez-vous?*" accompanied by the inevitable shrug of the shoulders. During the hottest of the 24th of February, he adds, he endeavoured to rouse some of the National Guard to defend the crown, by representing to them the horrors of the former revolution. "*C'est bien vrai,*" was the answer; "*mais enfin que voulez-vous?*" When the Republic was declared, at the desire of a handful of ragamuffins, the nation accepted it with the *enfin que voulez-vous?* and the appropriate shrug!

The French are not sparing of their criticism of other countries: they call themselves the centre of civilisation, the sanctuary of the arts and sciences, the nest of poetry, and the consummation of chivalry; yet they drive about a fat ox, have a pack of half-naked women and savages hopping about the animal, and retain in this wonderful refuge for the destitute all the folly of a nation of heathen times. As for their chivalry, the twenty-fourth of February is quite sufficient proof of that.

The French must not be astonished if they themselves are severely criticised, since day after day they "play such fantastic tricks before high Heaven" as make quieter nations doubt much if France, instead of being the birthplace of the arts, is not one large national *Charenton*.

After describing the clubs which succeeded to the Provisional Government, with the graphic pen of an eye-witness, Captain Chamier adds—

By degrees the clubs became partially deserted: nothing outlives three months in France; she is a fickle female, ever changing, inconstant in her governments as in her affections, and this arises from that envy, hatred, and malice against all who succeed. A Frenchman can pardon anything in his friend, but success; let a man arrive at riches, greatness, and power, and every poodle in Paris will howl at his heels, and snap at his shoes. Her best government is a tyranny,—the best security for Paris is a state of siege. Liberty is the most extreme of all possible possibilities: it is a word frequently used, and never understood. The liberty of the press, for example, is another chimera; the liberty of the person another. The liberty to assemble, doubtful; the liberty of opinion, quite impossible. We are told in every street in Paris, that the French are the most educated, the most inventive of mankind; that genius resides in the Valley of the Seine,—and yet behold its works.

Again, and in a similar strain, when noticing the alliance proposed by these complaisant conspirators with England, when it was asserted by the red republicans of the day, as it has since been by the freetrading fraternising Eutopists of our own country, that France and England are united by bonds of peace and fraternity—that Dover and Calais are the bills of two cooing doves—Captain Chamier says—

In vain they gave the fraternal hug;—they like us not, and like us less now than ever. The steady greatness of the country, the determination to preserve order, and to suppress, if only by special constables' staffs, all rebellion and revolution, can never be pardoned by the party in France who *act*; the party who *speak* will give as much praise as words can convey.

We particularly notice this, because in the midst of the apparent enthusiasm of friendship for the once perfidious Albion, we were present at a ragged demonstration which formed in the Place de la Concorde, and over the heads of which floated the flag of Ireland and its harp. Ah! here, indeed, was something like the beginning of a disorganisation of the British empire! Of all the miserable failures which afterwards happened to that unfortunate country, this was the greatest. We were present at the muster, and we can assert that not one hundred people formed that demonstration, and one half of those were Frenchmen; but it was the manner in which this mob was received,—the loud acclamations which welcomed the ragged school of republicanism,—which struck us forcibly, and convinced us that, whilst the hand of fraternity was extended, the heart of hatred beat quickly. The German demonstration was on a better scale. The Polish was an accumulating tide, and every now and then a very kindly disposed mass of people, with the resolution to revolutionise the world, shouted out in loud chorus, "*Vive l'enfer, Vive la guillotine,*" and "*à bas tout le monde.*" These were sweeping reformers with a vengeance, and had harnessed themselves to the car of disorder, resolved to drag it through all the blood of Europe.

Upon the election of the Assembly, the whole elected of the national sovereignty, the result of universal suffrage, Captain Chamier remarks, had one and all cried with powerful lungs—" *Vive la République,*" and yet it was well known that at least 650 out of the 950 were firm believers that the republic could not last, and that a return to loyalty was inevitable. The armed populace, the clubs, and the red republicans, all royalist manifestations in check. It would be an insurmountable task, adds the captain, to detail exactly how the chamber was constituted. The Carlist party had favoured the revolution, in order to march over its ruin to a restoration; the Orleans dynasty was reviled, abused, and insulted—they had compromised their position, from the want of common energy and daring; the republicans held the reins, but they knew that, in every house where a whisper was confidential, they were termed *canaille, voleurs, brigands*; the red cap was not laid aside, and Blanqui, Barbès, and Flotte were there, anxious to change a mild republic into a reign of terror. In the account of the insurrection of the 15th of May, Captain Chamier gives a curious version of Lamartine's rescue by the citizen Hirshler, made under the pretence that his wife was taken ill. Lamartine himself has buried so humble a fact under his usual grandiloquent phraseology; but the Englishman observes, "If M. Hirshler could generously step forward, penetrate the thick crowd, and succeed in withdrawing Lamartine from his rather perilous position, could not one be found out of 200,000 brave National Guards to have got at any minister, informed himself of the true state of affairs, and asked the wishes and directions of the government? The 15th of May, even to us who witnessed it from the beginning to the end, is the most incomprehensible day in the history of the world. We defy even Lamartine to describe or defend it."

Discussing the subject afterwards more leisurely, Captain Chamier is inclined to the opinion that the insurrection in Paris on the above day was but a portion of a long-premeditated conspiracy, which embraced many other places; for, on the same day, almost all the great towns in France broke out into revolt. On that day, also, the students and the secret societies of Vienna became insurrectionists, and on that day the revolution in Naples was commenced.

Upon this second attempt at a revolution, Captain Chamier remarks—

We consider the French republic a great European nuisance, and we believe that such is the general opinion in France. Had Blanqui and Barbès succeeded, there is no doubt that much blood would have been shed, but the provinces would soon have revolted; the reign of terror might have had a month's duration, a forced loan might have been, and would have been resorted to; thousands would have quitted Paris, and ruin and desolation might have become almost fashionable; but the people so fond of revolutions would have made another revolution, and a return to what is inevitable—a monarchy—would long ere this have changed the face of Europe.

In the mean time, these curious people called the revolution the *march of civilisation*; the very acts which would disgrace Goths or Vandals were dignified by this expression. Poverty, bankruptcy, ruin, stagnation of all affairs, but the concoction of revolts; war,—and the worst of wars,—a civil war inevitable; the lowest of the low struggling with the usurpers of power, every useful art paralysed, every source of riches dried up, every man discontented,—such is the French idea (and the words are General Cavaignac's) "*of the march of civilisation.*"

Of General Cavaignac, who rose to distinction upon this insurrection, Captain Chamier says, "he does not possess that firmness of character for which, from his acts, we should be inclined to give him credit; his features are harsh and severe, but there is a vacillation of conduct easily traced throughout his administration."

The events of the ever-memorable three days of June are related in the same clear, concise, and picturesque language that pervades this most interesting work. Captain Chamier was either witness of, or took part in, every leading occurrence. He even conveyed a despatch from the Northern Railway station to Cavaignac. Yet it was dangerous to be out in the streets, or almost to look out of a window, whilst these fearful events were going on.

All the military discipline of a state of siege was vigorously enforced. Not a person was allowed to look out of a window. The doors were desired to be kept closed, the shutters open, and every house to be illuminated. During the day, without any summons for pedestrians to clear the Boulevards, a division of cavalry rode desperately along the pavements, and we had about as narrow an escape of our lives, from the insane charge on harmless people, as ever we remember. A friend of ours remarked, that he saw us jump through an opening hardly big enough to admit a rabbit. This wanton mischief fell heavily on the obedient dragoons: the *trottoir* was too smooth for their horses, which fell in great numbers, and the half-stunned riders were rescued by the very people they endeavoured to annihilate.

Every lady, however great her rank, was searched by sentinels placed at the corner of each street; and this was sometimes done so very ungallantly by these urchins of the Garde Mobile, that we saw an English lady of considerable blood box the ears of one of the Pretorian Guard of Paris.

The chief novelty in Captain Chamier's account of this insurrection is the importance he attaches to a certain Pujol, who fell in the conflict. The gallant captain terminates his narrative of these sad and memorable events by saying, "As long as Paris is France, so long will the country be in great and imminent peril. The system of centralisation is a failure; and if, throughout this great country, the decree of a few political mountebanks, who for a moment secure the reins of government, is to be accepted everywhere, if men have not the courage to be united to resist usurpation, then revolution after revolution may be expected, and street *émeutes* grow into a government."

Captain Chamier openly expresses his conviction that Ledru-Rollin was connected with the invasion of the Chamber on the 15th of May, and that he was by no means an unconcerned spectator of the insurrectionary movement in June. Our author, it is also to be observed, attributes

the fall of Cavaignac solely to the incompetency and disgrace of Marrast and the party of the *National*, to which he had allied himself. "Cavaignac," says Alexander Dumas, "was forced to wear the robe of Nessus, which was now devouring him in its flames."

We will conclude with two more brief extracts, the last of which contains also Captain Chamier's concluding aspirations :—

Well did M. Dumas say, "What must surrounding nations think of us? If they are friendly, they will pity us; if enemies, they will despise us." This we can boldly assert, that, amongst the higher orders of the French, England has advanced in their estimation by her firm resolution to put down all insurrectionary movements; and whilst she hospitably receives and shelters the sovereigns who are hurled from their thrones, and forced to seek shelter in a foreign land, she extends with equal liberality her shield of protection to the more unfortunate victims who, led forward in insurrection by false promises, are, in their turn, obliged to seek a foreign asylum. In this country the dethroned king, and the traitor who dethroned him, become equally protected by the law; and, whilst we respect fullen dignity, and pay a just meed of merit to the sovereign, we do not visit upon the traitor the hiss of merited contempt.

We trust republican France will profit by this example; and, if she carefully reviews her last two years' history, she will find, in her progress of civilisation, that she has fallen from comparative liberty into slavery, and from honour into contempt.

We leave the subject full of the sincere hope that this great and delightful country, as God made it, may not longer be marred by man;—that, however serious her trials may be, there will yet spring up honest men capable of steering the vessel of the state through the storms which threaten her; and, as we are morally convinced that a return to a monarchy is absolutely necessary for the credit of the state as well as to restore society to its former elegance and affluence, we only hope that, in the struggle, the nobility and gentlemen of France, united with the honest tradesman and the National Guard, will, when the moment arrives, act in such perfect harmony as will prevent the effusion of blood or the waving of the red flag of terror.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE ENGLISH.*

"The English," says Mrs. Whitaker (a Parisian lady, we suppose, who has married an Englishman), "are a very extraordinary nation: at one moment you are surprised at their wonderful ingenuity, and at another you are equally astonished at many things that would seem to denote them in a state of primitive barbarity."

This state of primitive barbarity is, it appears, manifested most glaringly in the English not being a dancing nation, and not treating professors of dancing (Madame Georgiansky, we presume, as she appears to have a share in the undertaking) with becoming respect. It is also manifested in prejudices with regard to what is "respectable" and what is not; in the stalls of coffee-houses being separated by high planks; in the absurd veneration of Shakspeare; in the barbarous exclusion of ladies from clubs; in ladies not being brought up to employments, and being, in the greater number of instances, taught to look out for themselves, and many without a dowry; in the absence of public amusements on Sundays; in the neglect of sirop de groseilles at supper-tables; in the languor, listlessness, and inertness of young ladies, in their not frequenting public balls; and once more, again, in their being too lazy, or eating too much, to patronise dancing and its professors. Lucky it is that the latter can rest their feet a moment, and, taking up the pen, can retort, justly or unjustly, upon the nation which treats their art with such indignity.

* Letters on the Manners and Customs of the English. By Mrs. Whitaker.

SHIRLEY.*

"JANE EYRE" was a clever and powerfully-written work. There was novelty in the style, freshness in the incidents, truth and masculine vigour in the delineation of character, and considerable interest in the story. It had its faults, but they were such as an original thinker, unwilling to be fettered by ordinary rules, would be most likely to fall into; indeed they were not without a certain charm, for they indicated a luxuriant fulness of mind which only required pruning to send forth healthier shoots. "Jane Eyre," as a first work—if such it were—accomplished much; but it held out the promise of greater things hereafter.

After reading "Shirley" we will not say that the promise has been altogether "broken to the hope," but we must confess to being disappointed.

"Shirley" has all the faults of "Jane Eyre," and many of its own beside. Harsh aspects of character are again sketched as freely and repulsively as before, but they are not left to stand or fall by their own merits; to balance the picture, an attempt is made to develop milder and more attractive qualities of mind, but in the effort the author lapses into a degree of prosiness and weakness which shows only too clearly that he had better have left the household virtues to more congenial care.

The *forte* of "Currer Bell" (for so we must call the writer, for want of a more certain nomenclature) is vigour, shrewdness, hard-hitting, and a keen sense of human imperfections; not unaccompanied, however, by deep feeling, tenderness even, and an acute perception of the workings of the heart both in man and woman. Yet with all these qualifications, he has failed to produce in "Shirley" a novel that interests throughout.

There is, in the first place, the great defect of a very inefficient story; there are *longueurs* which leave us yawning when we ought to be hurrying on; the incidents are neither dramatic nor important, though on one or two occasions there is great straining for effect; and the whole is overlaid with a special affectation we were not prepared to meet with in one who usually goes so directly to the point. We allude here to the constant recurrence of French phrases, and the introduction even of whole speeches and dialogues, lugged in, for no earthly purpose that we can see, save to show that since "Jane Eyre" was written the author has been busily occupied in acquiring the French language, and is resolved the public shall be aware of the fact.

The merits of "Shirley" consist chiefly, in our opinion, of character happily described, and of clever dialogue naturally and forcibly expressed. The family of the Yorkes, old Mr. Helstone, "the Cossack" rector, the three curates, and Mr. Sympson, "a man of spotless respectability, worrying temper, pious principles, and worldly views," are amongst the best examples of the former; of the latter we might adduce countless instances had we space for quotation.

There is one peculiarity which, whether it be noted for praise or blame, or simply on account of its oddity, is observable in this novel as much as in its precursor: and this is the singular way in which the generality

* Shirley. A Tale. By Currer Bell, Author of "Jane Eyre." 3 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

of the *dramatis personæ* make love. In Home's tragedy the hero says,

I'll woo her as the lion woos his bride;

but in "Shirley" the lovemaking seems constructed from a pattern of which the exemplars are wild cats. Every endearment is a scratch, every approach to sentiment a snarl. Smiles and tears, sighs and soft speeches, find no place in the vocabulary of "Currer Bell;" but, in their stead, we have abundance of sparring, sarcasm, home-truths, and epigrammatic thrusts—gladiatorial rather than tender. This state of things is frequently a consequence of marriage; with the author of "Shirley" it is the precursor. We scarcely know which deserves the preference.

"Currer Bell" had already exhibited something of a wilful temperament; it is more apparent in this work than the last. "Jane Eyre" was a surprise; and, whether justly or not in all cases, was almost universally praised. This praise has rendered the author somewhat overweening and flippant. Instead of seeking diligently to amend past errors, and improve future productions, he negligently commences the present work with an assurance that the reader is not too expect to find anything "exciting" in it. Unfortunately, he has only too faithfully kept his word. There is no excitement from the first page to the last. "Shirley" would have been much more agreeable reading than it is had such been the case. We are not, indeed, enabled to predict from the beginning the precise nature of the sequel. We do not absolutely see, "as from a tower, the end of all," but, what is more detrimental to the interest of the story, we feel that we care little what the end may chance to be. Whether Shirley marries Moore, or Moore weds Caroline, or either, or neither, or both, is a matter of supreme indifference to the reader, when once he has made their acquaintance. He likes to hear them talk, for their conversation is, for the most part, shrewd, sensible, amusing, and often eloquent, but—the rest is blank. *Voilà tout*—as the author would say.

It is time for us to be a little more particular, and describe what there is of the story. It may be briefly disposed of.

"Shirley" is the history not so much of the personage whose name gives the title to the novel as of a young and enterprising cloth-manufacturer, half Belgian half Yorkshireman, named Robert Gérard Moore, the descendant, on his father's side, of a race of mill-owners, and on that of his mother of a commercial house at Antwerp. It is owing to this hybrid origin, we imagine, that we are inundated with "Currer Bell's" display of French phraseology; perfection in the knowledge of which is insisted upon at every turn. Robert Moore is one of three children; he has an elder sister, Hortense, a pattern of Flemish propriety, pedantic, formal, and disagreeable. Robert comes next, and is, in the estimation of his sister and other ladies, a hero of the first water; the list is closed by a younger brother, Louis, a tutor in a private family, of whom we see nothing till the beginning of the third volume, when he plays the part of the *Deus ex machinâ*, and clumsily solves the only enigma the story can boast of.

The father of Robert Moore had been unsuccessful in business, and the chief object which his son has in view is the re-establishment of his

father's reputation by liquidating all his debts. For this purpose he comes back to the paternal mill at the head of one of the glens (or gills) in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and devotes his best energies to his cloth manufacture, encouraging new inventions in machinery, employing them, and becoming eminently unpopular amongst the hand-workers. The period of time is the year 1812, when the "Orders in Council" proved so heavy a clog to manufacturing enterprise; and in spite of his perseverance, ability, and courage, it is with difficulty Moore can make head against the numerous impediments that bar his way to fortune. The vicissitudes of a mill-owner's life, his cares, his anxieties, his quarrels, and his struggles, fill the greater part of the first volume, relieved by sketches of his neighbours and relations; one of whom, his cousin, Caroline Helstone (the gentlest of "Currer Bell's" creations), falls desperately, and, as it seems, hopelessly, in love with him. Not that Robert Moore might not have "owned the soft impeachment" if he had had time or thought to give to affairs of the heart; but he is too much engrossed with the necessity of labouring in his mechanical vocation, until Shirley Keeldar, an heiress of "a thousand a-year" (!), and the lady of the manor on which the young mill-owner is a tenant, makes her appearance. An intercourse is rapidly established between Shirley and Moore, at the same time that "an eternal friendship" is sworn by the heiress and Caroline Helstone. Moore falls in love, or fancies he falls in love, with Shirley, and even goes the length of fancying that Shirley falls in love with him; Caroline's affection is unrequited, and she pines, but pines heroically. If we were able to quote we might do so here with advantage to the author, for we have seldom met with sounder advice than the stern counsel which is proffered for the cure of unrequited passion. Caroline's subsequent condition, too, is well described, and the reason why she does not die of love—or consumption—admirably told.

But if she does not die of the malady, which, as Beatrice said of it long ago, never kills, she is brought to death's door by it, an easterly wind assisting. Her illness is faithfully related; but the author might have spared his trouble, for we knew from the first that it was impossible it could ever be meant to end fatally. These fictitious killings, and pictured deathbeds, are the very commonplace of novelists; the heroine always survives them; you feel assured that there is not the slightest occasion for sympathy, and you skip the details as you would shut your eyes to the items of the apothecary's bill presented afterwards. All the purpose of Caroline's illness is to make her discover in her nurse her "long-lost mother" (as the melodramas say), a discovery which the reader, as well as Shirley, had long made, though without giving rise (in him) to any emotion of pleasure, for a more boring uninteresting individual than Caroline's "parent" it is not often one's lot to meet with, even in real life. Mrs. Pryor—such is the lady's *nom de guerre* while she officiates as Shirley's governess—is a *femme incomprise*, the widow of a spendthrift husband; she has disappeared, no one knows why or wherefore, leaving Caroline when an infant to the care of her uncle the rector, and comes back again, as it would appear, to become a convenient stop-gap. Here again we might quote, especially producing that splendid passage in which Caroline determines that her "parent" shall in future have "a black satin dress for Sundays—a real satin—not a satinet, or

any of the shams;" but we should be sorry to expose the slough of twaddle into which the author has dived.

In the mean time Robert Moore's affairs do not prosper. He borrows 5000*l.* of Shirley, and the readiness with which she lends the money strengthens him in his belief that the story of Titania and the Athenian weaver was no fable. He awakes eventually to the truth, and finds himself—as Bottom did—an ass. He has the courage and manliness to reveal his folly to his friend Hiram Yorke; and, the tale told, he is shot at from behind a stone wall, severely wounded, and carried off to his friend's house, where (of course) he doesn't die—where he is visited by Caroline, who has got well again, and where he finds out, though he does not *say* so then, that after all Caroline is his first and only love.

The cases of Robert Moore and Miss Helstone are thus disposed of, but Shirley Keeldar is still on the tapis. Her matrimonial fate is still in abeyance. Country squires in plenty and a poetical baronet offer themselves in vain. She has all along had a secret yearning for the tutor in her uncle Mr. Sympson's family, who *taught her French!* This gentleman is Louis Moore, the younger brother of Robert, quite as handsome, quite as tall, and even more of a hero than the distinguished mill-owner. It is in this part of the work that those love-passages chiefly occur the character of which we have already described. Louis and Shirley have long loved each other, but both have refrained from making it apparent—the first on account of his dependent position, the last from womanly pride. Hence the sort of duel that follows, which ends as many such encounters do—in close alliance. The explanation between them is in some degree prepared by a confidential communication made by Shirley to Louis respecting an accident that has befallen her. The accident is in "Currer Bell's" most forcible vein. She has been bitten in the arm by a dog supposed to be mad; has cauterised the part with an Italian iron, with a stoicism worthy of a Spartan, but cannot conquer the apprehension that hydrophobia will be the inevitable result; and in this belief, makes her will, tells Louis all about it, and exacts from him a solemn promise that, instead of suffering her to be "smothered by her uncle," he will with his own hands administer a quietus in the shape of a strong narcotic. Considering the difficulty there is in getting a rabid patient to swallow anything liquid, a few drops of prussic acid would have been the safer prescription. Shirley, however, is *quite pour la peur*. She does not go mad, though she almost drives her uncle out of his senses by the cool avowal of her love for Louis Moore. Mr. Sympson insults her; the tutor is roused, he "gives himself to the demon," springs upon the peccant relative, hurls him into "another apartment," and is only withheld by "Mrs. Gill, the housekeeper," from giving him the *coup de grace* by strangulation. Having settled this question, there only remains one more; and when the day is fixed, Shirley Keeldar becomes the wife of Louis Moore. The same day witnesses the marriage of Caroline Helstone with his brother Robert, who, the "the Orders in Council" being now taken off, is left in a fair way of making the fortune he had so long desiderated.

Such is the story of Shirley. With the author's acknowledged powers, it might have been a great deal better. Let us hope that the next novel by the same hand may not, in defiance, be worse.

THE GOLDEN CALF.*

THE personalities of this work are carried too far to be by any possibility agreeable to the living characters who are portrayed therein. And they are, indeed, somewhat objectionable upon general grounds. The prodigality and speculative mania of the day has also been much too universal to have required, for its exposure, to place a well-known and unfortunate peer, and an equally well-known and more reprehensible commoner, in contrast. Scarcely a member of society but was affected by the frenzy of the day; and the detestable paganism of the land we live in—the positive idolatrous worship of the Golden Calf—and the sham practices of a faith which abhors worldliness—could be efficiently lashed and reviled without having recourse to other than general impersonations.

The author has veiled himself under the fiat of the *Times* for the system adopted. Suggesting "Railway Frauds" as a subject for a thesis, that great organ of public opinion remarked, that "pleasing sketches might be given of the great speculators, who, in the pursuit of wealth, were utterly careless of what hearts they might break, what families they might ruin, or what degree of infamy might attach to their own names. So that he winnowed his facts well, and discharged his self-appointed task in a spirit of conscientiousness and integrity, an author might deal boldly with names in such a manner, and be utterly fearless of consequences. Lord Denman and a Middlesex jury would constitute an awkward tribunal for any infamous speculator who should please to consider the history of his rascality a libel."

This, it is to be observed, was written when the feelings of honourable men were aroused to revenge upon the deliberate plunderers of society the losses which that society had been made to experience by their turpitude and their avarice. Calmer reflection would now make the same writer feel that those losses have been of far too serious and too grave a character to be treated of by story or fiction, however pointed or however true. The culprits are so deeply condemned by many a suffering family, so ignominiously exposed in the pillory of public opinion, that his would be indeed a bold and clever pen that could lower them further, or make their memories more detested. The pages of the "Golden Calf" are, however, happily enlivened by less painful subjects and illustrations of the same idolatry in less repulsive and unpleasant aspects, as among politicians, the clergy, and the professions, and even among the foreign harpies who flock over in the disguise of syrens and sylphs to ease this land of wealth of its superfluous riches. Every blow struck at abominations which have in this country laid literature and art, taste and feeling, virtue, goodness, and even piety, prostrate before the mammon of riches, cannot, however, despite any defects, be hailed otherwise than as a blow given in a right direction.

* The Golden Calf: or, Prodigality and Speculation in the Nineteenth Century. 3 vols. T. C. Newby.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF MRS. MARGARET MAITLAND OF SUNNYSIDE.*

THE admirers of the genuine Scotch novel will be delighted with these so-called "*Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside.*" The prevailing tone of piety, the deep knowledge of human nature veiled in simplicity of expression and almost uncouth language, revive in the descriptive portions some of the best things of Galt, in the epistolary the candour and straightforwardness of Mrs. Grant of Laggan:—

"It has often come into my head," says the author, "that, seeing the threads of Providence have many times a semblance of ravelling, it would be for edification to trace out one here and one there, that folk might see how well woven the web was into which the Almighty's hand had run them. I doubt not the world will think me bold, being but a quiet woman of discreet years and small riches, in having such an imagination as that it could be the better of hearing the like of my homely story; nevertheless, seeing there are many young folk who are but beginning for their own hand and know not what may befall them, I think it is right to set down here what has come to pass in my corner of this great earth, and within my own knowledge."

The reader will judge, even by this brief extract, of the spirit in which the work is conceived and the language in which it is penned. The conversational parts are, indeed, sometimes so thoroughly Scottish as to be almost incomprehensible to a southern. What little story there is, is well told. The reader's heart is at once won by the kind, unselfish, artless Mrs. Margaret, and his interest is as quickly aroused in the fate of the child-heroine, Grace, so intelligent and so good, and who is kept in ignorance of her birth and wealth by a worthless father and imperious fashionable aunt. The manse, as it is here depicted, and Sunnyside itself, are pictures of exemplary devotional life rare enough on this side of the border. We do not know, indeed, that in Scotland itself there exists generally so much religious innocence and observance as is practised by this sweetest and meekest of maiden aunts. The characters that dwell at both are also sketched with a bold, yet a delicate hand. All are true to nature: Claud, Mary, Mrs. Elphinstone, Allan her son, and the Dominie (indispensable to a Scotch novel), are admirable contrasts to the more imaginary and less real wickedness of the great city—Edinburgh.

The great object of the author has indeed evidently been to illustrate the advantages of firmness of principle and purity of life; and this is effected by throwing a young person, exposed by the circumstances of her birth, position, and connections to evil, after an education of the purest and most religious character, into a very imaginary, bad, and corrupt world, from which she is, after sore trials, restored to a home of virtue and happiness under circumstances of deepest interest. Novels with such objects and purposes in view, and those pleasantly and efficiently wrought out, are always sure of so general a reception as to render the critic's task a work of supererogation.

* *Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside.* Written by Herself. 3 vols. Henry Colburn.

HANDS NOT HEARTS.*

WE welcome a new name into the world of literature, being assured, by a *debut* so promising as the novel which bears the above title, that the author will not be long before she wins herself a high place in it. It is seldom that one meets in a first attempt—and such we believe this is—with so much insight into character and shrewdness of observation as are contained in these volumes. They are the indications of a mind that has studied watchfully and reflected closely. The theme which Miss Wilkinson has chosen to illustrate is, as the title implies, the melancholy sentiment of the doubting Othello, of which Desdemona was unable to speak; and she has shown herself well skilled in the blason of this “new heraldry.” She has exemplified with great truth and feeling the misery attendant upon marriages made either from *concealment*, or for the gratification of ambition or revenge, and has woven the incidents arising from these fatal errors into a narrative of great power. The only objections we have to make are, that Miss Wilkinson has somewhat overcharged her canvas with personages, not all of whom are essential to the conduct of the story, and that the interest is not sufficiently concentrated. Our sympathies once excited in the fortunes of the presumed heroine, we find a difficulty in transferring them to others who are successively placed in the same position. It is a compliment to Miss Wilkinson’s ability to say, that she has been able to develop an immense variety of character, but this we apprehend might have been accomplished without sacrificing that unity of purpose which is so essential to the perfection of a work of art. The fault, as commonly happens with young writers, arises from a too great prodigality of materials, and will correct itself by experience in their use. Apart from these objections, we look upon “Hands not Hearts” as amongst the cleverest works of fiction of the day.

JAMES’S “DARK SCENES OF HISTORY.”†

THERE is, perhaps, no more manifest evidence of true progress and of real civilisation, than that the time of “Dark Scenes in History” is, to a great extent, gone by. The revolutionary combats in the city of Paris, the ill-directed insurrections in Italy, the prolonged struggle of the Magyars, and many other recent events, have unfortunately presented a too vivid revivification of the past. The murders preceding them, and the executions following in their traces, stand in the same category. As well might we expect to see the olive-branch do the duty of the sword, and peace-societies sit at ordnance-boards, as human nature to forego all its most energetic attributes—its resistance to tyranny and oppression, or its lust of power and conquest. But while human nature and its manifestations remain the same, and probably ever will remain so, there are modifications which it is pleasing to contemplate. Judicial murders of brave men, distinguished soldiers, and old and honourable servants of the crown or country, by merciless enemies—the persecution of religious communities, of those who lie in other people’s way, or of rival claimants, even unto death—these things are no longer easy, scarcely indeed possible, in face of the free and open ex-

* Hands not Hearts. A Tale of the Day. By Janet W. Wilkinson. 3 vols. Bentley.

† Dark Scenes of History. By G. P. R. James, Esq. 3 vols. T. C. Newby.

pression of public opinion. So, also, wars of opinion and of faith, of parties and of factions, or for personal ambition or national aggrandisement, will cease to be so frequent when condemned by the thoughts and feelings of whole generations of men.

It was a happy thought to group together some of these darker pages of history. The contrast cleanses the heart. We learn best to enjoy the state of things under which we live by comparing them with the horrors belonging to other times. We cease to murmur at trivial and often imaginary evils, while regarding the dread facts of past history: and, while reading and shuddering, we are filled with gratitude to think that we dwell in a land of peace, where the life of the commonest subject is jealously shielded by the *Ægis* of the law.

Mr. James selects for his first sketch the Calvinist conspiracy of Amboise, in the time of Francis II. of France. The scene opens at La Ferté, the Prince of Condé's castle. The chief conspirators, Coligni and his brother d'Andelot, and the Cardinal de Chatillon, are ably depicted. The nominal chief, La Renaudière, is invested by Mr. James with almost mysterious attributes. Most historians have avowed that *par sa vie errante il devint comme le lien des réfugiés et des républicains*. Mr. James grants him almost powers of ubiquity. Agreeing with the usual tradition in tracing to the advocate Avenelles the betrayal of the conspirators, he differs from historians generally in making Condé, Coligni, and d'Andelot be seduced into Amboise, instead of repairing thither to second the efforts of those from without. The general massacre, the death of La Renaudière, and the execution of Castelnau, the great features of this tragedy, are told in Mr. James's happiest style. The reader feels himself changed into a spectator, and everything passes visibly before his eyes. Mr. James says he has drawn principally on the memoirs of de Vielleville. If so, he might have added the old marshal's amusing analysis of the Duke of Nemours' feelings, who, he says, grieved most about his signature, "for, as to his word, he would always have given the lie to whomsoever had dared to reproach him with it, so brave and generous a prince was he."

Mr. James's account of the murder of the young prince Arthur of Brittany presents some peculiarities. Two fishermen's wives are supposed to be watching on that fatal night by the banks of the Seine for the return of their husbands.

Patiently had they watched for many an hour, when suddenly they heard the sound of horses' feet coming down the Bernay road. "Heaven send it may be the king coming back!" said one of the women to the other, "for then we shall have a good market for the fish."

"No such good luck," replied the other. "The king would not come at this hour; and, besides, I only hear two or three horses."

As she spoke she went up the little bank to obtain a sight of the road. Her eyes had grown familiar with the darkness; and she saw three horsemen ride down towards the river and dismount. One of them gathered all the reins together and remained where he was. The other two went close down to the edge of the water, one of them turning his head and saying, "Mind you stir not a step for your life."

"I will not, my liege," replied the man who held the horses; and the other two walked for several yards close to the edge of the Seine.

The dip of oars in the water was heard; and the two women, looking out, saw faintly the outline of a boat with two men in it, making its way towards the opposite shore. It was soon lost in the darkness, and they perceived not whither it went; but some twenty minutes or half an hour after, a light streamed out from one of the lower windows of the new tower where all had been black before. That light

remained there; but very soon, through one of the loopholes of the tall lateral turret, which contained the staircase, a yellow glare broke forth upon the night, faded away, appeared at the loophole above, and then at another higher still. It was next seen spreading over one of the upper casements of the tower; and the women fancied they heard the sound of voices, speaking loud, borne across the river by the wind.

A moment or two after, there was a loud and piercing shriek, a second fainter, and then what seemed a deep murmuring groan; and at the same time the light was extinguished in the chamber above. The women shook very much, but dared not ask each other what all this might mean. Not long after, they heard a heavy plunge in the water; and then the creaking sound of the oars upon the gunwale, and their measured dip in the stream. The boat returned before their eyes with two men in it as before: and after a few minutes the horses' feet were heard beating the ground, and taking apparently the way back towards Bernay.

An unusual interest is imparted to the sad history of Perkin Warbeck, by Mr. James's battling stoutly for the rights of that unfortunate youth. Such a view of the subject not only takes the young man out of the category of commonplace criminals or impostors, but gives to his whole life a character of mixed romance and reality, in which all our sympathies are brought into play, and are riveted by the innate love of justice.

In this case, as in that which follows—the persecution of the Knights Templars—it is important to observe that the crimes committed led to no beneficial result. It would, indeed, only be vindicating the secret ways of Providence in writing the dark scenes of history, not only to record the tragic events themselves, but to trace out as far as possible, in brief and terse language, the fate of those who wrought those fearful historical tragedies. After the execution of Richard Plantagenet (Perkin Warbeck), and of Edward Earl of Warwick, the heir of Tudor obtained the daughter of Ferdinand the Catholic. The death of Arthur consigned her to the arms of his brother; and the marriage of Catherine with Henry severed England from the domination of Rome. The male line of Tudor became extinct in one more generation; and policy and crime effected nothing to perpetuate the dynasty.

The sufferings of the Templars after they were delivered up to the tender mercies of the Dominicans, who were never known to fail when any act of monstrous cruelty was to be performed, are told with the most vivid sense of what those sufferings must have been. But not one of all those who took a principal part in the barbarous cruelties exercised upon the Templars escaped an early and miserable end. Philip the Fair, King of France, died in the year 1314, in the forty-fifth year of his age, of a lingering disease unknown to any of the physicians of the time, his last hours being spent in bitterness of spirit; Pope Clement was swept away by death one year and a month after the consummation of the ruin of the Templars; Edward II. was deposed by a son and a wife, and murdered in prison; and Enguerand de Marigny was hanged in 1315 upon the gibbet of Montfaucon, which he himself had erected.

The persecutions of the Albigenes also present ever-changing scenes of the dark deeds and atrocities which unfortunately too often sully the history of religious differences and feuds. The most remarkable personage in the conspiracy of Cueva is undoubtedly the corsair Jacques Pierre, and the most striking event is his death, which is thus recorded by Mr. James:—

He had sailed away from Venice with the fleet, honoured, and apparently contented with the distinction he received from the republic. His only cause of anxiety or regret seems to have been the detention of his fair wife in Naples;

but we find that he consoled himself from day to day with the hope of her liberation, though we know not that he had any good foundation for such an expectation. The fleet was lying off the coast of Dalmatia, watching, it would appear, for the ships of the Duke of Ossuna, when a quick-sailing galiot arrived from Venice, and an officer went on board the admiral's ship. Shortly after a signal was made for Jacques Pierre to come on board, which he immediately obeyed, accompanied by one servant and the rowers of his barge. There is reason to believe that a council was then held, and that the opinion of the famous corsair was asked upon several points. As soon as he returned to the deck, however, rude hands were laid upon him; and the fatal preparations that he saw gave the first intimation that his death was determined. He wished to speak; but they would not hear him. He asked a confessor; but they would not grant him one. The fatal cord was twined round his neck; and after a brief struggle the body was put into a sack and cast into the sea.

The remarkable history of Wallenstein completes the first selection of "Dark Scenes of History;" and we think we have said enough to show that, while Mr. James has treated his subjects so that his readers may almost fancy they are enjoying romance, they are really receiving truths.

BLACK WILLIAM'S GRAVE.*

THIS novel is written in imitation of Mrs. Ann Radcliffe; but while the author loves, with his great predecessor, to sport with the romantic and the terrible—with the striking imagery of the mountain-forest and the lake, the cloud and the storm—with wild and desolate ruins—and with those half-discovered glimpses or visionary shadows of the invisible world, which seem at times to cross our path, the comparison will go no further. To her wonderful talent in producing scenes of mystery and surprise, Mrs. Radcliffe added the powerful delineation of passion, and her descriptions of scenery were copious and admirable.

Minimus Mote, Gent., has not one of these attributes of a successful novelist. His want of invention is so manifest, that the whole of his story might be written in a page. His style is diffuse in the extreme; his descriptions are drawn and faulty; and his language turgid and conceited. Worse than all, the seduction of the heroine, Mary Mordaunt, by the villain Sir William Catesby, is an incident upon which to make the interest of the story lie, worthy only of the worst days of the Minerva press. Much cannot be said neither of the murder of the unfortunate heiress, her being cast into Black William's Grave, or of the ultimate destruction of Sir William Catesby himself in the same den of horrors and supernatural appearances. With regard to the latter, in the present day, consistency, if not some little regard to the philosophy of the thing, is expected in literary aspirants. But the author has not himself had a clear notion of what his "Black Stranger" was or ought to be. In his modest estimation of his own performance, he deems this creation superior to the imp in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" and to the witches in "Macbeth." But it is a complete failure; for he is at times Sir William's "double," and a moment afterwards his opponent; and, although under every form a spiritual agent, he is ultimately made to die the death of a mortal man!

* *Black William's Grave.* By Minimus Mote, Gentleman. 3 vols. T. C. Newby.

